SEPT. 1,
1934

Liberty

5¢

NRA
U.S.
CODE

ow We Can
ANKRUPT
the God of
WAR

by Senator
ARTHUR H.
ANDENBERG

•

ow DUMB Is
ACIE ALLEN?
by CLARA
BERANGER

Once there were two Colonels

THE ORIGINAL KENTUCKY MINT JULEP*

Put a dozen sprigs of mint in bowl, cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush mint gently. Put half of mint and liquid in bottom of tall glass; fill glass half full of shaved ice, add remaining mint and liquid, fill glass to top with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses Whiskey until glass is full. Place in icebox for at least an hour. Garnish with mint—and serve.

TO one of these Colonels, it is a violation of Southern honor to crush the tender sprigs of mint in making a julep.

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Because there's no harshness in this whiskey. It's soft as Southern moonlight—made from whiskies naturally aged to rich mellowness. *No tricks!*

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OLD BAKER OLD OSCAR PEPPER
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PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

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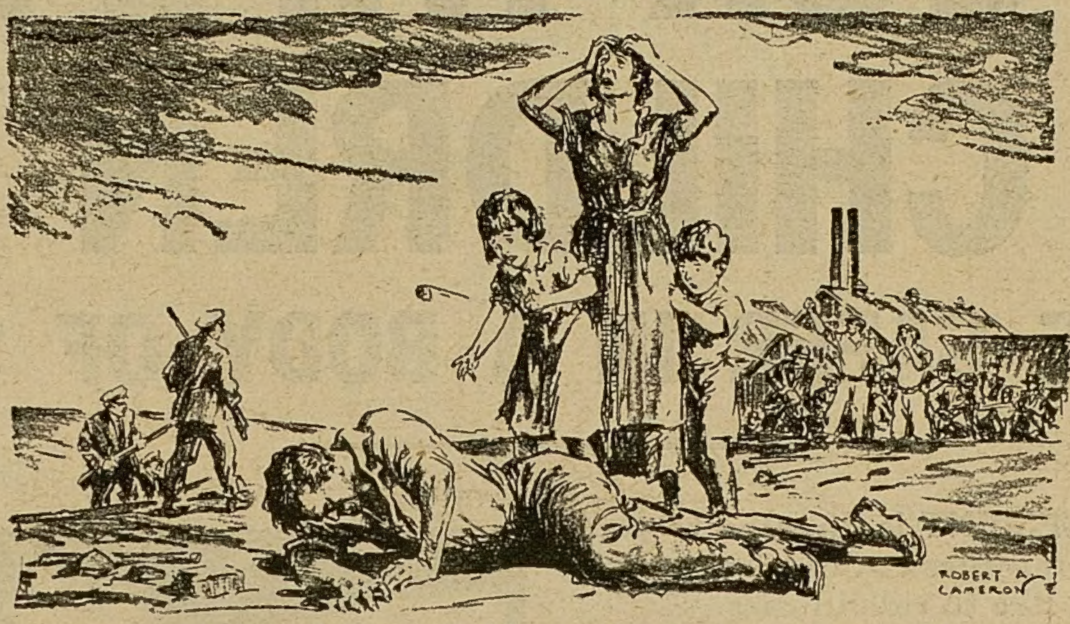
SEPTEMBER 1, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 35

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

BRUTAL, MURDEROUS STRIKES—WHO IS TO BLAME?



THE San Francisco general strike was a threat to the community, a menace to the government. It was Civil War. I am for organized labor and will support collective bargaining with all my heart and soul. But this general strike is a blow at the flag of our common country and, if the Federal Government failed to act, aroused public opinion would wipe out this subversive element as thoroughly as a chalk mark is cleaned from a blackboard with a wet sponge." These utterances are the substance of statements made by General Hugh Johnson, Administrator of National Recovery in reference to the San Francisco labor troubles.

Some of the many strikes in various parts of the country have been associated with such a display of viciousness that injury and death have been the fate of numerous citizens.

In San Francisco many functions of the Civil Government were entirely taken over by the general strike committee, made up of strikers' representatives. This included supervision of public eating places, private food supplies, haulage including interstate commerce and public transportation. The strike committee specified daily how many restaurants and which ones might open their doors. Strikers issued permits for trucks proceeding through streets, and notified various industries under what conditions they could operate.

Then an aroused public, hoarse with indignation, brought a statement from the Mayor of San Francisco to the effect that he intended to protect and safeguard public property to the fullest extent of his power. And the Governor of California stated that the strike was more than a dispute between a group of employers and a group of workers. It represented the effort of one group to accomplish its purpose at the expense of the people themselves.

The differences between Capital and Labor will always be with us. There is no reason why such disputes cannot be settled by arbitration or other peaceful measures; though we will have to acknowledge that the utterances of some governmental officials especially favoring Labor against Capital have given Communistic labor agitators undue encouragement.

But the various dangers that come to us through strikes are due entirely to arrogant, arbitrary evasion of the law.

There is nothing to prevent a body of men from quitting their jobs. But they have absolutely no legal right to interfere with other men who want their jobs. They have no legal right to interfere with the orderly activities of the business in which they have been employed.

And employers, large and small, have the right to call upon the local police power, or even the army through government officials, to protect them from intimidation and other lawlessness.

The menacing character of strikes has been due entirely to the lack of law enforcement by officials who are cowardly or inefficient or in sympathy with the strikers.

And when strikers can give free vent to vicious tendencies, they acquire the idea that they are a law unto themselves.

If the first major strikes in this country had come in contact with rigid law enforcement, the Communistic labor leaders would have sought other fields of endeavor.

The brutality of some labor agitators, often allowed to go unpunished by local authorities, would bring prison sentences to the ordinary type of citizen if guilty of similar offenses.

What was deplorably needed from the beginning of these labor troubles was the grit and determination on the part of officials to enforce rigidly the laws of the land at any cost. Strikers who act like untamed savages, having no respect whatsoever for the rights of the public—their employers included—should be recognized as public enemies and punished as they justly deserve. Public sympathy with strikers entirely disappears when they arrogantly ignore the rights of the people. And if the laws had been properly enforced in the first few strikes the many revolutionary outbreaks which have since appeared would never have occurred.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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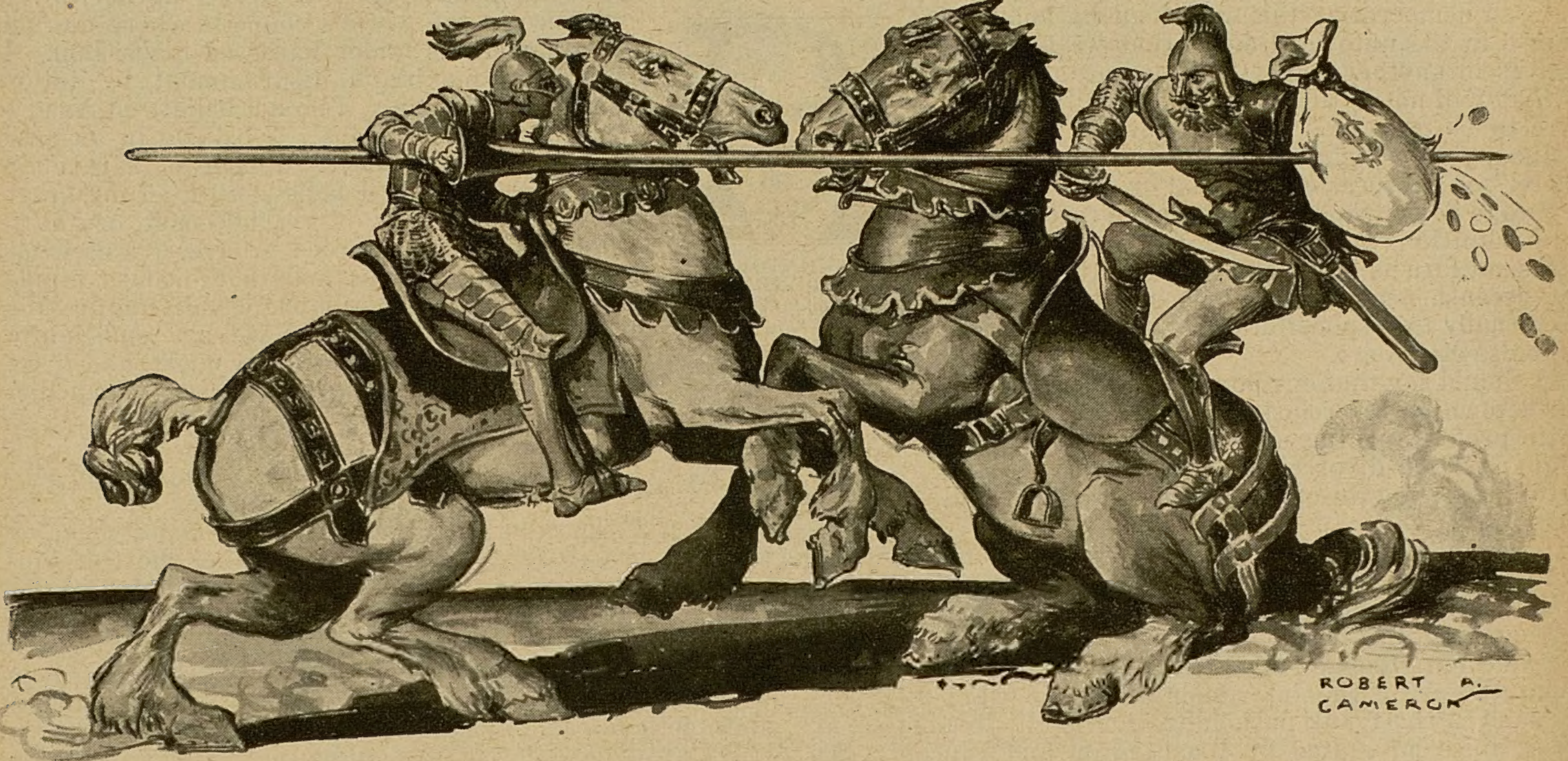
HOW WE CAN BANKRUPT



the God of War

America Embarks on a Great Adventure—Have We Found the Way to Peace at Last?

by

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

United States Senator from Michigan

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THROUGH many bloody generations the "commercial motive" has been suspected of direct or indirect responsibility for war and its inspirations. The "commercial motive" has been indicted in the court of public opinion as Public Enemy Number One in respect to the world's pacific relations. It is soon to be stripped naked and laid bare. It is not impossible that we shall thus point the way to the greatest and most practical of all the peace plans yet devised. Public Enemy Number One is about to be tried for his life—here in our own United States—for the first time in the so-called Christian era.

If the United States Senate has its way, our own national anthem in times of martial emergency no longer will be played upon the cash registers of war profiteers. The peace of America, and perhaps even the peace of the world, no longer will be jeopardized by the schemes and appetites of speculators in the flesh of humankind if this new movement shall succeed in demonetizing battle and sterilizing its cash rewards.

We have embarked upon a great adventure to take the profits out of war. Here the veteran and the pacifist—the devotee of preparedness and the disciple of nonresistance—find common ground and fuse their aspirations. Here democracy proposes at last to insist upon true fraternity of responsibility and obligation. Here sanity attacks the insanity of poisonous war motives. Here the moral forces of the Republic propose to sift out and exorcise the malignant selfishness which dares deliberately to plan a toll upon the sacrifice of martyrs; propose to end the baneful partnership between dividends and death. Here peace plays for greater stakes than in any other formula or effort which seeks to give neighborliness and comity a chance in this war-torn and war-wearied world.

The fact that the "commercial motive" may be less potent in the United States than elsewhere does not dull our quest. On the contrary it may well mean that ours is the most hospitable laboratory in which to search out this antidote to the world's deadliest disease. "Wars," states the 1921 report of a League of Nations Commission, "are promoted by the competitive zeals of private armament firms." Wars, according to the conclusions of our own War Policies Commission of 1931-32, must be shorn of the profits motive, the special-privilege motive, in order to be shorn of unwholesome impulse—to say nothing of undemocratic inequality. Such is the disease.

Under the Nye-Vandenberg Resolution a special Select Committee of the Senate has opened its study of the "commercial motive" and its influence (1) in encouraging war; (2) in discouraging peace; (3) in capitalizing both events. The committee consists of Senators Nye of North Dakota, Pope of Idaho, George of Georgia, Clark of Missouri, Bone of Washington, Barbour of New Jersey, and Vandenberg of Michigan.

These observations are written in advance of the committee's actual organized attack upon its problem. They reflect only my personal view, and in no sense the committee's official view, in respect to the problem. I should say that our objectives, broadly speaking, are (1) to democratize the American national defense in the untoward event that we find ourselves in another war; (2) to create a system which will notify all men in advance that there are to be no more "home favorites" in such unhappy circumstance, no fat earnings "over here," no prospect of personal or corporate advantage for anybody; (3) to make certain that our munitions manufacture, from year to year, does not lure us internally into a distorted sense of defense necessity, and does not expose us externally to responsibility for feeding the war impulse elsewhere.

SENATOR VANDENBERG

was appointed to the Senate in 1928, and in the same year was elected for the term ending in 1935. Was on the War Policies Commission; is a member of the Foreign Relations Committee. He is the author of books on Alexander Hamilton. His home city is Grand Rapids, Mich.

I should say that our purpose ought to be (1) to determine the relationship, if any, between war profits and the urge to arm and then to fight; (2) to divorce this unholy alliance and give peace a fair opportunity to survive and persist.

I should say that the means to these humane and righteous ends may be any of numerous reliances, depending upon disclosures; such as (1) stronger control of export traffic in munitions and armaments; (2) stronger domestic grip upon the business of manufacturing the instrumentalities of war; (3) perhaps even the frank nationalization of this business—as long since advocated by Washington and Lincoln; (4) the effective development of an emergency tax system, instantly applicable in time of war, which will automatically and arbitrarily turn "war profits" (God forgive us for living in the presence of such a sordid and repugnant phrase!) into the common reservoir of the Republic.

Our War Policies Commission, upon which I had the honor to serve in 1931-32, concluded that a very simple device would cure the war profiteering which caused such justified discontent in 1917-18. This refers not alone to the fact that the profits of private industry during the World War equaled the total capitalization of these industries, but also to the fact that there were "billions in it" for the fortunate, while others, no whit more obligated to sustain the Flag, were living—and dying—for a dollar a day or less. No sooner did the Armistice conclude this mockery than the American Legion dedicated itself to the crusading task of equalizing the burdens and minimizing the profits of any subsequent call to the colors. "Universal service," the Legion called it. True democracy was one incentive. Another was the belief that this way lies peace.

THE War Policies Commission surveyed the whole field and came to many significant conclusions. Bearing upon this particular profits phase, it recommended that from the moment we might again enter war, every citizen, business, and corporation should pay into the federal treasury—the common war chest, as it were—95 per cent of all profits or earnings in excess of the last preceding three-year average.

A very simple but effectual device wherewith to take the profits out of war.

Congress was entirely too busy—or something—to legislate in response to the commission's recommendations. The then Secretary of the Treasury reported to Congress that it would not be feasible to write a war-tax law in advance of conflict and our orientation in it. Perhaps his imagination failed to sense our notion that the advance existence of the law would serve as a powerful sedative to war enthusiasms which otherwise might not be reluctant to invoke another of these sanguinary "business booms."

Well, it can and must be done. In this aspect of the problem the old War Policies Commission pointed the way. The new Select Committee is specifically instructed by the Nye-Vandenberg Resolution to pick up the trail where the old commission left off.

I think I should say at this point that I am not a pacifist in the professional meaning of that term. Quite the contrary. I do not believe in disarming America in the midst of an armed world. Unshared idealism is a menace. It would menace not only the national safety; it would menace and dilute our authoritative influence in the world's councils where mutual disarmament is under harassed discussion. I believe in maximum disarmament by international agreement. I do not believe in American disarmament alone. I believe in an adequate national defense. I believe in rational preparedness. Yet I believe with all my heart and soul that war is recrudescent brutality which stains our vaunted progressive civilization beyond apology; and that modern minds cannot fail to devise a preferable umpire for international disputes if we are sufficiently earnest and determined in our quest, and if we exterminate the sinister influences which discourage peace through justice.

SINISTER influence! The "commercial motive"! Public Enemy Number One!

Those who can contemplate another major war with equanimity are nothing short of jungle-minded. The "next war" will be fought with barrages of bacteria; with curtains of lethal gas; with death rays that paralyze and kill. The "next war" will be a shambles for the women and children, too. It is worth preventing, short of anything but a surrender of national honor and a desertion of national safety.

We are told with seeming authenticity about the baneful interlocking activities of a "munitions ring" in Europe—international in scope. It is charged with intrigues to destroy peaceful contacts between nations; with adroitly nurturing profitable frictions; and then with selling its murderous wares to friend and foe alike when the hour of doom is successfully precipitated. Seemingly the "commercial motive," in this aspect, acknowledges no sovereignty save that of greed, and no boundary save that which separates profit and loss upon its own sanguinary ledgers.

One recent writer quotes a Briton in his parliament: "Is not the gentleman aware that a British battleship was sunk in the Dardanelles by a mine that had been sold to Turkey by a British firm?" It is asked: Were not German soldiers caught at Douaumont upon barbed wire exported from Germany to France two months before? Did not the German Krupp sell fuse patents to Britain to use in the World War and seek thereafter to collect $30,000,000 on this account? Who has not heard the tale of a trophy cannon on an English village green—one side of the cannon inscribed with the names of the British soldiers who died while capturing it—the other side still wearing the brass name plate of the British manufacturer who sold the cannon to Germany? Were not sixty British tanks delivered to the Russians when diplomatic relations were severely strained?

If it be pleaded that this traffic antedated hostilities which were not foreseen, the answer is that any traffic which may become patricidal in respect to any eventuality, foreseeable or not, is clothed with such desperate public implications that it is folly to leave it as a plaything for private profits and private profiteers.

It is indeed high time that governments themselves should search the facts; and that our own America should hunt the record on this side the sea.

Such, I take it, is the new commitment of the Senate of the United States.

Unquestionably the problem is more intimately acute abroad than it is at home; and of course our own inquiry cannot invade this alien jurisdiction. Unquestionably many sectors of our American business have been superbly

Wide World

DEATH FOR SALE. WHO'LL BUY? Foreign visitors to the British Aircraft Show watch, as possible customers, a demonstration of a new weapon of war—a machine-gun nest attached to a bombing plane.

patriotic in time of war, and with "profits" as a mere subsequent happenstance. But let us withhold any gloating until the American case is in and the verdict rendered. After all, we Americans are certainly as "business-minded" as any other folk on earth. Furthermore, the "commercial motive" has disclosed its ugly hand in many a dubious American martial episode. In 1898 it was the scandal of the packers and their poisoned beef. In 1916 President Wilson publicly warned the nation that a "traffic in falsehood" was seeking to embroil us with Mexico for the sake of private gain. Then in post-World War days there was the lawsuit in which an American lobbyist sued certain American munitions makers for a balance of $204,000 allegedly due him for his activities in helping to break up the 1927 naval limitation conference at Geneva. It is small wonder that 121 sessions of various instrumentalities of the League of Nations dealing with the limitation of arms have been relatively sterile.

Are we wholly guiltless in harboring Public Enemy Number One? We shall see what we shall see. It will be particularly illuminating to know what American munitions—whether raw or finished product—serve rivals in a turbulent Orient, thus ministering (for a profit) to successful friction. It will be instructive to discover whether George Seldes is right when he accuses us of arming both belligerents in a particularly delicate South American impasse—and at the very moment when our Secretary of State is assuring a Pan-American Conference at Montevideo of our aspirations to serve the New World's peace.

WHEN the Colombian Ministry of War announced at Bogota in April that it was recruiting aviators in the United States, our State Department said: "The United States disapproves of American citizens taking service in the armed forces of any foreign government." Can it consistently be less critical of any other American contributions to alien armed forces?

These are but rambling suggestions—straws in the wind. But the cumulative force of the challenge is irresistible. Peace is persistently threatened by Public Enemy Number One all round the globe. We cannot discipline the consciences of others, but we can cleanse our own. As an economic proposition, the world cannot much longer withstand the bludgeoning burdens of the cost in money of competitive arms. As a spiritual proposition, the world cannot much longer condone needless war. This does not, by remotest inference, depreciate the patriotic heroisms of our historic yesterdays. But it hunts, whenever and wherever possible, a better way to manage human destiny. Thus striving, the prime necessity is to kill Public Enemy Number One for keeps and take the profit out of war.

Mr. H. G. Wells said it in 1914: "If the people of the United States determine to put their influence into the scale against the survival of Kruppism, then it will be possible to finish that vile industry forever. . . . With this corruption cleared out of the way, with the armaments' commercial traveler flung down the back stairs he has haunted for so long—and flung so hard that he will be incapacitated forever—it will become possible to consider a scheme for the establishment of the peace of the world. Until that is done any such scheme will remain an idle dream."

THIS "commercial traveler" is suspected of selling war as well as munitions. If and when he does, he is Public Enemy Number One. It is unwise and unfair to condemn any one in advance. But it is absurd to immunize and whitewash the suspicion that there are "merchants of death"—to borrow the significant title of a very much worthwhile contemporary book—at large in this munitions business. Peace has a tough enough time in this belligerent world without the added handicap of beating back dividend ghouls.

Some say, "Put all war armament and munitions manufacture under rigid federal license." Some say, "Nationalize it, and be sure of your prey." The answer, in response to the proofs, remains to be written.

Frankly, I am not one who believes in the regimentation of American private business. I am not a "public ownership" devotee. I am not one of the headsmen who would decapitate all private profit. But this is different. I cannot blind my conscience to the solemn inquiry whether the "business" of the national defense, the "business" of war and peace, the "business" of manufacturing the instrumentalities of mass destruction, the "business" of promoting death, has any right to a "private" character at all.

Profits from such a traffic! Ugh! It turns the stomach and sears the soul! And is that a "business" entitled to be "private"? It goes to the root of human society, its safety, its ideals, its very perpetuation, and its dearest aspirations. It involves the lives of every man, woman, and child—and every babe as yet unborn. It touches every home and hearthstone. It can blight the prayer in every mother's hope. Can such a thing be "private"? I think not.

So the epochal clinic approaches a great and sacred task. It plans to take the profit out of war. Thus, upon the one hand, it would democratize the national defense and galvanize it into the invincibility of united dedication to the preservation of our institutions in the unhappy and unwanted event of war. Thus, upon the other hand, it would forever rob the war impulse of every sordid and selfish and intriguing urge. Thus, patriotism leaves the market place, the money changers leave the temple, and peace leaves its deadliest incubus behind.

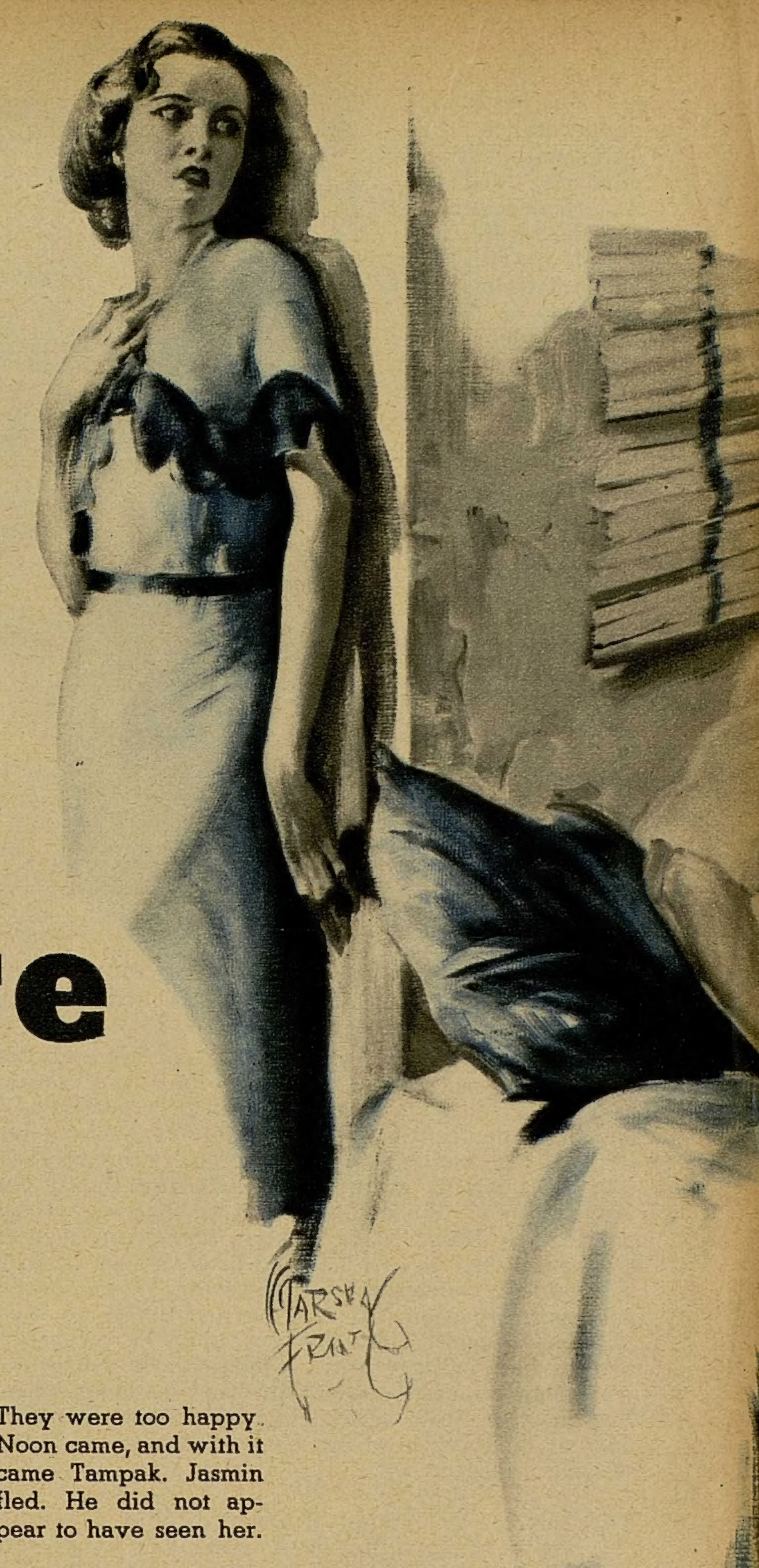
THE END

A Gorgeous, Colorful Tale of Adventure in the Weird and Mystic Orient—The Story of an Understanding Friend and a Lover's Dream Come True

Alf Major

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pleasure Island



They were too happy. Noon came, and with it came Tampak. Jasmin fled. He did not appear to have seen her.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The rajah's palace will be recognized by many who have traveled in the Far East. It is not, however, situated on the Island of Bali.]

WRIGHT was troubled because he had given Tampak a hundred guilders—"to buy something in the *pasar.*"

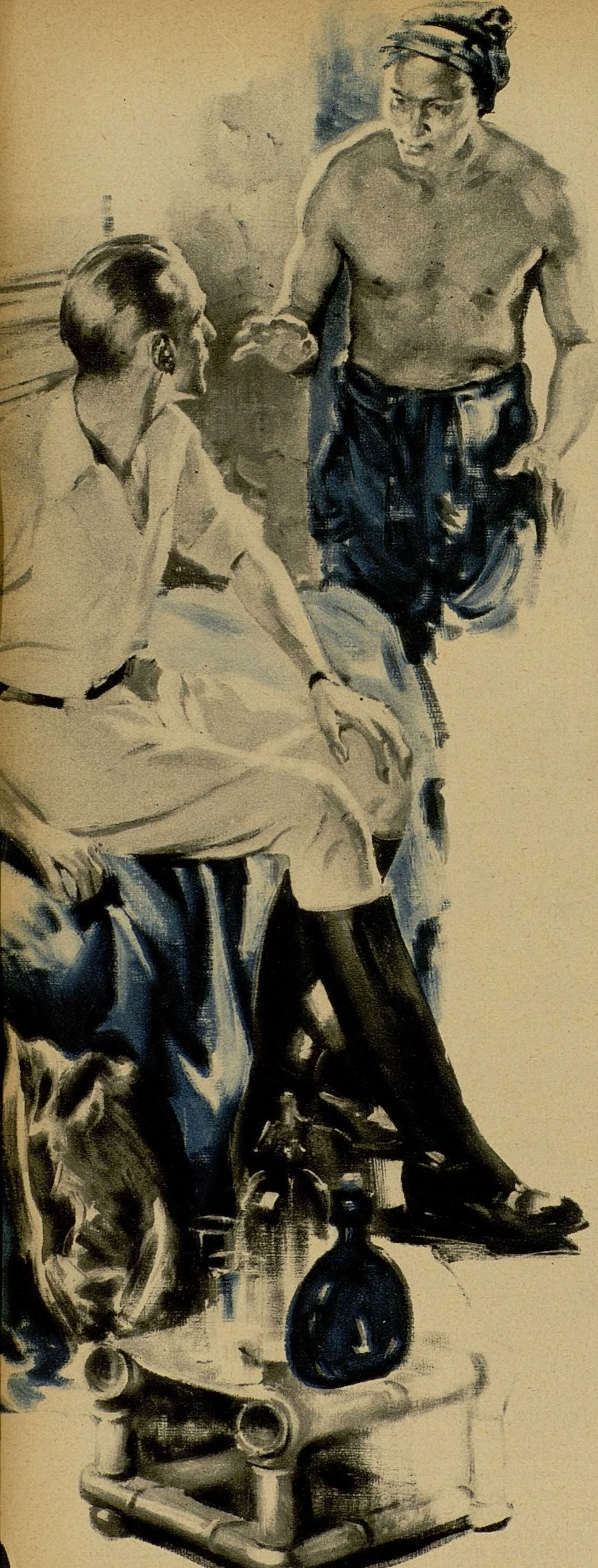
Tampak was his friend. Ever since he had landed on the magic isle of Bali, months ago, he had found the Bali youth a comprehending, a gentle, a sympathetic companion. From the first Tampak had seemed to understand that the Englishman, weighed down by trouble, did not desire to take part in any of the forms of dissipation so eagerly sought (and not always with success) by the streams of tourists who debauched from day steamers. Always, it seemed, he had known that Wright was wounded, wanted nothing but rest and peace.

Tampak and Wright had first come in contact over a question of house-hiring. Half an acre of Paradise beside a bamboo wood; a garden filled with trumpet flower and frangipani and fiery-tressed hibiscus, surrounding a little stone-built cottage into which no sound seemed ever to enter save the creaking of the bamboos in the early wind and the silver chirr of locusts in the evening. This was to be Wright's in exchange for certain small sums in Dutch guilder, and Tampak and his three pretty wives were to move to the house of a cousin.

"I should not have married so much," the handsome youth explained in the soft Malay tongue that Wright had used hitherto only for the ends of his business, that of a commission agent for a London firm. "Not so much—for it all costs money. But, *tuan,* look how beautiful my wives are, and think that there are a hundred lovely girls to sixty men everywhere on this island, and tell me if perhaps I have not done well. Although they will spend money and too, they eat—they eat—like women in love! The *tuan* understands."

Wright could not have said that he did. The women with whom he was familiar were much too careful of the slenderness of their figures to let themselves go over chocolate cake and rich ragouts upon the boat. No matter with whom they happened to be in love!

Perhaps it was because they loved differently. *They* could not, any one of them, have lived as the charming



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

wives of Tampak lived, loving him, loving each other, loving their many and pretty children, all in a kind of harmonious chorus of affection. *They* loved a fellow and got engaged to him, and said they would die for him; and then, because another fellow twice his age, with twenty times his money, came forward, they cried and said it couldn't be helped, and married him.

Or at least the only one of them who mattered had done that thing—to Ian Wright.

Love in Bali was happier, it seemed. Like a continued strain of music were these graceful dusk-eyed beauties, all seemingly the same age, all shaped much better than any Greek statue, naked to the slender waist, bronze-colored, passing by in an endless procession upon the smooth roads of Bali, each girl from the waist downward dressed in silks of almond, iris, daffodil; each moving as the boughs, the shadows move, with dreamy eyes set far ahead, beyond the rice fields' emerald and silver, beyond the lazing palms and the blue volcanoes—where?

BUT one did not want to marry, temporarily or permanently, any one of these beauties. Tampak understood, if he did not quite catch the reason—at first.

" The *tuan*," he said, " is a man the same as others. He is handsome," looking with approval at Wright's figure, young, flat-stomached as his own; at the yellowy English hair; at the firm-set mouth and the straight-glancing eye, by which men judge and value one another.

" Yes, the *tuan* is handsome— And he is lonely. But " —breaking into the more familiar second person—" if you have taken a vow, *tuan*, or if some lady like the moon and stars has done that to you which makes you loathe all women, it is your own business; no one will say anything about it, and I, your friend "—he paused upon the word—" will see that no woman passes between the gods at the gateway of the house. For you are my guest as well as my friend, even if the extravagance of wives obliges me to take pay."

He held out his hand, and Wright struck his own into it with a mighty grip. " Guest and friend too," he said, " and as to the lady like the moon and stars—I don't know how you know she is like that—"

" That is simple, *tuan;* I know because you are the kind of man who wants the best."

" What she has done is what so many of them do, those ladies like the stars: she has married the other man."

" Ah! And he is rich, and he is like this? " Tampak, leaning backward, drew down his mouth at the corners, veiled the brillance of his eyes in half-shut lids. At once he was fifty years of age, tired, sensual, tyrannic.

" I see," said Wright with some bitterness, " that you know the world as it is beyond Bali."

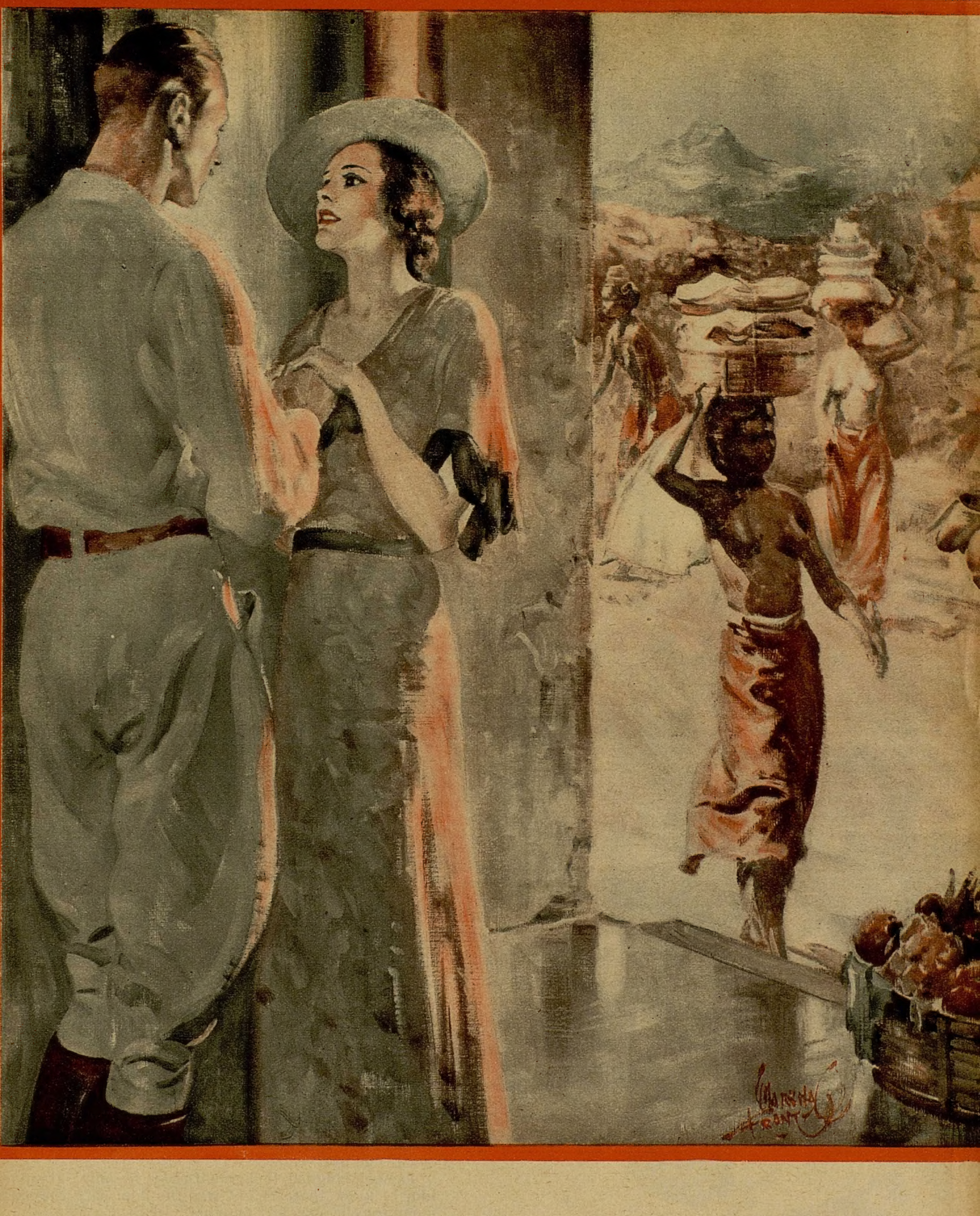
" How should I not, when it pours itself through our island like the muddy rain water pouring through the cut channels of the rice? Bringing nourishment with it, *tuan*, as the dirty water does," he hastened to add, afraid of being rude. " But it goes away, and the rice remains rice, as it has done for a thousand years."

" Don't ever change," Ian emphatically said. " Let the dirty water run away, let the *binatang* [herd of wild beasts] go by."

Tampak laughed, though with his eyes only. It amused him to know that Wright was familiar with the native name for the sons and daughters of St. Cook.

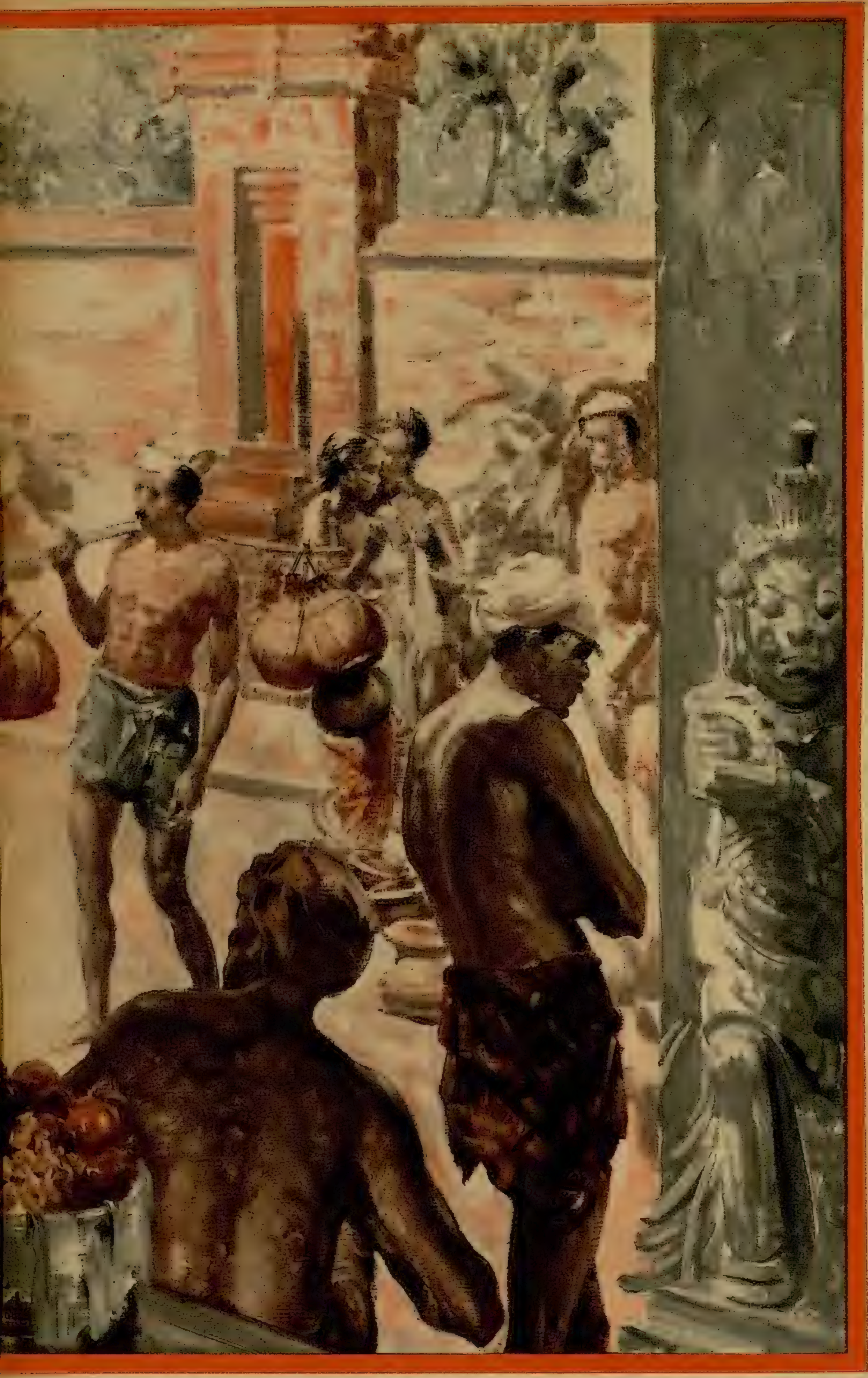
And now, months after Wright had settled down in the house among the bamboo groves, after he had won his way to some small measure of quiet and content, was glad to sit there and watch the streams of cars go past on steamer days, the world of tourists, the herd of beasts, one day broke in. Not literally. But the peace of the house was shattered as completely as if a company of horned buffaloes from the fields had thundered into it.

Yet nothing had happened that one could call uncom-



mon or startling. Merely the usual herd of powerful cars had torn past the house on their way to Kintamani and Den Pasar, loaded with tourists who were eager to eat all Bali and choke upon it before the steamer whistled in the late afternoon. And one car of the herd had stopped to change a tire. And just before the car gained way again, Ian Wright had seen who occupied it. A woman and a man—Jasmin, the " lady like the moon and stars," and Abel Mann, whom she had married.

He found himself some minutes after—or maybe it was more—on the divan staring at the wall, with a feeling about him as if something had hit him physically. His brain was clouded by the vision of that which he had seen in the car. A short gross man with a heavy mouth lounging back against the cushions; beside him Jasmin, all in white, with a white hat shading her little, loved face—Jasmin, pale, silent, staring straight ahead like something lost and very, very miserable.



He caught up with her. She was standing there with her back against a pillar. Men passed. No one thought of them.

It made him feel desperate to know that she should have missed, for the sake of money, himself who could have made her happy. His loss of her did not seem to matter so much. It was she who mattered.

Some little while later, when dusk had fallen and the lights of the *pasar* had begun to blaze beyond the bamboos, Tampak rose, looked at Wright, who had not stirred, and without preliminary asked him for a hundred guilders. Wright gave it at once, taking the notes from the locked Chinese box where he kept his cash. The young Malay hid the notes in his belt. "I am going to the *pasar*," he explained. "There are things I want to buy."

Going to buy something for his wives, Wright thought.

But subconsciously he knew that Tampak was doing nothing of the sort. He felt disturbed, uneasy. You never knew what was at the bottom of the minds of these gentle good-looking Bali men, even when you had made a friend of one of them. Tampak might be going to buy some infernal Malay love potion—or poison—or a creese.

THE *pasars*, or markets, of the Sunda Islands are not always what on the surface they seem to be—a maze of colorful stalls heaped with fruits, grains, gay sarongs, broidered heelless slippers, sold to natives at one price and to strangers at ten prices more. Ian knew more about the *pasars* than passing travelers do. And what he knew impelled him to rise and follow Tampak.

Tampak was at one of the fruit stalls, pricing rambutans. Nothing could possibly have been more innocent, and Wright was about to return, ashamed of having spied, when he saw Tampak, leaving the stall, turn to another.

Again he spied, ashamed, but determined to know just why Tampak, his friend, had wanted those hundred guilders. And he saw him buy two gold hairpins and an amulet set with sapphire; good value—but—

Well, he wouldn't have thought it. He turned away, conscious of a certain feeling of disappointment, which lasted no longer than the succeeding moment. For in that moment he had caught sight of Jasmin wandering listlessly through the *pasar* with her husband at her heels. He had not been surprised to see them in Bali again; most rich travelers return to the isle of enchantment, once having seen it. But he had hardly expected to come into actual contact with them. Rich travelers like the Manns went to organized native dances in the evening, or gamelan-gong performances.

Whatever the cause that brought the Manns into his ken, Wright knew, the moment he saw them, that he could not stay there in the *pasar*. Once again he realized that it was all no good—his flight from the world of commerce and society, his burial of himself in Bali. He had thought—poor fool—that sooner or later the beauty of the place would grow upon him, help him to forget. It had done so in some degree; and now it was all to do again.

Absurd for an Englishman of nearly thirty, a good business man, to take his jilting like that!

But he was taking it like that. Two months since she had thrown him over, and he couldn't look at her, standing by Abel Mann, without feeling madness and murder take possession of him. He could have seized her and carried her off to the jewel-of-a-house. He could have slit the oily throat of Abel Mann and seen red blood run down that mountainous waistcoat with delight. He could have done any mad primitive thing here, in this island where the savage, the primitive secretly lingered. If only the Dutch government had not hovered threatening over his head!

Balinese people, he knew, could and did get away with many illegal secret things that were never suspected. Not so the clumsy, blundering, all-on-the-surface whites.

Girls looked at him as he passed soundlessly along the tarmacked roadway. Girls touched each other's elbows, whispered, and did not laugh. Almost he had become legend among them, this handsome Englishman who was in love with a fair and treacherous girl; who had given up the ways of the *binatang* because of her, and made for himself a hermitage out of the gilded harem of Tampak. And that was funny, too. But the look on the young man's face was not funny.

Ian, unconscious of scrutiny, was wondering, as he went, just how much misery a man could endure and at the same time keep his sanity and life. How long could one go on, learning bitterly day after day the meaning of the outworn banal phrases that were, after all, so true: heavy-hearted, sick at heart, and the like, before you realized that you might almost be sick, seasick, drunk-sick, at any moment on a dusty road or a marble floor—simply because you were so miserable.

These magic isles—these burning climates—how they stropped the edge of agony; how they made you feel and feel! He had heard all that before but hadn't believed it.

At least, he had heard it about the other side of the question—about love, happy love, nowhere—it was said—so sweet as in the islands of the East. Whether he believed that or not (and how could he tell?) he might have known that there were two sides to every shield. The other side it was that blackened life now for him.

Doubly, trebly, he was cut off from Jasmin. There were the social laws that she would never break, even for him—she had not that kind of courage. There was the impossibility of ridding the world of Abel Mann, about whom Ian had lately learned things that made him long for a halter and a tree—the man deserved no better. Girls in his many chain stores victimized by him; hospital fees that he, grinning, had paid; traders, hundreds of them, that he had ruined and crushed to get the money to get the girls withal.

THE world would be better without Mann, but he couldn't better it in that way. He couldn't carry off Jasmin—who would never come to him of herself, even though she must realize, bitterly now, what she had missed in missing the man she should have married. Doubly by these things she was cut off; and trebly by her devotion to a delicate mother and a brother in money difficulties for whom she had thrown him over. God, how life plagiarized the commonest situations of novel and drama!

He couldn't remember how much of it all he had told to Tampak; it didn't matter—Tampak wouldn't gossip. Tampak would only sympathize and wish, no doubt, that they were in the days before the Dutch conquest, when men could settle their difficulties, cut their knots, with the keen edge of a creese. As it was—

As it was, the only thing that he could do was to keep out of Jasmin's sight until she and Abel Mann left Bali.

He had not looked behind him as he left the *pasar*. He had not seen Tampak—who was fully conscious of Ian's every movement—put the jewelry back into the hands of the vender, drop a tiny packet of green leaf into his belt, and go to join Jasmin and her husband.

Jasmin looked at him with tired, uninterested eyes. Tampak was slightly piqued: most of these traveling ladies gave him the tribute of an admiring glance. He said to himself, "That yellow toad has made her hate all men; it would take my *tuan* to cure her." And bowing, he said, "Lady, I am the guide sent you for tonight."

"From the company?" asked Abel Mann suspiciously. "We're not paying anything extra, you know; all included."

"All included," Tampak repeated. "All, you may say, free. Even these very good indeed rambutans."

Abel Mann looked at the fruit; it seemed to be rather exceptional, and he was not the man to refuse a gift.

"You can leave them at the hotel," he said; "and take Mrs. Mann back there now; she's tired." He seemed anxious to get rid of his wife. Tampak, following the fat man's roving glance, knew why. There were beauties among the sellers at the stalls.

Tampak called up a pony cart and handed Jasmin in. Before the driver started, he leaned across the door and spoke:

"Lady not eat those rambutans."

Jasmin's eyes opened wide. They were lovely eyes, Tampak saw; very soft and dark.

"Why not?" she asked him with faint interest.

"This fruit, lady, for the *tuan* only. Not for women—oh, no. If a man eat it in the early morning, then next night he have good sleep. Lady's *tuan* have good sleep?"

JASMIN did not answer. But her lips trembled, and her hands half consciously strayed toward the red fruits of the rambutan.

"It will give peace and rest," Tampak continued. "Very rare fruit. Good for man who is not sleeping."

"Peace and rest," she said half to herself, fingering the fruit. "Would it harm—any one else?"

"No harm in it, lady. But—lady not touch it. Why? That's a secret." He bowed over the basket, left it in her hands, and cracked his fingers at the driver. "Hup!" cried the Malay to his little horse.

The rajah's palace was one of the tourist sights of the town. It had not been lived in for twenty or thirty years, but it was kept in order, more or less, and shown to travelers. There were secrets in that palace which the guides were forbidden to disclose.

Ian Wright was there on the morning following his visit to the *pasar*. He had not wanted to come; he more than suspected that Mann and Jasmin would be at the palace. But Tampak had begged him to go, giving no particular reason beyond the fact that he had to conduct a party himself and wanted Ian to see how well he did it.

Wright had seen the palace before; it was wonderful, but he had not altogether liked it. He found something displeasing, almost sinister, in the honeycomb design of it—especially in the room-within-room device that shut off the harem quarters from the galleries and saloons. Above all, he disliked the airless, lightless cell, innermost of all, that was proudly pointed out as the Room of the Rajah's Favorite. It was a nasty poisonous sort of place, he thought.

The air, too, made one feel sick this hot-season morning; one seemed to breathe nothing but dust and dead patchouli—and kerosene. Some one had lighted the lamps that replaced nowadays the unused chandelier. Tampak and his party must be about.

Footsteps; footsteps coming through the maze of surrounding rooms. The voice of Tampak describing, praising, guiding. Yes, he did it well, considering that he wasn't a guide at all; had taken on the job—it seemed—for fun. Wright found himself wondering what might be at the back of it all; telling himself that one never succeeded in capturing the ultimate of a Malay mind—only, at best, a few surface reactions.

Somebody else was speaking now. He knew the voice. Beyond doubt that of Abel Mann.

Instinct made him back into the shelter of an immense gilt screen, watch from its shelter what might be going on. He could not trust himself in Jasmin's presence openly. She was there. She was following the guide, who wasn't a guide, and Abel Mann through the maze of airless, lightless, magnificent rooms that led to the favorite's boudoir. In ancient days how many women—men too—had run shrieking through that maze, pursued by angry husbands, creese in hand? How many had gone to death by the secret ways of which Malay legend spoke?

The sights were being shown: the carvings, the gilded furniture, the press in the wall, inlaid with marvelous work of ivory and pearl. Mann tapped it with his cane, and he did not seem to think he had seen enough. "Anything inside?" he demanded curtly.

Jasmin, bored and spiritless, brightened into interest when Tampak, with a flourish, unlocked and threw open the door. Curiosity, thought Ian; curiosity—the ruling passion strong in the death of other passions.

There was nothing at all inside. The cupboard—it was little more—showed a rough dusty interior quite unworthy of its bright outside. Treasures perhaps might once have been kept there; its position, four feet up in the wall, suggested as much and its small measures—it was perhaps four feet high by three feet wide by three feet deep.

There was nothing there now save gloom and dust and cockroaches hurriedly scrambling away as the light struck in.

WAS there not? Was there anything the matter with Ian Wright's eyes when he fancied, for one moment, that he saw a face in the corner looking out of a long crack that at first was there, and immediately afterward was not? A very beautiful face, small, egg-shaped, with enormous eyes overshadowed by the heavy crescent brows that are so much admired in the Orient?

No, there was nothing. He could see quite well from behind the screen, without being seen, and he was sure that he had been the victim of some trick of fancy. And these old palaces *were* ghostly—haunted—

"I had better get out of this," he thought, "before it makes me giddy. I don't know how they can stand it." Then he saw that Jasmin, moving slowly, half consciously, was making her way toward the door. Tampak had just said something to her that he did not catch.

But he caught what the Bali man said to himself, Ian Wright, in a swift hissing whisper over the top of the screen—only he didn't believe it:

"*Tuan*, take her home with you. She will go."

Home! The jewel-of-a-house in the bamboo wood—and "she would go"!

For a moment he could not move. He stood staring at Tampak and at Abel Mann—Mann, who was looking, with a high thin giggle, into the cupboard; Tampak, who was telling

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NRA WE DO OUR PART

him strange things, stories that made him slap his thigh and laugh. Then—was Mann crazy? What was he doing? Lifting his fat knee with an effort to the height of the cupboard; trying to scramble in. And Tampak was watching, talking on and on . . .

Something beyond reason had hold of Ian's mind in that moment; something that told him of nights long ago, when men had leaped into that cupboard with furious hearts and supple limbs, had pursued—as Mann was pursuing—something that had been there and fled.

Then he saw the shine of Jasmin's silken ankles vanishing through the doorway, and he too sprang forward—pursuing something that fled.

But not for long. In the marble hall below he caught up with her. She was standing there, silent, with her back against a pillar. It was quiet and shadowy in the hall; outside, men carrying trays of lemon water passed by in the searing sun.

No one was noticing them; no one thought of them.

Afterward it seemed to him that the whole thing had been like a dream. Jasmin had not said a word, beyond his own name, and he had said nothing at all. He had simply handed her into one of the jingling pony carts that went so fast and yet so slow, along the road to the house in the bamboo wood. And he had paid the man, lifted her down and carried her into the house.

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

who was born in the Emerald Isle, is now a resident of Papua, that strange land in which the scenes of her stirring stories are so often laid. In her spare time Miss Grimshaw makes long trips, often entirely alone, through some of the least known parts of the South Seas in search of new story plots.

It was not till next day, when the sun was high above the plumy crests of the bamboos, that Ian thought of Abel Mann. There would be hell to pay when Mann found them out. Of one thing only he was sure: that Jasmin was not under any circumstances going back.

He had enough to keep her. As for her relations, Mann no doubt had settled the hash of the peccant brother; and Wright himself could manage to keep the delicate mother out of the workhouse. No luxury—but delicate mothers who consented to the sacrifice of their daughters' lives didn't deserve luxury. Jasmin might not have seen that, once. She saw it now so far as she saw anything in the world save Ian Wright, her happy lover.

THEY were too happy. They could not even eat. The Balinese child who served the little house brought coffee for them, coffee and coffee, and they drank it, feeling as if they could go on living without anything more, even as the gold-and-amber bees in the garden seemed to live on the honey they drank from scarlet flowers. The thought slipped into Ian's mind, and slipped out again, condemned; for, after all, the bees were not like Jasmin and himself; the bees were luckless creatures, knowing not love.

Noon came and with it came Tampak, before whom Jasmin fled. He did not appear even to have seen her; the Malay is tactful.

Ian offered him a cigarette. Tampak took it and sat down.

"The *tuan* has heard the sad news?"

"What news?" Ian absent-mindedly asked. He was in no mood for Bali gossip today.

"The news of the finding the body of the *tuan* Mann."

"What! Good Lord, what happened to him?"

"The *tuan*," Tampak said with limpidly innocent face, "was seized with sudden madness in the palace of the rajah, which caused him to spring into the press that is in the Favorite's Room, fall through the bottom of it, and drop into the river that runs underneath. This morning they found him on the beach, quite dead. There are five men who will swear that they saw him climbing into the cupboard and touching the spring that is never allowed to be shown; also that they saw me struggling with him, pulling him back. That cupboard, *tuan*, swings right away to one side when the spring is worked, and below it is a stairway very much broken away, where there is hardly room for one person to pass."

He tapped the ash from his cigarette and put it back in his mouth. Ian stared. It was true about the five men; he remembered now that he *had* seen a handful of Bali people drifting about the palace, just as he was hurrying after Jasmin. And no doubt it was true about Mann. Quite absurd to suppose that one had seen the face of Tampak's youngest wife, the one with the marvelous eyebrows, down there in the dark. (Bait? But nonsense! Impossible!)

WHAT was it Jasmin had said to him about a gift of rambutans, wonderful fruits that were supposed to make you sleep? Rambutans! The commonest fruit of the Far East.

They hadn't any special properties that he knew of. And what had they to do with all this?

Tampak had little to say about that when Ian questioned him. "They give you peace of mind," he said. "And sometimes some of the very rare ones, *tuan*—dispose a man to do what he is told."

The hundred guilders! The *pasar* where a man could buy strange things— Ian asked nothing further.

Then, struck by a startling thought, he said, "Oh, friend! You did not by any chance give the lady any of those fruits?"

No baby's face was more innocent than Tampak's. "But no, *tuan*. On the other hand, I told her strictly not to touch one of them."

("And if you had been married to several lovely girls as long as I have," was his silent thought, "you would know—as you will know—that to forbid a woman anything is to make sure that she will take it.")

"A neat job," Tampak thought, strolling down the roadway outside, with the last end of the cigarette dying away on his lips.

"Well thought, well finished. The government will hush it all up because of tourists, and they will have the cupboard nailed and the stair filled with cement. A neat job, mine. If I had failed with the fat pig *tuan*, my *tuan* would still have had her, because I had planned it so. And being Angrissi, he will never know. It is good to do a good turn to a friend. Better still when the reward is sure and maybe very large.

"When the *tuan* comes out of fairyland he will find out what I know—that the fat pig died without time to change his will.

"They shall all have new jewelry," his thought ran on. "And a pony cart for the house. But specially a set of pure gold hairpins for Lilin, the youngest. She has deserved it."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—In the United States what city has the most churches?

2—What is the caste system?

3—A puncheon is what?

4—What state is touched by only one state?

5—What great Indian tribe formed a "League of Nations" to abolish war?

6—From what did the word "bridegroom" originate?

7—Onomatopœia means what?

8—What is the origin of the word golf?

9—A refectory is what?

10—What is known as the deadly phenol?

11—When and where was President McKinley assassinated?

12—What is the origin of the word manufacture?

13—What is an emmet?

14—Who said, "A small leak will sink a great ship"?

15—When was the first national bank in the United States chartered?

16—Where is the Republic of San Marino?

17—What is the order of the Garter?

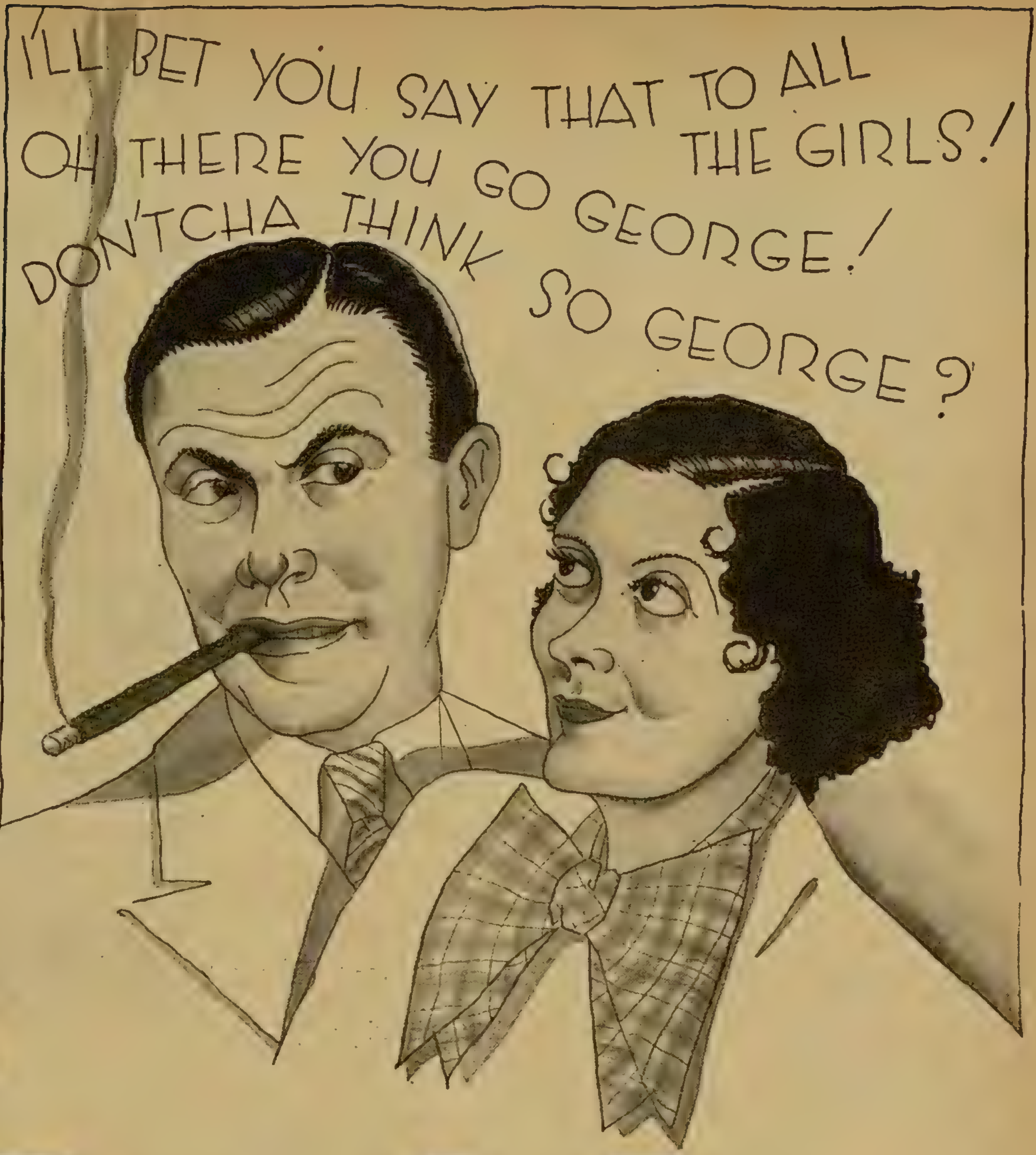
18—Who discovered oxygen?

19—Who is the patron saint of travelers?

20—When and where were canal locks first used?

(Answers will be found on page 33)

The Lowdown on a Feminine Secret One Lone Husband Has Kept for Years!


I'LL BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS!
OH THERE YOU GO GEORGE!
DON'TCHA THINK SO GEORGE?

by CLARA BERANGER

How Dumb Is GRACIE ALLEN?

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE first question any one asks me when they discover that I know Gracie Allen and George Burns is, " What about Gracie Allen? Is she as dumb in private life as she is on the radio and in the movies? "

Up to now George has guarded Gracie's dumbness as he would a precious treasure. He has carefully steered her through interviews to prevent her from giving normal or sane answers to reporters' questions. He has worked out their dialogue to be quoted as carefully as he would write a sketch for vaudeville or broadcasting or the screen.

For being dumb is Gracie's stock in trade.

But now they are so successful and secure that I am going to tear down that protective wall of George's and let you have a look at the real Gracie Allen.

She is anything in the world but dumb. She is a charming and vital young woman who has worked out her own philosophy of living, who has such a shrewd business sense that she knows how to trade for her professional services in a way that makes hard-fisted business men look at her in wondering despair.

She is simple, unaffected, untheatrical. Her voice is mellow and mature, entirely unlike the high thin piping voice she uses in her act.

A lovely brunette with wavy hair, creamy white skin, hazel eyes flecked with brown, and full red lips that turn up humorously at the corners, she at first gives the impression of being a helpless little girl. Yet behind her curtain of frailty is a keen mind and great wisdom.

She knows so much about human relationships that she has been able to achieve that miracle of the show business, a happy marriage. She knows so much about men that she is willing to play the submissive wife and let George be the boss.

I had heard various conflicting reports about Gracie's nationality, so I questioned her about it.

" I'm Irish," she answered. " You didn't think I was Jewish, did you? "

" Yes," I said. " I knew that George was and I heard that you were, too."

" I'm Irish as Paddy's pig," Gracie laughed, " and proud of it. We all are. Even my aunt's parrot."

" What do you mean? "

" Well, my aunt has a parrot that is mostly green. But he also has some red and yellow feathers. And would you believe it, he hates those red and yellow feathers and carefully plucks them all out. When there's nothing left but the green he shouts: 'Hooray for the Irish!' "

"It's funny my marrying into an Irish family," George confided to me, "because when I was a youngster my worst enemies were always the Irish kids who went to the parochial school just opposite the public school where we Jewish kids went. We'd invariably get into fights—just like the Cohens and the Kellys. The last thing on earth I ever expected to do was to marry an Irish girl."

"It's worked out all right, though," said Gracie. "Even the families are satisfied. We expected them to kick up a fuss, but they didn't."

"You see, it was this way," George interrupted. "Gracie was always a decent girl—what they call in the show business 'a nice girl.' She was 'nice' when I first met her and she kept on being 'nice' throughout the three years we traveled together before we got married. But I don't think either her parents or mine gave us the benefit of the doubt. You know how it is when people of the theater travel together. The outside world always imagines the worst.

"Anyway, when we telegraphed that we were going to get married they telegraphed right back that it was O. K. with them!"

BURNS and Allen have been married eight years. Yet George still notices every little thing that Gracie does. The way she wears her hair, the color of her nails, the kind of clothes she buys. Notices, and compliments her about it. The man who has to act the exasperated stooge to her stage dumbness is as irrelevant to the real George as the dumb-bell character is to the real Gracie. George Burns the husband never gets impatient or irritable.

"How have you managed to keep so happy together after eight years of marriage?" I once asked them.

"Propinquity," George answered.

"You see," Gracie broke in with a serious smile, "we're together all the time—that's the secret. We don't believe in married people ever being separated.

"George and I have never been separated since we were first married. How can two people stay happy if one is on the stage in New York and the other in movies in Hollywood?"

"Yeah, she's right," George admitted. "Most of the theatrical divorces are because people are not willing to make sacrifices so they can stay together."

Yet these two who are always together have had sense enough to preserve their individual sense of privacy. In their apartment they have separate bedrooms. In the moving picture studio they have separate dressing rooms. And in the broadcasting stations they have separate rest rooms.

They make it a point never to speak to each other for an hour before and an hour after the broadcast, because they know how easy it would be to let nerves get the better of them.

They know the pitfalls of a household where the husband and wife both earn large salaries. And they have precluded dissension by putting the major part of their earnings into a joint account which is handled by a trust company. Not only does this company make their investments, but it pays their bills and attends to all of the annoying financial details that disturb and confuse artists.

If either of them spends too much, it is not the other but is the trust company that makes the complaint and calls a halt.

When Burns and Allen are doing radio work and at the same time making a picture, their joint salary approximates five thousand dollars a week. Yet they have steadily avoided the easy extravagance that wrecks so many people of the theater.

No one knows better than Burns and Allen the ephemeral quality of success. "You peddle what you happen to have," George told me once, "but it's up to the public whether they like you or not. If they do, you're a success. If they don't, you're a flop.

"I've got sense enough to know that Gracie and I are lucky because we happen to be able to entertain the public at the moment. But they're apt to get tired of us any time—they always get tired of comics. When they do, we're ready to quit. We've saved money and we can travel around the world or live on a farm and raise chickens."

Here they are on the air—Allen dumb and even goofy, irrelevant to the real George as the dumbbell is to

Both Gracie and George started from humble beginnings. George was born of Austrian parents and grew up on the lower East Side of New York.

Gracie's family lived in San Francisco.

Starting at opposite ends of the continent, they both had ambitions for a vaudeville career; both were headed for "big time" in New York.

Both appeared on the stage as children, Gracie at the age of three, George when he was twelve. Every cent that either of them has ever made has come from their efforts to entertain others.

WHEN Gracie was six she visited her sister who was doing a song-and-dance act in vaudeville. With childlike conceit Gracie insisted that she could sing the song better than her sister.

She was led out in front of the audience. When the orchestra started to play little Gracie got a sudden attack of stage fright. She cried and stumbled hurriedly off the stage. But her sister dragged her back and made her dance.

With tears streaming down her face, with her little body convulsed with sobs, Gracie went through the steps of an Irish jig and a sailor's hornpipe. And she brought down the house.

It was her first lesson in one of the fundamentals of comedy—that an audience will invariably be amused by the person who gets into a ridiculous or inferior position.

When she appeared years later in a dance routine with her sisters, she slipped on some talcum powder that had been left on the stage by acrobats in the preceding number, and she pulled her sisters to the floor with her. It caused such a riot of laughter that the manager insisted on the fall being included in the act.

From that day to this she has played the sublime fool. She cultivated the habit of walking and talking fast, of using a piping voice, of being the dumbest of the dumb.

Burns the exasperated stooge. But this Burns "is as the real, keen-minded Gracie," says Clara Beranger.

While Gracie was learning how to be a convincing moron, George was doing various song-and-dance acts with questionable success. Neither knew the other existed. When they finally met in 1923, in Union Hill, New Jersey, each had an act ready but no partner. Gracie was looking for a boy with whom she could team up, and George was looking for a girl.

They were introduced. And decided at once to become partners. Originally, Gracie was to be the stooge. But there was something so amusing about her thin, high-pitched voice and the inane way she asked the questions, that she got all the laughs.

It was a difficult situation for George to face. He had expected to be the big shot of the act. Yet here was a new girl stealing the show.

Right then and there George Burns made an unselfish decision. He would rewrite the act. He would make himself the stooge, and build up sappy answers for Gracie.

He admits that he fell in love with her almost from the beginning. " But she led me a pretty dance for three years," he says, " because she thought she was in love with somebody else—a song writer."

IT took an appendicitis operation to bring Gracie to her senses. " He stayed at the hospital all the time, spending every cent he had on flowers," she told me. " When I was convalescing he carried me around in his arms.

"But still I wasn't sure of myself. When Christmas time came I sent him a dressing gown, and I carelessly wrote on the card, 'With all my love.' You know how we actors throw around terms of affection without meaning anything.

" Well, George got furious. 'With all your love,' he sneered. 'You don't know what love means. And, furthermore, we'll split the act. I can't go on any more like this.' He ran out and slammed the door.

" I cried and cried and couldn't stop. Then the telephone rang. It was my boy friend, the song writer, calling to wish me a merry Christmas.

" 'Do you love me?' he asked.

" 'No!' I shouted into the phone. 'No, I don't!'

" Suddenly I realized it was true. I didn't any more.

" I called George back, told him I would marry him. He said very humbly, 'You'll never be sorry.'

" And I never have," Gracie concluded.

Their marriage a few weeks later in Cleveland had all the earmarks of a Burns and Allen gag.

The justice of the peace was in a hurry to go off on a fishing trip, and when the young people appeared before him asking to be married, he got very irritable. He called in two strangers as witnesses and mumbled the ceremony in such a hurried grouchy voice that Gracie and George could barely hear him.

" It must have been the fastest hook-up on record," George told me, " because when we left the taxi to go into his office the meter registered sixty cents, and when we came out it only registered seventy-five! "

They had a honeymoon in Detroit—a week of hard work in vaudeville, of playing clowns while their hearts were heavy with uncertainty about the future. For their contract expired at the end of the week.

They had no idea where the next job was coming from. Yet each bolstered up the other's courage. They laughed and sang and wise-cracked all the way to New York.

Their faith and cheerfulness were rewarded. Immediately after they landed in the big city, they were presented with a new contract which kept them busy in vaudeville for three years. Everywhere they played, their act was a riot.

AN English manager first put them on the air in a comedy sketch. This was a complete innovation in radio. The manager was nervous. But Gracie and George were petrified with fear.

" That big quiet gray room and that little black box were like a nightmare," Gracie told me.

" Yeah," George added, " and the manager thought he was being kind by clearing the room of all visitors. 'Get 'em back at once,' I yelled. 'We've got to have an audience.'

" The next night he had people around, and it was easier. But to this day, I never face the mike that I don't bite my cigar, and Gracie still gets so scared that her face turns hot and her hands turn cold."

For two years Burns and Allen have been broadcasting to millions of listeners. There has been no sign that their popularity is on the wane.

Gracie gives the credit to George. " He's clever," she said. " He's just naturally a gag man. He writes all the stuff we do, and the poor darling continually soils his shirts by jotting ideas on the cuffs. It keeps him busy thinking up silly things for me to say."

When they were called to Hollywood to go into a picture, George again showed his cleverness. " We don't want to be starred," he told the producer, " because we don't want audiences to see too much of us. It's better to have people say 'I wish there were more of Burns and Allen' than for them to say 'For God's sake, here are those two fools again!' "

" Do you like Hollywood? " I asked Gracie.

" It's a grand climate," she answered thoughtfully, " but I don't like squabs."

" Whatever do you mean? "

" You know," she laughed, " everybody gives you squabs for dinner. Or chicken, which is just as bad."

" What she means," George explained, " is that we both hate fancy dinners, and that's about all we ever got in Hollywood."

" A long time ago," George said, " one of the straightest guys I ever met, Georgie Jessel, said to me: 'Whatever happens to you, George, no matter how successful you get, don't ever let the salami leave your stomach!' That was his way of saying I should never get high-hat, never forget that I came from plain honest Jewish folks."

And he never has. Neither he nor Gracie Allen will ever forget their humble beginnings. They are still plain honest folks, without affectation and without pretentiousness. And they will stay that way till the final curtain falls.

THE END

The Heel of One Eye Baby

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THEY breed boys tough in places like Shackton. They have to be tough to survive. Only hardy things such as dog fennel, stinkweed, hatred, and boys like One Eye Baby can grow and flourish under the smoke from the mills.

One Eye Baby was born in a tar-paper hut with a stinkweed garden—the first on the right across from the garbage dump, on the black cinder road which leads from the macadam highway down to the mills. He had two eyes for a few hours after his birth. His father put an end to one of them about two in the morning by throwing an empty bottle at his mother. A question of paternity was involved. The bottle smashed on the stove above the market basket which served as One Eye Baby's crib, and the midwife did a rather messy job on the piece of glass which lodged in his right eye.

He survived the smoke, but he hated it, the grimy feel of it. Later he learned to hate the dirty-faced boys who swarmed over the dump heap, the men who worked in the mills, and above all the people who lived in the big estates on the hill. They were warm in the winter, cool in the summer, and always had enough to eat—mill owners.

He came by his nickname honestly enough because he cried when he fought. By the age of eleven it had become a name of approbation rather than derision. His fighting was swift, merciless, and murderous. For weapons, sharp tin can, ax, or rock served him equally well. After a time, mention of his single eye and drawn face was only made by foolish newcomers desiring to test their prowess.

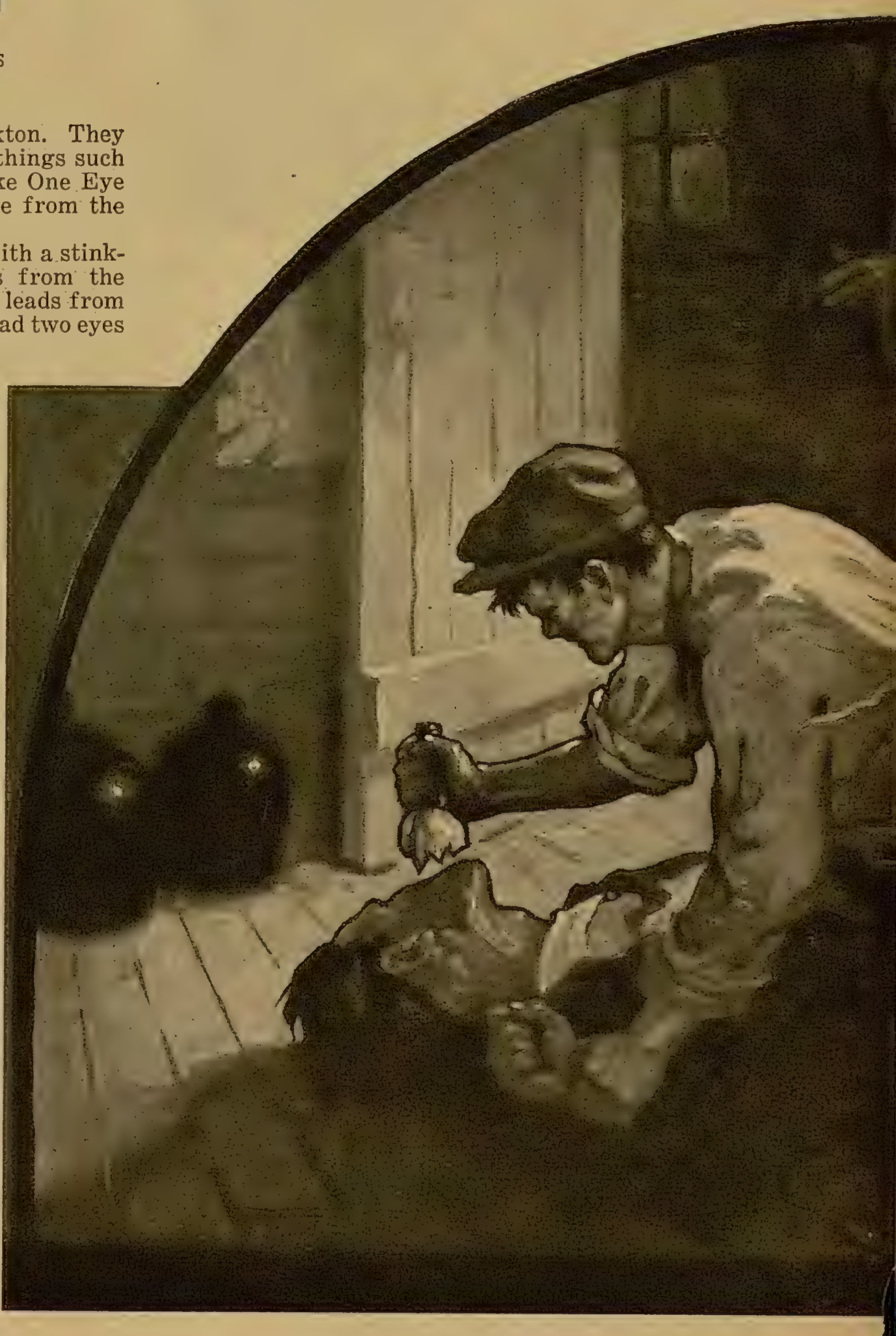
He was sixteen the year his broken-spirited teacher eased him out of school by cheatingly marking his smudged examination papers with passing grades.

Stealing was his recreation. With infinite patience he sought for—and found—inaccessible nooks and crannies in the hills around Shackton. In these small caves he stored his loot—valuable silks from freight cars, copper and brass, dynamite and blasting powder from the quarries. Sometimes he was a pirate chief burying treasure, sometimes a powerful gangster defying the foolish police.

Early encounters had shown him that the faces of other boys might be forgotten, but that yard detectives never forgot the face of One Eye Baby. He trained himself to recognize their swaggering walk at an unbelievable distance. Small and undernourished, with something approaching the quality of an evil spider, he could scamper out of their way into the shadows without ever being seen.

He walked out of the schoolhouse for the last time into the sunshine of a hot June afternoon. He was hungry, and there was nothing to eat in the shack he called home. His mother had been on a diet of gin for two weeks. That always meant that he had to forage for himself.

Scuffling through the cinders on the road, raising tiny clouds of stifling dust with every step, he made his way slowly up the hill. He had made plans to raid his dinner from the lush garden of Mr. Horace Knelling, mill owner, who fondly imagined that his prize tomatoes were safe behind a fourteen-foot stone wall from the likes of One Eye Baby.



From the Dump Heap He Came, Achilles of the Cinders, to Find His Brief Glimpse of Loveliness . . . What Happened Makes a Story You Will Remember Long After You've Read It

by

BAYNARD H. KENDRICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY ALAN

It was not his first trip to the garden of Mr. Knelling. Confronted by the wall, he sauntered along it carelessly to a point where he was concealed from the cinder road by a clump of thick trees. A final look around assured him there was no interfering watcher. He turned over a broad flat stone and took from underneath a large iron hook with a length of rope attached. At the second throw the hook caught in the top of the wall. One Eye Baby ascended slowly hand over hand. Near the top he cautiously pulled himself high enough to peer over and see if the way was clear.

A single quick glance satisfied him. He had checked the habits of the two Knelling gardeners, and knew that they were seldom working tomatoes in the afternoon at that time of year. Without further delay he straddled the wall, pulled up the rope, lowered it on the other side, and slid down to the forbidden ground. He landed within three feet of a slim overalled girl lying prone in the shade of the wall.

At first sight One Eye Baby thought it was another boy. He noticed the hoe leaning against the wall, judged it as a possible weapon, and tensed himself for attack. The riot of black hair under the big straw gardening hat told him the truth. His usual canny composure deserted him in the flash of a really friendly smile.

"You can certainly climb!" There was sincere admiration in her voice. "I wish I could do that. You came down that rope like a man I saw in the circus. I love the circus, don't you? I'm Betty Knelling and I'm visiting my grandfather. What's your name?"

One Eye Baby regarded her suspiciously, certain there was some trick in her amicable advances. She would begin to laugh at him in a minute—to laugh at his single eye, or to shrink away from him in horror like the girls in the village.

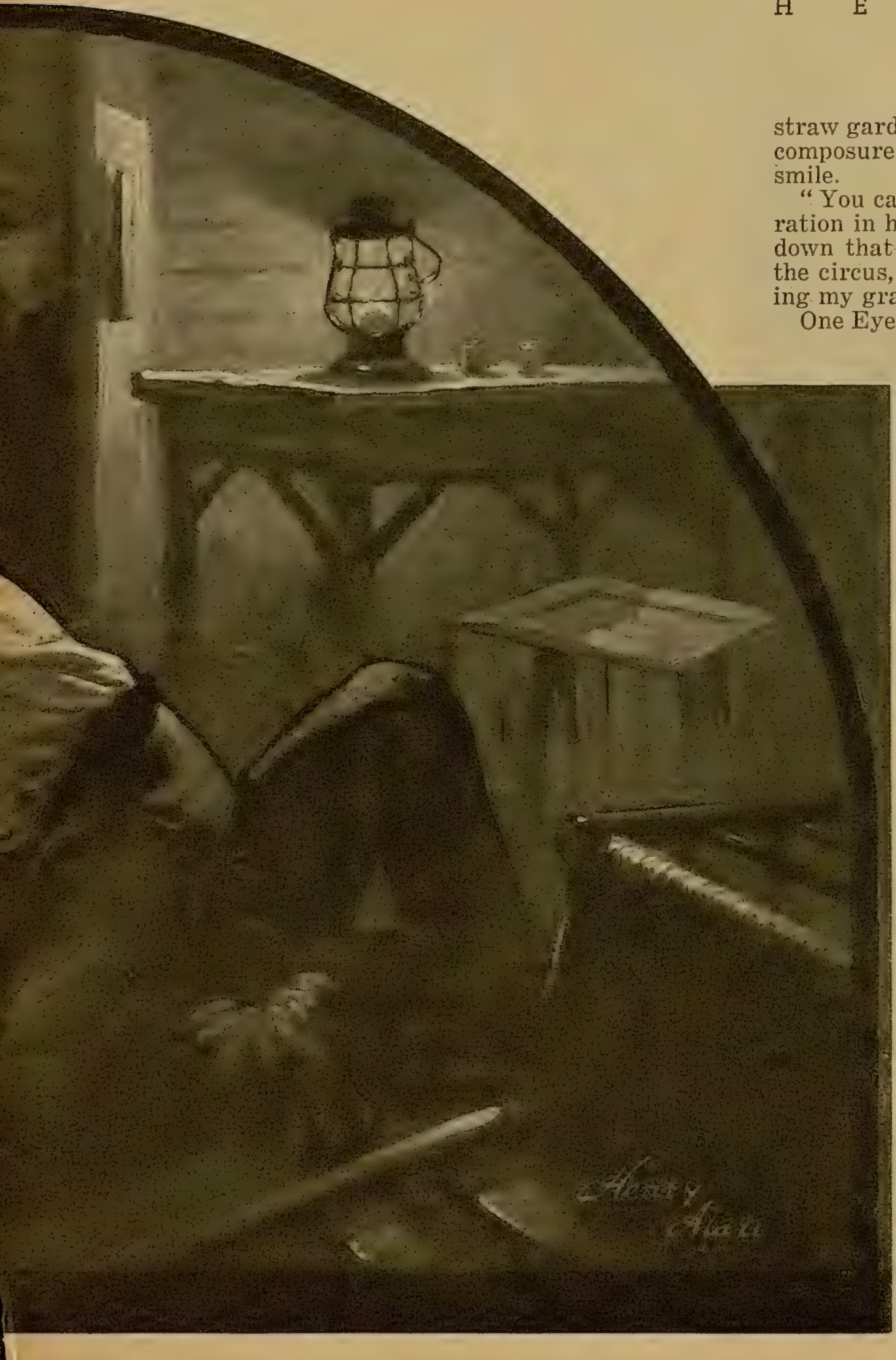
"Oh, you've hurt yourself!" Instead of fearful her eyes were suddenly sympathetic. Before he could protest she had seized his right hand with strong brown fingers and was mopping the blood from a cut in his thumb which he had not felt. When the cut was free from grime she twisted the clean white handkerchief deftly around the injured thumb, knotted it, and approved her work with a little pat.

"YOU can keep the handkerchief. It will keep the dirt out until you get home. You haven't told me your name yet."

"Dey call me One Eye Baby." He waited cynically for the inane giggle which always followed the revelation of his nickname. When it did not come he was surprised into telling her something which few people knew. "Me real name's Terry Smith."

"I like that." Then, "Why did you climb over the wall?"

"To get tomatoes," he replied before he thought. "I was hungry," sullenly.



One Eye Baby jumped him like a tarantula and jammed the jagged ends of the broken glass square into his face.

"You had to—had to come into the garden to get something to eat?"

"Wha' didja t'ink? Me old lady's on a binge and there ain't been nuttin' in the dump for two weeks. I'll scram now." He grasped the dangling rope. She laid a hand on his arm and stopped him.

"Wait here—the gardeners are both off this afternoon and nobody will see you. I'll be back in a few minutes. Wait for me, now, Terry. You can look at my book." Before he could protest her slim figure was flying between the vegetable rows on the way up to the house.

Idly he picked up her book and read the title—The Story of Achilles. The colored picture on the cover held him so spellbound that he failed to see Betty return. She was right on top of him, staggering under the weight of a basket loaded from the Knelling kitchen, when One Eye Baby looked up. He pointed to the picture and asked: "What's the old dame holdin' that brat in the river for? Tell me that, willya!"

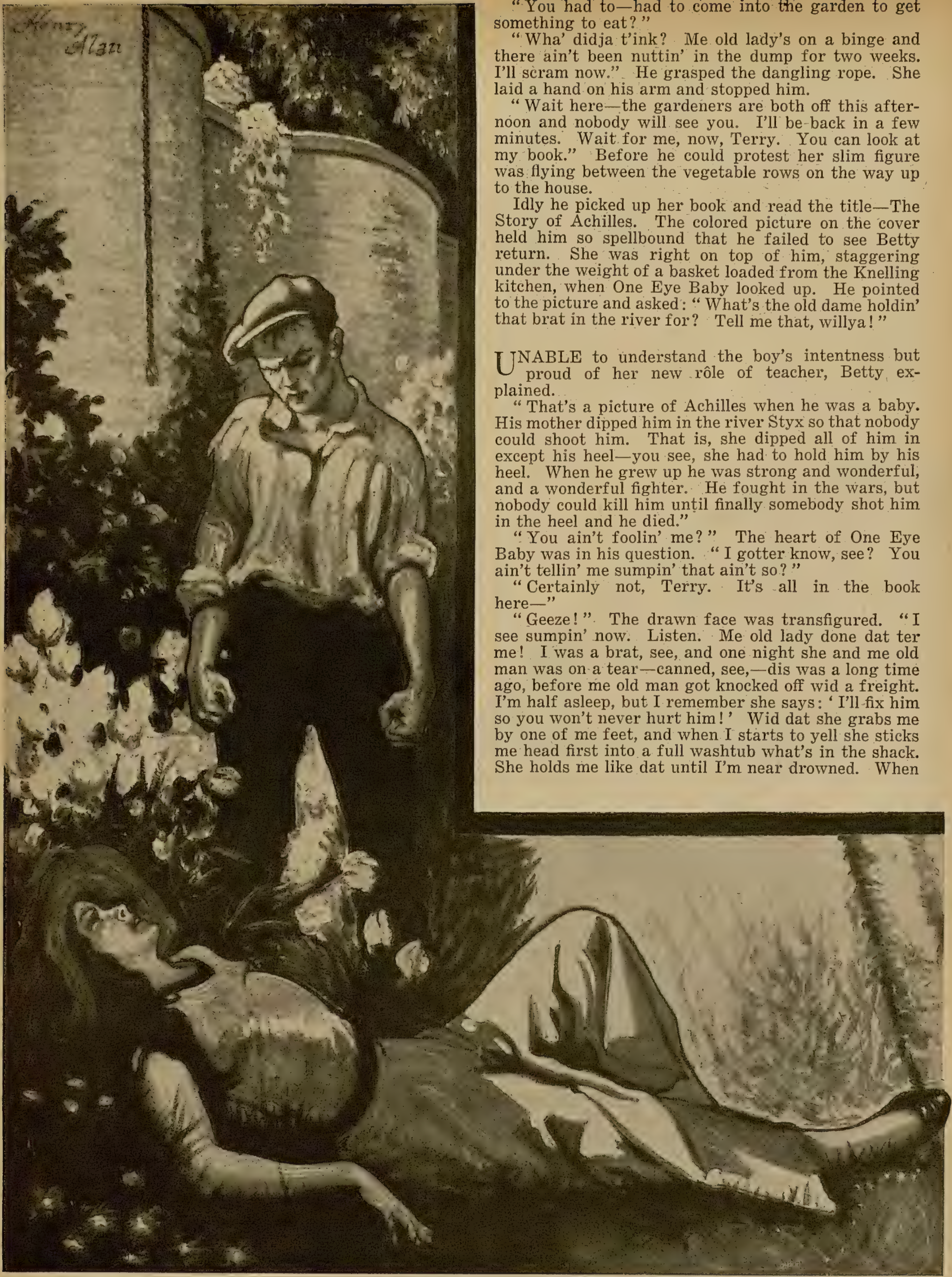
UNABLE to understand the boy's intentness but proud of her new rôle of teacher, Betty explained.

"That's a picture of Achilles when he was a baby. His mother dipped him in the river Styx so that nobody could shoot him. That is, she dipped all of him in except his heel—you see, she had to hold him by his heel. When he grew up he was strong and wonderful, and a wonderful fighter. He fought in the wars, but nobody could kill him until finally somebody shot him in the heel and he died."

"You ain't foolin' me?" The heart of One Eye Baby was in his question. "I gotter know, see? You ain't tellin' me sumpin' that ain't so?"

"Certainly not, Terry. It's all in the book here—"

"Geeze!" The drawn face was transfigured. "I see sumpin' now. Listen. Me old lady done dat ter me! I was a brat, see, and one night she and me old man was on a tear—canned, see,—dis was a long time ago, before me old man got knocked off wid a freight. I'm half asleep, but I remember she says: 'I'll fix him so you won't never hurt him!' Wid dat she grabs me by one of me feet, and when I starts to yell she sticks me head first into a full washtub what's in the shack. She holds me like dat until I'm near drowned. When



At first sight One Eye Baby thought it was another boy and tensed himself for attack. The riot of black hair under the big straw gardening hat told him the truth.

I comes around, me old man's gone, but he's laid her cold wid a sock on the jaw."

They talked it over until the long shadows told him it was time to go. He left her with a promise to return the following Sunday when the gardeners were off duty. When he opened the basket in the shack, on the top lay The Story of Achilles. "Geeze," he said softly to himself, "she gave me her book!" He looked long at the picture, and then at the snoring figure of his mother stretched out on the cot in the corner, "T'anks, old lady," he whispered. "T'anks. No wonder dem dicks in the yard couldn't hit me!"

Then hunger overcame everything.

Twice a week, during the long hot months of July and August, One Eye Baby left the smoky hell of Shackton on the cinder road and ascended with the gods to the garden on the hilltop. Sometimes he would help the volatile Betty work in the garden, but he preferred to sit quietly while she read to him.

As the weeks swept by, his world became peopled with amazing beings whose adventures were even more exciting than his own. He flew the mountain tops on winged feet with Perseus, and Medusa's snake-crowned head tumbled off before his own mighty sword. The tasks of Hercules became the tasks of One Eye Baby. With Theseus he battled the Minotaur, and with Cadmus sowed and reaped the dragon's teeth. Yet they were only backgrounds for Achilles, the greatest hero of them all—the guy they could not shoot.

Something of his furtiveness disappeared. The basket which Betty kept refilling like the Miraculous Pitcher, dulled some of his hatred for the mill owners and all their clan. The thieving in the yards stopped and a detective was promoted for doing a good job where none had been done.

There were two glorious afternoons when he followed Betty's importunate coaxing and helped her over the wall to see the country outside of the Knelling estate. He knew that it was dangerous, but when she asked him why, he was unable to explain. That settled it for Betty, who liked the idea of danger anyhow. It was hard for her to know that when you survive the smoke of Shackton you have to know what is dangerous and what is not. One Eye Baby made his first mistake when he took her out.

In the ecstasy of rambling through the woods, showing her his caves, and keeping her clear of poison ivy, One Eye Baby forgot his usual caution. That was his second mistake. He was seen and never knew it. Seen around the woods near Shackton with fifteen million dollars' worth of black-haired little girl for a playmate.

THE backlash came on a cloudy Sunday in early September, ten days before Betty was to leave for school. One Eye Baby's thoughts were not pleasant as he climbed the cinder road. He was about to lose the only playmate he had ever known. The smoke was rolling along closer to the ground than usual. The smart of it had brought unwanted tears.

Luckily he fought them back. Luckily, for if his one sharp eye had been too dim, he would never have noticed that his hook and rope under the broad flat stone had been disturbed. Failing to notice that, he would never have sensed the man hiding in the clump of trees, and the fact that death was near.

The man fired as One Eye Baby lifted the stone, but the boy was already flat on the ground and rolling for safety. There was no sound except the soft click of a silenced gun and the smack of a bullet against the stone wall. It was disconcerting to the stranger when One Eye Baby laughed mockingly. As the boy scrambled to his feet and sped with the zigzag course of a jack rabbit down the hillside, the man emptied his gun methodically, but none of his bullets found its mark.

There was a certain hiding place in Shackton which One Eye Baby had used many times to advantage. The four walls of the tar-paper shack were built of rough lumber which stuck some two feet above the roof on each side. Lying down flat on the top of the house he was successfully concealed from view. At the same time he could peep through the cracks at approaching and departing

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visitors. He could overhear everything which went on in the two rooms below.

He ran for that sanctuary. One Eye Baby knew enough of silencers to know that they were not used by the police. Besides, the police always gave you a chance to stop before they tried to mow you down. The man in the clump of trees was obviously no detective. One Eye Baby was marked for slaughter, and he had a strong hunch that it had to do with his meeting Betty Knelling. If his hunch was right, all hell was about to break loose over Shackton. It looked like he would be the center of it unless he succeeded in getting himself out of the way.

His mother was in front of the house talking to a neighbor. He circled, approached it from the rear, and scampered up to his retreat. Flattened out on the top he choked back his labored breathing and prepared for a long wait.

The afternoon dragged along interminably, but still he did not move. He heard his mother walking about below. The spiring chimneys in the valley grew black against the hills and merged into the darkness. He stood up and flexed his knotted muscles. An incoming freight whistled. It was nearly nine o'clock. The freight would leave again at midnight. One Eye Baby intended to be aboard it when it left.

Then he saw the lights around the Knelling estate and knew that the frenzied search had begun. Escape on the freight would be impossible. The yards would be swarming with railroad detectives and local police. There was a slight chance that he could get aboard the freight when it stopped at the water tower, but it meant a trip over Mount Western in the dark. That was going to be hazardous. The radio patrol would be looking for him. Yet anything was better than falling into the hands of the police. He decided to take the chance.

He was about to climb down from the house when he heard the roar of a motorcycle ascending the cinder road. A glance revealed the triple headlights of a state trooper's machine. One Eye Baby was lying flat again when it stopped in front of the shack.

There were two men: the trooper who was driving and an officer in the side car. He heard his mother's quick gasp of fear at the sight of the police, followed by her firm denial that she knew the whereabouts of her son—which failed to stop a minute search of the premises. He listened trembling to the trooper's exclamation of triumph which could only mean that The Story of Achilles—with the name of Betty Knelling on the flyleaf—had fallen into the hands of the law.

His mother's hysterics at the discovery of the book, and the officer's disclosure that the fourteen-year-old heiress to the Knelling millions had been kidnaped that afternoon, left One Eye Baby cold. His mother always believed him guilty of anything.

BAYNARD H. KENDRICK
who was born in 1894, has been a motor-car assembler, pianist in a movie theater, real estate broker, editor, hotel manager, and an accountant. Since 1932 has devoted his time entirely to writing. His first novel won honorable mention in Liberty's First Novel Contest, held in 1933.

ANOTHER motorcycle arrived with two more troopers. One Eye Baby heard the officer tell his mother that she would have to come up to the Knelling house for questioning. Then the conversation below was drowned out by the noise of the other machine which stopped in front of the house but did not cut off its motor. He watched through a crack as the officer and the trooper led his weeping mother out between them to confer with the new arrivals. Instantly he was over and hanging from the back of the house. He dropped down silently as a smudge of soot and was gone through the surrounding weeds on his way to the water tower—over Mount Western.

It is no exaggeration to say that One Eye Baby was the only human who could have passed through the lines of searchers which surrounded Shackton that night. Twice his knowledge of obscure hiding places on the side of Mount Western saved him. The second time a weary state trooper passed so close to the hole in the rocks where he was hidden that his puttees brushed the edge of One Eye Baby's ragged coat.

The closeness of his escape upset him so that he was befuddled when he resumed his journey. For a time he lost his way and dashed wildly through the woods to bring up short at the edge of a narrow stream which rushed frantically down the side of the mountain. It restored his lost confidence. He was on familiar ground again. He knew that if he followed its course upward it would lead him to a wooden bridge. The bridge was part of an old dirt road which led over Mount Western, and eventually wound down the other side and struck the valley close to the water tower which was his goal.

It was cold up on Mount Western, and One Eye Baby was hungry. He paused for a moment watching the pinpoint lights of the searchers far below. Then he turned resolutely and began the difficult climb.

THE bridge, distorted and indistinct, was suddenly right ahead of him. He clambered wearily up on to the road and plodded on. A quarter of a mile farther along another road branched to the left from the dirt one. It led in a wild perilous descent to a great gash in the side of Mount Western known locally as Carter's Quarry. Work on the quarry had ceased more than ten years before. A bad landslide a couple of years later left it nothing more than a brown scar on the mountain with a pile of rocks at the bottom.

At right angles to the dirt road, directly in the twin ruts which led to the abandoned quarry, stood a dilapidated farm wagon—a decrepit vehicle with a broken tongue lying dejectedly on the ground before it. It gave no indication that it had been placed there for any other purpose than to relieve some neighboring farmer of its burdensome presence. Two tired searchers had sat on the broken tongue and solaced themselves with a smoke less than an hour before One Eye Baby reached it. It is no discredit to the state police that One Eye Baby knew why the farm wagon was there and they did not. It is a credit to One Eye Baby that he remembered it had not been there the day before. When he remembered that, he was suddenly sure he knew the whereabouts of Betty Knelling.

He sat down and gave the matter some consideration. He could go to the headquarters of the state police and say, "Look here! There is a two-room tool shack and powder house still standing under that landslide in Carter's Quarry. Old Leslie and his son Hank, who own the apple orchard on the side of Mount Western, have been using it to store applejack for the last six years. Hank Leslie has some outside connections, too. The man you found dead in the freight yards three years ago was killed in that quarry, and not run over as you think. There is somebody in the quarry now, for the farm wagon blocking the road is hooked up to a couple of wires which give an alarm in the shack if it is moved. They never put it there unless one of them is down in the quarry. I've been watching them since I was ten years old!"

He could tell them that, and more—about the other exit from the quarry straight up ninety feet of sheer rock on the iron rungs left there by the blasters—and about the deep well still open by the shack under the rocks. What good would it do if he told them? Suppose they raided the quarry and Betty Knelling was not there? The outlook would not be bright for One Eye Baby—a kidnaping suspect in the hands of the police.

The freight whistled again, warning One Eye Baby that the time of departure was near. His thoughts went back to the man they had found dead in the yards, and the terrifying depths of the well in the quarry. The police would never find Betty Knelling alive. It was undoubtedly a job for a guy they could not shoot. He turned away from the dirt road and entered the thick woods by the old farm wagon. . . .

Mr. Alf Remy had been hearing things for two hours. He was upset about missing that one-eyed kid in the afternoon—the only false play in a perfect set-up. He took out his heavy gun with the silencer attached and laid it across his knees. Things had come to a terrible pass when it became necessary to sit for hours guarding a hundred-foot drop off a cliff.

He was consoling himself with mathematical computations of big money when something moved in the bushes ten feet in front of him. He fired accurately and quickly at the small stick One Eye Baby had tossed there. It was an error, for the boy standing in back of Mr. Remy recognized the click of the gun. The rock which crashed down on Mr. Remy's cynocephalic skull fell with a vengeance which put him out like a broken light bulb. One Eye Baby got his flashlight, his watch and chain, and a hundred and twenty dollars in cash from his pocket, but the gun—which he needed more than anything—was lost in a crevice when it slipped from Mr. Remy's grasp.

About the time the freight stopped at the water tower One Eye Baby was lying flat on the ground pressed close to the wall of the hidden storehouse in Carter's Quarry. His wraithlike progress through the narrow passageway which led to it was made on his hands and knees, yet not a stone was dislodged nor a twig broken which might have revealed his presence to the occupants of the hut. There was something inspired about his skill that night. With hands and knees cut and bleeding from the sharp rocks, he crawled up to within six feet of two men whose nerves were strained to the breaking point—and they failed to hear him.

He lay, taut and irresolute, watching them through a crack he had used many times before. Hank Leslie he knew. The other man was a dour stranger, better dressed than Hank, and more sinister. They were seated at a table in the front room of the shanty. A lantern placed between them lit the place dimly, but the back room was dark. A quart bottle of applejack was aiding Hank in the bitter argument he was holding with the stranger. One Eye Baby had heard enough to know that Hank was losing, and that Betty's fate was the issue.

"You're a fool," the stranger remarked with finality. "We're hauling out of this place tonight, and we're lugging no red-hot brat around the country in my machine. She stays here."

"We'll swing. I never bargained for nothing like that—"

"You swing anyhow—if you're a fool and get caught. You're in this and you'll stay in it—my way. When Luke gets here with the car we're leaving without the girl. There'll be no squawk about this snatch." He rose from the table and started for the door which led to the back room. Hank rose also and laid a hand on his arm, but the man shook it off with an oath. They disappeared into the back room together.

ONE EYE BABY had a nice taste in the matter of effective weapons. When he charged into the shack in Carter's Quarry, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, the whisky bottle on the table immediately struck his fancy. He grabbed it in passing, broke it off short on the edge of the table, and met the stranger as he came out from the back room. As that surprised gentleman reached for his gun, One Eye Baby jumped him like a tarantula and jammed the jagged ends of the broken glass square into his face.

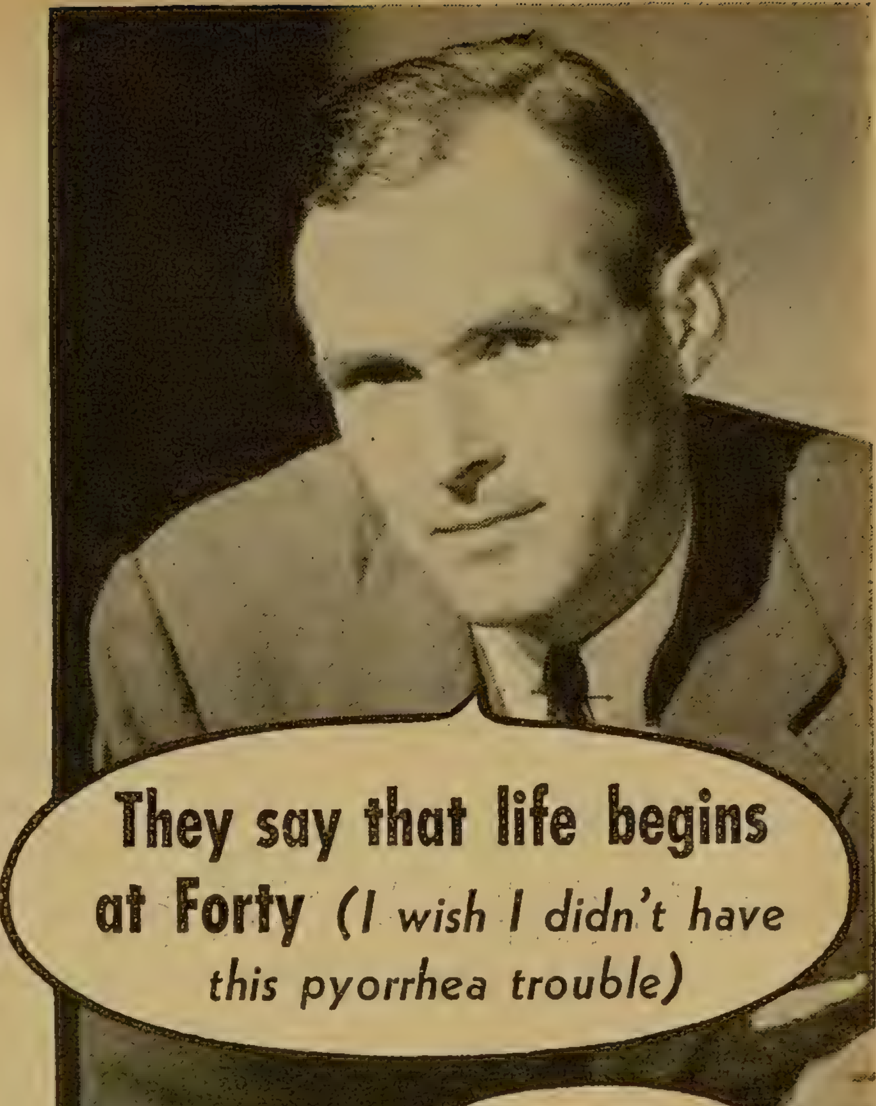
They went to the floor together, and the boy twisted the piece of bottle cruelly. When Hank Leslie went to the rescue he failed to notice that One Eye Baby was in possession of the stranger's gun. The muzzle was only two inches from Hank's stomach when One Eye Baby pulled the trigger twice.

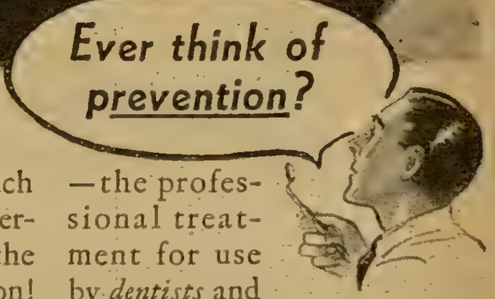
Never squeamish in his fighting, the weeping boy avoided further trouble with the lacerated stranger by the simple method of placing the muzzle against his head and pulling the trigger again. Two minutes later the girl in the back room was free, and One Eye Baby was administering awkward pats on her back to comfort her. Then a buzzer shrilled in the other room, and he knew that Luke was on his way and their escape up the road was cut off entirely.

"We gotter scram," he said tersely. "Come on."

He jerked her past the still forms in the outside room. He risked the gleam of Mr. Remy's flashlight in the passage. Trapped in there they would never stand a chance. Outside he saw the lights of the car. It was already too near the quarry for comfort. He was certain then that his neat job on Mr. Remy had been discovered.

"Geeze! We gotter run ter beat hell," he whispered to her.


They say that life begins at Forty (I wish I didn't have this pyorrhea trouble)


Ever think of prevention?

"FORTY." Yes, there's much ahead at 40, for the average man. But he must make the most of things from now on! No time for mere wishing and hoping, nor for idle regrets. Action is the watchword now. Action!

If you even *suspect* you have pyorrhea trouble, see your dentist immediately. Don't neglect it. Pyorrhea will not "get better" all by itself. It needs an expert diagnosis and treatment. At the age of forty, 80% of Americans have pyorrhea.

If you are *under* forty, look ahead! Give your dentist a chance to help you. Ask for *prevention* service, not just *repair* work. Thousands are doing this every day—all around you! Half the adult teeth lost are due to this creeping gum disease, pyorrhea, but naturally *people don't talk about it!* Remember, you are no different from others. Nobody is *sure*.

Discuss these things with your own dentist. You are likely to find that he is using at his chair the most famous pyorrhea treatment in dental history—the treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan. For 26 years Dr. Forhan carried on his researches concerning this dreaded gum disease, and he perfected two treatments—the professional treatment for use by *dentists* and the *home* treatment as embodied in Forhan's Toothpaste.

Don't wait for bleeding gums. Don't wait till you are forty. Even small children may use Forhan's Toothpaste with perfect confidence. Its texture is smooth and its flavor pleasing. It will not scratch. It is known to old and young from ocean to ocean and in many foreign countries. Besides, Forhan's is more than a toothpaste; it is a *protection*. If you are *serious* about your teeth and your children's teeth, use Forhan's. Don't leave a way for pyorrhea to get started.

Get the big, brown tube of Forhan's—packed full of double-duty protection! It's effective and economical. Follow directions. Forhan's is sold by all druggists; it's an old established, reliable product. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

The journey to the foot of the ascent up the cliff was endless. He drove the tired girl relentlessly and savagely, dragging her over the sharp rocks, urging her on with the strange obscenities of the dump heap. Once she fell, but he had her back on her feet, stumbling on ahead of him, before she could complain. They had made the first of the iron rungs on the way up when a drum searchlight on the automobile started sweeping the face of the cliff. They were a quarter of the way up when it found them.

One Eye Baby turned long enough to see that three men were running for the bottom of the ascent. He sobbed in anguish at the shiny black object one of them carried under his arm.

He did not need a diagram to know a tommy gun. It was all too plain, even in the reflected light of the car.

"Keep goin', Betty!" he screamed. "Keep goin'. Just ten more rungs, den step off on dat ledge by the ladder. It's narrer, see. Keep clost ter the wall and work along. When you comes to an openin' get in it. It's a cave, see. Do as I sez, see. I'm comin'."

He followed close on Betty's heels. The shower of pebbles dropping from above had warned him that another man was coming down. One Eye Baby's game was close to an end. There was only room for one small person in that cave, and no one knew it better than the boy who had found it himself. It was going to take a guy they could not shoot to put over what he had in mind.

Biting his lip in agony he watched the girl sidle along the cliff. The men below watched her until she was hidden in the small opening and they felt that the chase was ended. When One Eye Baby stepped off on to the ledge the man coming down from above was close upon him. The boy waited until he recognized Hank's father in the glare of the searchlight, then he sighted him carefully with the gun taken from the stranger and shot him. When the body crashed at the feet of the men waiting below, he spat contemptuously down.

He made the entrance to the cave, and was lying down flat on the two-foot outside ledge, shielding the girl with his body, when the men below began to shoot. Ignoring them entirely, One Eye Baby went to work.

Just inside the mouth of the cave, close by the shivering girl, was a small wooden box. He had put it there himself months before.

He groped around in the sawdust it contained and brought out six brown sticks tied together with a piece of heavy string. A bullet chipped the rock over his head. Still unhurried, he found a black piece of metal about the size of a large pill box, and attached it to one of the sticks with two soft metal bands which hung from the disk.

He was nearly ready when the tommy gun blazed loose and raked the ledge. Something struck him with terrific impact and he laughed out loud.

"Shoot, yer damn' dirty rats!" he shouted. "Yer may hit me, but t'anks to me old lady I can't feel it. Here's a package for youse—"

He tried to raise his arm, but something was wrong. The searchlight was getting dim and wabbly. The smoke from the mills was very thick and rolling very low. He hugged his package tighter. The gun stuttered again.

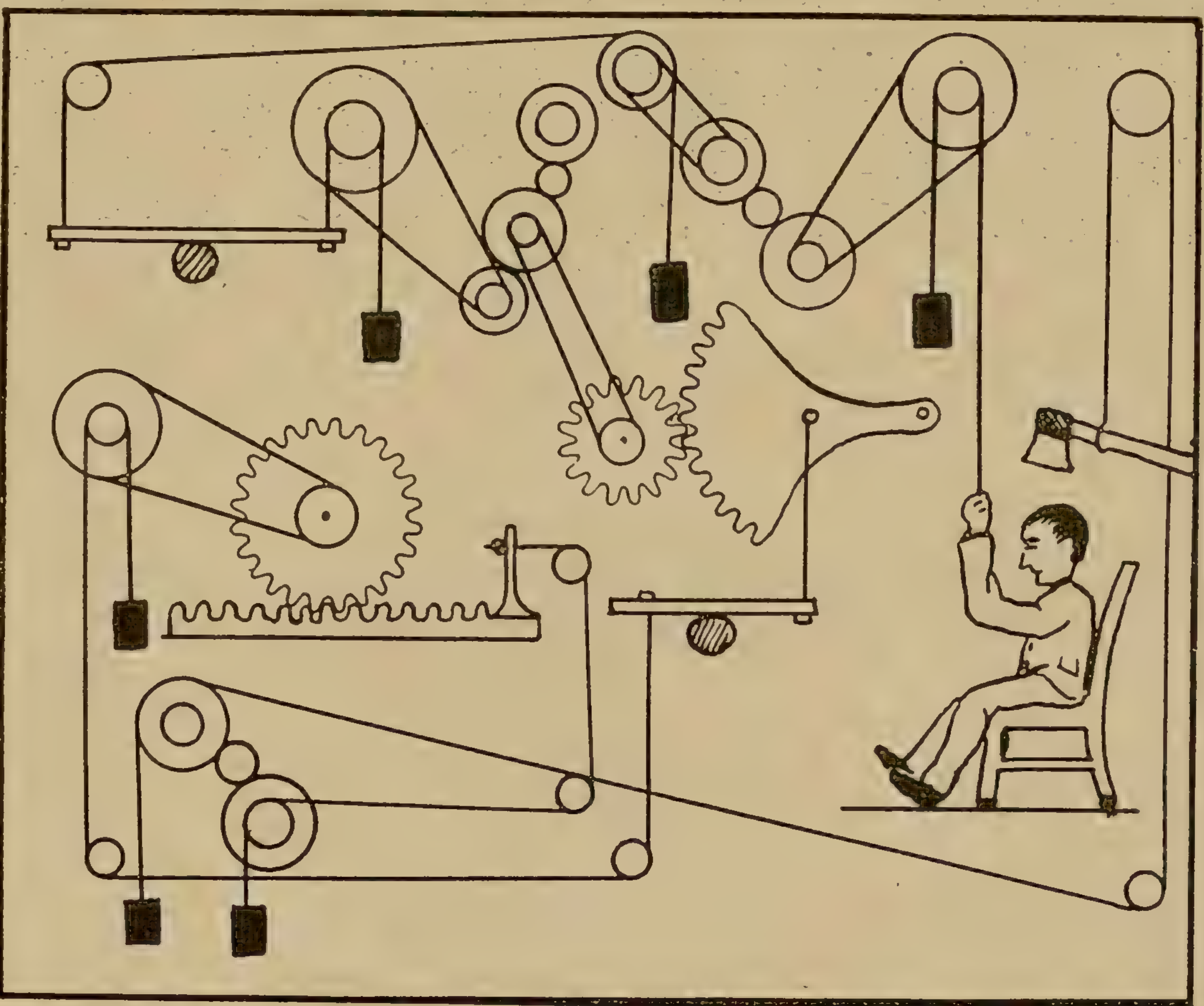
"Dey musta got me in me heel, Betty." He made another effort. "Keep down in yer hole, kid. Dey won't bodder yer no more—see—"

And One Eye Baby, clutching his bundle of contraband dynamite, slipped slowly off the ledge, but he wiped out the rest of Mr. Remy's friends and fully half of Carter's Quarry when he landed.

They breed killers in a place like Shackton—killers and boys like One Eye Baby who know that dynamite blows down.

THE END

WITWORK by JEROME S. MEYER



The diagram above shows a number of pulleys, wheels, levers, weights, and ropes. When the wheels are belted to one another they revolve in the same direction; when they are in contact with one another they revolve in opposite directions. The lever in the upper left corner and the one in front of the man in the chair move up and down like a seesaw.

If you were the man in the chair and had an ax over your head, and if you were allowed only one pull or release of the rope in front of you, what would you do—pull it or release it?

WHY WAS HE ACCUSED OF KILLING HIS BRIDE?

A young married couple took a two-weeks vacation at Niagara Falls. The young husband would like to have taken three weeks, but being very busy in New York, he could not afford the time. The couple arrived in Niagara Falls late at night, put up at a hotel, and early next morning went sightseeing. The wife disappeared and was never seen again. The husband was searched and found to have no weapons or drugs about him. The search revealed a handkerchief, a watch, and a wallet. Why did the police arrest him for murder?

The answers will be found on page 43

LYRIC, GALLIC, ANTIC

Norma Shearer Reaches New Heights in a Film that Seems Inspired; Mr. Grant Philanders Again, and Miss Pitts Goes into a Trance

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.	3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good.	4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET

THE PLAYERS: Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor. Directed by Sidney Franklin.

NORMA SHEARER, who makes a specialty of bringing stage hits to the screen with somewhat more élan than her Hollywood sisters, has in The Barretts of Wimpole Street her finest picture to date. Gentle, lyric, and sentimental, the film is thoroughly delightful and compelling, once it overcomes an early hesitation at getting into the story. Even the rather timid beginning may be to the picture's advantage, for the characters are so soundly established, the mood and time so sympathetically realized, that the development and solution of the story come to one as a personal and vivid experience.

Excellently played throughout, the tender and apparently simple love tale of poets Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett has implications that beneath its mannered surface there lurks another story: the story of a repressed religious maniac unnaturally devoted to his daughter, a woman driven into hypochondria, and a girl who hysterically discards in one moment years of parentally imposed values. The whole group are, in fact, case histories that would be the everlasting joy of Dr. Freud.

But these implications are merely suggested and you may, if you wish, take the film at its face value, where all is love and light in the Little Women tradition.

Any way you care to take it, the picture remains a cinematic high light of this or any other season. Shearer's bedridden poetess is a delicate, understanding performance, exquisitely balanced for all its difficult nuances. And at last she seems to be learning restraint, limiting herself to but one laughing-crying jag.

Fredric March, as Browning, shows a keen blend of comedy and romance, his robust, energetic mannerisms being especially distinctive, contrasted as they are with the stuffy repression of the Barrett household. We have never seen him in better form than as the lover who rescues the poetess from her stultifying background. Incidentally, that's the story—Browning's courtship of La Barrett and his attempt to take her away from the maniacal tyranny of her father.

Before we run out of space and superlatives, something should be said about Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Una O'Connor. Laughton is, as you have been taught to expect, the complete master of the inhibited, domineering father, a part which, if it were not absolutely understood, might easily have slipped from frightening proportions to burlesque.

Tired as we are of comic servants and movie canines, Una O'Connor and Pop—he's Flush, the Barretts' cocker spaniel—make themselves seem screen innovations. The big surprise to us though was the lovely, heart-wrenching younger sister, beautifully done by Maureen O'Sullivan, whose active tree-top life with

Cary Grant, as a Parisian playboy, Frances Drake, and Edward Everett Horton in Ladies Should Listen.

Fredric March and Norma Shearer in The Barretts of Wimpole Street, a new high in Miss Shearer's work.

William Gaxton, Slim Summerville, and Zasu Pitts in Their Big Moment, a mystery-comedy combination.

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Tarzan and his gang seems to have dulled none of her feminine sensitivity.

With more collective fine acting than you are likely to see in any one picture this year, we urge you to spend an evening with The Barretts of Wimpole Street, a film which must have been inspired. And that's a big word.

VITAL STATISTICS: Norma Shearer is quite wedded to Irving Thalberg, big-time producer, and has a child. She came to New York from Montreal to pose for professional photographs, and is the original Lotta Miles and Pepsodent toothy gal. Had hard time generally. Has smallish eyes which she makes big and goo-gooey with red make-up. Given a bit to the Indian-club-swinging school of acting, she is earnest and hard working. Has a keen business sense. Her husband sees she gets the chercest rôles in screendom. Brother Shearer is a sound engineer on M-G-M lot. Thought her husband when she first saw him the office boy in the M-G-M offices—he was so young! Considered the best dressed woman on the screen by all except Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, and a few dozen others. Was once advised by a director to quit pictures because she "didn't screen well." Is a yeast fan; keeps an aging Persian cat; takes afternoon tea; won't play bridge with her husband; and wouldn't have gone into pictures if she'd known the hardships she would have to endure. . . . Charles (Henry VIII) Laughton was once a hotel cashier like Clive Brook. In London's Claridge. Is brilliantly fattish; given to delightful English wit interspersed with bleak morbidity; hates celebrity tufthunters, once changing his New York hotel to avoid Alexander Woollcott and Louella Parsons; is "perfectly" married to Elsa Lanchester, now under contract to M-G-M for her Anne of Cleves in Henry VIII. Recently left Hollywood clamoring with rôles for him, to play in English Shakespeare at $100 a week. Finished revivals and made record trip back to Hollywood for Barretts, doing London to the Coast in six days flat. Recently, when De Mille observed mystically while speaking of religious influence in his pictures that "There was a little bit of God in De Mille and a little bit of De Mille in God," Laughton said, "Indeed; how cozy!" . . . Fredric March has been married twice. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan is Tarzan's famous mate; her father was a major in the Irish Connaught Rangers; she was educated in London, and Irish convents, and French finishing schools; and her favorite hobby is raising chickens. Much has recently been made of her catching the bridal bouquet at the Carmelita Geraghty-Carey Wilson wedding. . . . Flush, the Barrett dog, lived with Norma Shearer for weeks to accustom himself to her and his new name. His original name was Pop. Three biographies have been written about him—and not one about Rin Tin Tin!

★ ★ LADIES SHOULD LISTEN

THE PLAYERS: Cary Grant, Frances Drake, Edward E. Horton, Rosita Moreno, George Barbier, Nydia Westman, Charles Ray. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

SOME one at Paramount is determined to make a boudoir comedian of Cary Grant. In Ladies Should Listen, which closely follows the unsuccessful pattern set in Kiss and Make Up, he is again shown as the philandering young Parisian with lots of time and even more women on his hands. With Edward Everett Horton once more lending comic aid to the old situations, Grant now appears as a man-about-bedrooms who falls for the wrong girl—we're assuming there is a right one.

Freshly home from South America with the deed to a rich mine in his pocket, Grant becomes infatuated with a scheming siren hot after his riches. When the badger game is pulled on him, he becomes engaged to a homely heiress, who is, in turn, loved by Horton. Just about the time he is due to lose his mining properties, become forced into a holy contract with the heiress, or cleaned out by the schemer, Grant is saved by an adoring switchboard girl (Frances Drake) who spends most of her time listening in to his phone calls.

Edward Everett Horton, Cary Grant, Frances Drake, and Charlie Ray—back again after a long theatric oblivion—do as well as possible with the film, though we are still wondering why it was made in the first place. It's the sort of picture that is referred to as the "other one" on double feature bills.

VITAL STATISTICS: Charles Ray, the once world-famous homespun, making a comeback. Plays the part of a doorman. Hopes to revive himself to the consistency of a Lionel Barrymore type of character actor. Once the possessor of a fortune, Ray lost his savings backing his own productions. Has suffered acute adversity through the intervening years, playing small-time vodvil, etc. Wife, who has stuck through thick and thin, is now divorcing him. Ray once had first butler in Hollywood, stars hiding in bushes after ringing doorbell to see butler open door. Same gag pulled in picture—only now Ray opens the door. Ray appeared before producer Douglas MacLean asking for job in picture, wearing shoes with holes in soles. Believes luck runs in seven-year cycles. . . . Douglas MacLean making comeback as producer after dropping out suddenly from silent farces. . . . Cary Grant was born Archie Leach in England; wanted to be an acrobat; loathes cow-eyed leading juvenile rôles; enjoys villainous ones; has a cleft chin and wavy black hair (it's natural, girls); doesn't like to be thought handsome; threatens to grow a beard and ask for grandfather rôles rather than become a pretty-pretty boy; was the "dark 'n' handsome" of Mae West fame. . . . Edward Everett Horton is a Brooklyn boy and the most internationally known graduate of Columbia University, and that includes Lou Gehrig. . . . Frances Drake went to England to complete her education, learned to dance-partner Gordon Wallace, young American actor at Ciro's, returned after seven years with an inordinate craving for American food and Colonial houses—with American plumbing. . . . George Barbier got started hamming after delivering two lines in a theological seminary play, has 800 rôles under his belt, and is always the irate, sentimental father. . . . Paramount prop department got headache devising "gag" gadgets picture's script calls for: a windshield wiper for bathroom mirrors; an automatic perfume sprayer to souse a sparking couch's occupants; a thunder-and-rain machine hidden in a closet and operated by any one not willing to leave off his sparking the gal and go home.

★ ★ THEIR BIG MOMENT

THE PLAYERS: Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Kay Johnson, William Gaxton, Bruce Cabot, Ralph Morgan, Julie Haydon, Huntley Gordon, Tamara Geva. Directed by James Cruze.

ZASU PITTS and Slim Summerville once more clasp hands in a screen effort, this time it being Their Big Moment which attempts, none too hilariously, to combine mystery with comedy. As assistants to The Great LaSalle, a small-time vaudeville magician, they become involved in some real magic when their boss tries to solve a mysterious death by séance.

When the star mind reader of their act does a walkout, Pitts is elected to her place. At the country home of a bereaved and sickly woman, where they have been secretly invited to clear up the death and expose a nefarious doctor, Pitts goes into a real trance, accusing a guest of the murder.

The story, which might have made a fairly competent mystery film, is bogged down by too many attempts at comedy. And the comedy itself falls away every time the plot, which has some really novel twists, gets going.

Miss Pitts's futile gestures are still pathetically funny to us, but the picture as a whole does not realize its possibilities because it couldn't make up its mind what it wanted to be.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hand-wringing Zasu (Oh Dear Me) Pitts is a Parsons, Kansas, girl and no relation to Willie the Weeper. Took a piece of her two doting aunts' names—Liza and Susan—to make her gingersnappish name. Made her début in Mary Pickford's Little Princess, and her ensuing success has proved what a success you can make of no sex appeal. Her early self-conscious use of her hands has become her chief screen attribute. Can turn on tragedy or comedy without changing her make-up—remember her crippled bride in The Wedding March and her harrowing heart-tearing in Greed? Divorced from Tom Gallery, Hollywood sport magnate. Has one child and five adopted ones, among them Barbara La Marr's adopted son. Lives at the beach all year round for children's health; rarely goes to Hollywood binges; stays at home eating her beloved bottle of olives and supervising kids' homework; and was recently married to broker (but not broke) John E. Woodall. She says that disappointment is a habit with her despite her three-oughted salary. . . . Bag-eyed George (Slim) Summerville is of Albuquerque; Canadian educated; and ex-coffin maker. Hitch-hiked to Los Angeles during wanderlusty days to land as first guaranteed extra in Hollywood, as a "contract" extra for Mack Sennett, receiving $12 a week. Now gets much—quite much. Has been director and, like Pitts-Wittsy, can turn on the tragedy if necessary. Is never show-offish off screen; usually droll; reads Mark Twain continuously; is six feet two inches from the ground; is a heavy-set lank really but gracefully so; and has a son Eliot George, born December, 1932. . . . Antonio Gaxiola—beg pardon—William Gaxton is a Spanish San Franciscan and cousin to Leo Carrillo. At Lowell High, Frisco, his classmates were James Gleason, John Sheehan, and Walter Catlett. He shone as a cheer leader. Married thirteen years to Madeline Cameron. . . . Tamara Geva is born of Balieff's Chauve Souris wherein she did geometrical dances that went with the modernistic furniture decade. . . . Director James Cruze was the hero of The Million Dollar Mystery, an ancient serial of the Thanhouser days. Is divorced from Marguerite Clark and Betty Compson. Still directs in a soft white hat, throat-opened shirt, and white flannels.

★ ★ HOUSEWIFE

THE PLAYERS: George Brent, Bette Davis, Ann Dvorak, John Holliday, Ruth Donnelly, Hobart Cavanaugh, Robert Barrat, Joe Cawthorn, Phil Regan. Directed by Alfred Green.

SINCERELY played by a group of competent performers, Housewife manages to be no more than ordinary entertainment, handicapped as it is by such a dull story. In attempting to exploit the virtues of a typical wife, Warner Brothers have given her—she's the beautiful Ann Dvorak—such a typical story that while you may be convinced that a woman's true love, like the horse, is a noble thing, you are not likely to be excited.

Housewives, it seems, are just dandy for the home. And that's where they belong.

VITAL STATISTICS: George Brent is Ruth Chatterton's ex-husband and still a great friend of hers. He's Irish, a Dublin lad, the son of a newspaperman. Worked on freighters off Cornish coast; once herded Irish sheep; once blacksmithed. Graduate of U. of Dublin, for whom, sports. Graduate of Abbey Players, too. Became dispatch bearer for Michael Collins during Irish Rebellion. Later was a rebel secret service man. After two years as such fled to, of all places, London. Fled again for Canada on freighter. A hobo for first two American years. Got into stock, stage stock. Has played 300 different rôles and managed six stock companies. Chatterton chose him from screen test for leading man rôle opposite her, with the words: "Where has he been all my life?" Subsequent married life with her supposedly crashed when her strong influence on him—he played four parts with her—retarded him. Chatterton wore the pants, as 'twere. He's going to be Garbo's l.m. in Painted Veils, showing what a divorce will do for a man. . . . Bette Davis and her music-tooting husband "Ham" Nelson live in one of Garbo's former residences. Nobody thought her pretty till she blondined her hair. Is very outspoken and flippant and one of Hollywood's most consistent wise-crackers. No scandal about her: once to counteract a columnist's chatter she took eight men, all of whom she had been mentioned as being that way about, to the theater all at once. . . . Ann Dvorak is Ann McKim, whose mother was Anna Lehr of stage fame. Married to Leslie Fenton, they left Hollywood (defying it) to Europe it for a year. They returned to buy a farm. She is an ardent bacteriologist; dances; sings; composes music, lyrics, and poetry. Very intelligent and independent and hates parties. Wears old overalls and old horse straw hats while farm cultivating. . . . Ruth Donnelly got on stage as chorus girl in Ina Claire's Quaker Girl. That was about twenty-some years ago—how old is Ina? Ruth admits her age—thirty-eight. Her uncle Fred was Mayor of Trenton for twenty-two years. Learned to talk fast (she, not the Mayor) from George M. Cohan, with whom she appeared for four years. Says she has a rubber face—the kind that moves all over the screen when she lifts an eyebrow. Carries pictures of her fellow players wherever she goes to avoid lonesomeness. Calls New York a speeded-up movie. . . . Phil Regan is a former New York cop, expert marksman, who sang in Lombardo's band for a long time.

★ STRAIGHT IS THE WAY

THE PLAYERS: Franchot Tone, May Robson, Karen Morley, Gladys George, Nat Pendleton, Jack LaRue, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by Paul Sloan.

NEITHER flesh, fowl, nor good herring, Straight Is the Way, featuring the dour Franchot Tone in a Jewish rôle, talks a lot but doesn't get any place. Made as a silent picture in 1928, titled Four Walls and starring John Gilbert, the film is revived for some reason we cannot understand. M-G-M, whose pictures are marked by distinctive settings and a general lavishness, have given this one none of the opulence or care of their other exhibitions. As if to pile things on, the studio has stuffed a scrupulously Gentile cast into its East Side kosher story.

The action centers about a gangster trying to go straight but torn practically to shreds between a good girl with no sex appeal and a bad one sticky with it. That bad girl is very fine indeed. Her name is Gladys George and she'll bear watching—as if we had to tell *you.*

To remain silent about the performances of the rest of the cast is our Boy Scout deed for this week.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture remade from 1928 silent film called Four Walls starring John Gilbert and a rising young actress named Joan Crawford. Silent version made from Broadway play of same title starring Paul Muni Weisenfreund, who had just come up from the Yiddish Art Theater, Far East Side, New York. Joane Green did the Joan Crawford part. Play opened September 9, 1927, and ran about five months. Written by Dana Burnet and George Abbott. Picture had fair success, not having the violent machine-gun qualities of Underworld, etc., popular at that period. . . . Franchot Tone says his favorite recreations are speakeasies, the theater, movies, and night clubs. California still boasts speakeasies, being a package-trade state. And how about Joan Crawford as a recreation? . . . Karen Morley wants ultimately to direct plays. Why not? Mary Pickford has just had a short story published in a woman's magazine. . . . Chubby dowager-like May Robson comes from Way Down Under, being born in Melbourne, Australia, four days after Lincoln was shot, daughter of a R. N. captain. Was educated in Brussels, Paris, and London, and married the late Dr. A. H. Brown. Made her début in Brooklyn in 1884 as Tilly in The Hoop of Gold. The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary is her most famous stage rôle. She also played in Tish. Has appeared all over England and practically on every stage in America. Came to pictures in the screen version of Mother's Millions.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre.

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Hell Hounds at Bay Again

New, Amazing Revelations of Life and Death in the Foreign Legion—This Time in Its Dreaded Secret Service

by the Famous Ex-Legionnaire 1384

In collaboration with

W. J. Blackledge

AGAIN Ex-Legionnaire 1384 presents himself and his American comrade—as he did in the vividly remembered Hell Hounds!—under the fictitious names Barrington and McCann.

Not long after their enlistments in the French Foreign Legion, both men were obliged to enter its secret service, *L'espionnage centrale.* The work revolted them; none the less Barrington obtained confirmation of rumors that the Riffs were preparing to revolt, and learned that there was bad blood between the followers of Sultan el-Raisale and those of the newly risen Abd-el-Krim. He and McCann fell in with a spy, Turan Shah, who tempted them to join Krim's forces. They tried to get Turan Shah entrapped, but he escaped to become their worst enemy.

At the point where Hell Hounds at Bay Again began in Liberty last week, Major Beauregarde, then chief of the secret service in Morocco, ordered the two to get into Raisale's army. In the Pit, a notorious dive in Fez, an Arab spy sought to recruit them for Krim. Their parley with him was interrupted by the entrance of the alluring Zita, Raisale's own dancing girl. McCann made a play for her; a riot resulted, and when it was over McCann had disappeared. At Raisale's secret residence in the city Barrington found him tied up, with Raisale and Zita about to torture him.

He and Barrington were able to convince the girl, and at length the sultan also, that they were not involved with Krim and their one desire was to join up with Raisale. They accompanied him

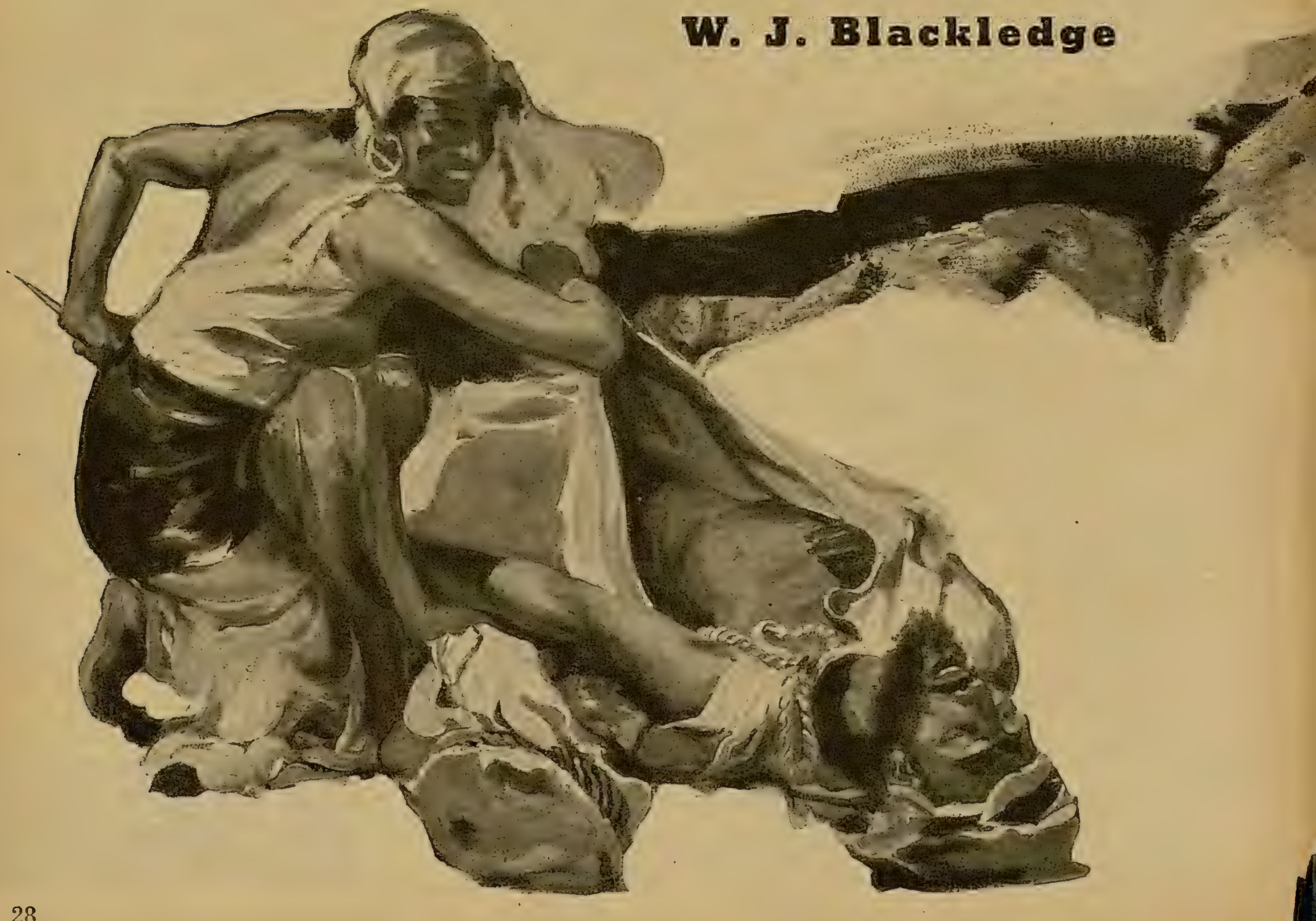
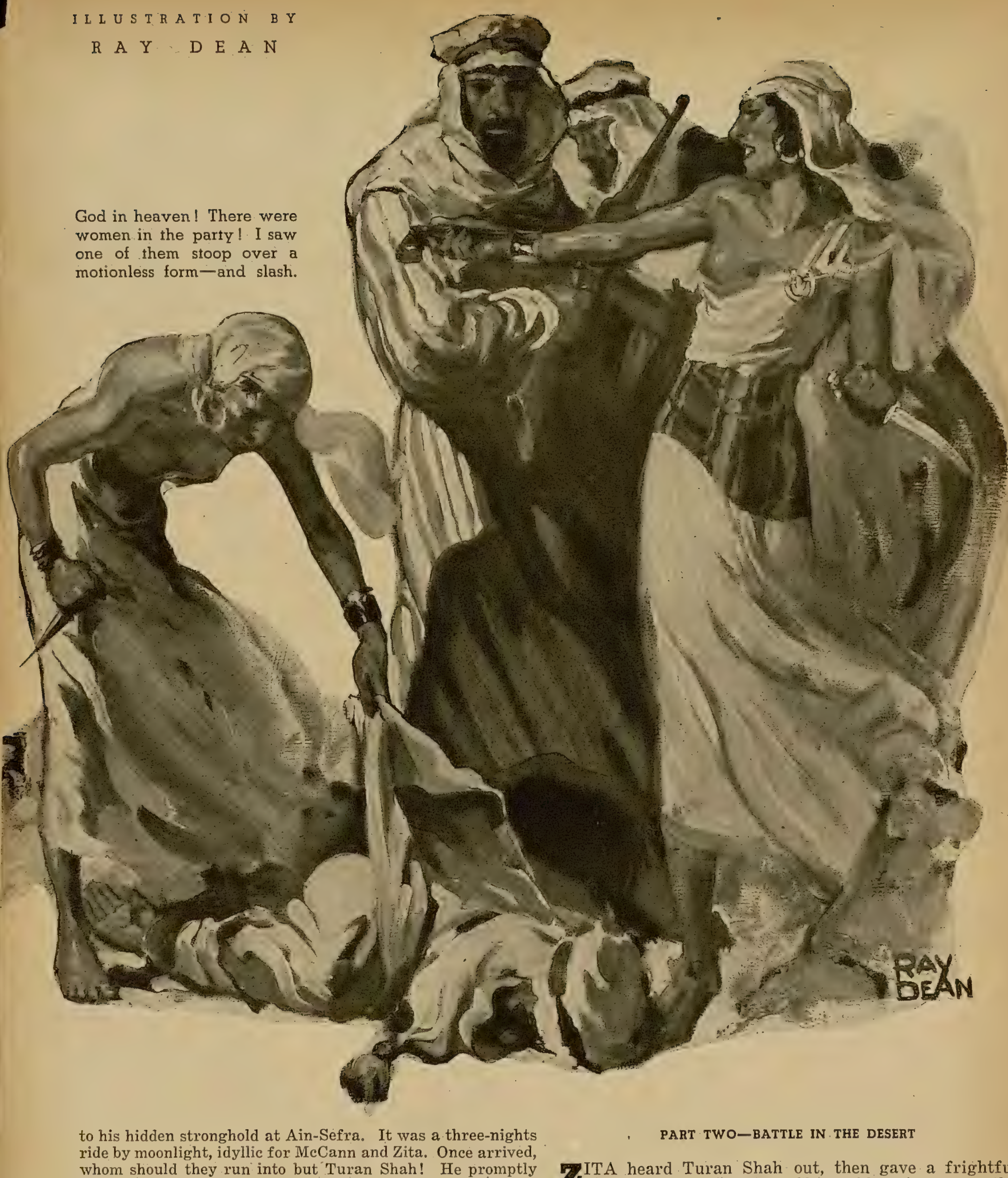


ILLUSTRATION BY

RAY DEAN



God in heaven! There were women in the party! I saw one of them stoop over a motionless form—and slash.

to his hidden stronghold at Ain-Sefra. It was a three-nights ride by moonlight, idyllic for McCann and Zita. Once arrived, whom should they run into but Turan Shah! He promptly denounced them as spies of the French; they denounced him as Abd-el-Krim's agent.

The upshot was that Raisale threw all three into his dungeons to await his decision.

Zita came to McCann and Barrington in their cell and was assuring them that on the morrow they would be liberated, and she herself would cut Turan Shah's tongue out, when in walked Turan Shah himself. He had had a further audience with Raisale.

He told Zita that he was now free and that " the two French spies " were to be handed over to the women of the stronghold for unspeakable torture.

PART TWO—BATTLE IN THE DESERT

ZITA heard Turan Shah out, then gave a frightful shriek and flew at him. She was hopping crazy, the wildest, fiercest, most ferocious thing this side of Gehenna. She went to work with tooth and claw, and in deathly earnest. Before any of us mere males could realize what was happening she had torn shreds from the face of Turan Shah until his skin was hanging in bleeding ribbons. To do him justice, the Arab spy did not retaliate. Maybe he was afraid to touch the girl. He merely endeavored to protect his handsome visage from the tigerish onslaught. The guards seemed utterly dazed and bewildered. As for McCann and me, we could only gape in astonishment.

Finally one of the guards muttered something and ran off.

"Whose move is it, Mac?" I inquired.

"Guess we could make a getaway right now—but she may have other plans."

A scurrying of feet and the appearance in our cell of about a score of chieftains decided the question for us. They were headed by old Graybeard, the Sultan's second in command. There was an angry altercation between him and Zita before she was gently but firmly hustled out of the room. The door was banged, locked, bolted, and barred. We sat staring at it.

"And that's that!"

"You said it! But it ain't the end of the trail, boy, if I know anything of Zita."

"Well, if Zita gets us out of this she's a magician."

"And so she is, boy. So she is. Quit grousing, for the love of Mike!"

AND so on, far into the night. Neither of us slept much. At dawn Zita slipped silently into the cell and began to talk in whispers. She had seen the Sultan. He was not to be moved from the decision he had made. She had tried persuasion, cajoling. Had threatened. But all to no purpose. The Sultan was not impressed by her threat to bring about disaffection among his people. She was at liberty to go, take her allegiance elsewhere. His people would soon forget. If she wished to go, he would see that she was escorted safely back to Fez. If she stayed, she must consent to the proper torture and death of the dangerous and troublesome *roumi*. In either event, our fate was a matter of indifference to him. We were to be handed over to the women of the streets.

The girl's eyes suddenly blazed with wrath.

"His head, it is filled with thoughts of war, with this great campaign against the French which he has been preparing for so many years! He can think now of nothing else—not even of *me!* So! Then will I fight this mad Sultan, this son of a noseless mother, this madman with the soul of a bazaar sweeper! It is finished! I am no longer Zita of the Raisale tribes. He laughed. Tcha! Now I shall laugh! He said I could go to the French infidels if I wished! So! He does not know that I am an infidel!"

"You!"

"But yes! I have made the pretense because I liked his people, but I am not a Moslem. I am not an Arabian. No! Why is it that I help you—*roumi?* I too am *roumi*—one half of me is *roumi*, yes! Sultan el-Raisale! Tcha! He is very clever! Zita too is clever! Am I not the daughter of an English lord and a Turkish princess? This I tell no one but you, for my life is now changed. He will not accept your allegiance. He shall not have mine. We will go back to Fez! I too will embrace the French cause. I also will become an agent for the French, for I have much information that will be of great service to them. Is it not so?"

"Well, can you beat it? We just gotta be French spies whether we want to or not, huh?"

"But Raisale will put you to the knife. It is death and worse than death to stay here."

"You are right, Zita. You will help us to get away?"

"But surely! I go with you!"

"How?"

"It is quite simple. Look! The sun is up. You will remain here only one day. We will go tonight. The Sultan will not disturb you today. I have seen to that. He is agreeable that you should rest this day. I will say I am going to Fez. He will give me an escort of six men. I will choose four of my friends and you shall join the escort. Now I must go."

FOR the remainder of that day our topic of conversation was what now lay before us. We had no doubt of the girl's ability to get us out of the valley. But afterward—once we were back in Fez! Zita was committing us to a future of espionage work with the French Foreign Legion willy-nilly!

McCann put it in a few words:

"Zita's the nicest cup o' tea I've ever met. But not even for her would I stick!"

"I'm thinking of Abd-el-Krim, Mac. It is possible that when we get back to Fez with Zita, and report accordingly to that butcher Beauregarde, we shall be sent off to see what Krim is doing—especially as we've done so well with Raisale!"

"Yeah. That's the way I figure it out. We've gotta make it that way. We've just gotta be sent out to this fellow Krim!"

Zita visited us again in late afternoon. She informed us that everything was ready. At dusk her escort of four picked men with six good horses would be waiting. She had arranged with the guards. Our cell door would mysteriously open for two minutes and then close again. We should then have to make our way alone through the prison section and down the hill to the gates. That part was up to us! She drew a plan of the building and indicated our position and our way out. Then she disappeared as quietly as she had come.

We spent the next two hours standing behind the door. To say that the period was trying would be to put it mildly. It grew dark. We still waited. It was not unlike zero hour. When the door did actually open I got such a shock that I hesitated for precious seconds, and it was McCann who thrust me into the passage.

"Suffering Mike! Wanna stay? Blasted limey!"

We stumbled along that darkened passage and tried to recall the directions Zita had given us.

I never knew just how we found ourselves on the road at the foot of the mountains. We hurried on toward the gates, where it narrowed into a stony defile. Vaguely we could discern a bunch of horsemen standing motionless. We heaved a sigh of relief as we drew near when one of the riders turned as if expecting us and pointed with his whip. We mounted without hesitation—*from the right!* We too sat motionless, waiting, but not for long. Presently we heard the clatter of hoofs. We opened ranks and Zita rode up. She waved to the headman who had accompanied her, then gave the order to proceed. The gates were opened. In a few moments we had left the dread valley behind and were racing across the open plains.

The mounts were fresh and so were the riders. We had put many miles between us and the dark valley before we slowed down to a steady walk march.

Mile upon mile we covered, planning to get back to Fez in much the same manner as we had left it—riding hard by night and resting through the day. We intended, however, to avoid the desert town of Aulef as we would the plague. Long before we could reach it the news of our escape would be blazoned through that pro-Raisale center. We should get but little mercy from our erstwhile hosts of Aulef! We made a wide detour. We were well armed.

The four natives who accompanied us were stanch friends of Zita, ready to follow wherever she might lead. Before many hours had passed they were given the opportunity to prove their loyalty.

It came at dawn, just as we were about to seek rest and shelter in an angle of rock. Behind us was a gigantic pile of boulders and before us the vast expanse of desert. Our first intimation of trouble came when one of the guards we had posted hurried into the camp to report that "mounds of sand were moving across the desert." In the chill of that dawn we crept out and spread ourselves high up among the boulders. From this vantage we kept watch. The breaking light was rolling over the sand like waves, and at first it was impossible to distinguish moving light and shadow from moving object. Then we saw the almost imperceptible movement of those little mounds of sand. In that shifting light the maneuver was an exceedingly clever one. These men, whoever they were, had taken advantage of the breaking dawn with the intention of reaching our little camp and surrounding us while we slept.

Who were they? Just marauding Arabs? Or a detachment of the Sultan's army sent in pursuit of us?

"Oh, boy!—if I had a machine gun! Gosh! And all we've got are a few lousy Mauser pistols!"

"They'll be useful enough as soon as this bunch gets a bit nearer, Mac. You all right, Zita?"

There came a soft laugh.

"But yes. It is funny, that moving sand!"

"Funny, by God!" muttered McCann. "Sure! Ain't we got fun!"

The girl was lying full length on her tummy in a cleft of the rock, with her robes wrapped about her like a thick blanket, her gun leveled rifle fashion.

"Don't shoot," I warned, "until we give the word. Let them come right up."

"'Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!'" chucklingly quoted McCann.

On they came. There must have been threescore of those shifting mounds. The light was clearer.

"Now?" queried McCann in a whisper.

"Give 'em a few more minutes."

"Aw, shucks! We've got 'em cold now!"

"All right, let her go!"

Six shots rang out simultaneously—mine came in after the signal. Thereafter volley upon volley, while the sand from those mounds spurted up in all directions. Several white-robed figures jerked into the air, only to flop back into the dust.

Then came their answering fire, for the most part rattling harmlessly on the boulders around us. While our ammunition lasted we should experience no difficulty in holding our own, I thought. But the sun came up in a great blaze of light. With its rising we saw that they were far more numerous than we had at first calculated. It was not going to be so easy, after all.

THEY drew nearer. I never saw anything so damnably uncanny. These devils were being reënforced from the bowels of the earth itself, or so it seemed!

"Gosh! What d'you know about this? Look at 'em! Coming up like— Hey!"

"Good Lord!" I gasped.

A sharp crack made me turn suddenly. Zita was lying with one arm sprawled across a boulder covered with blood. A shot had glanced off the barrel of her Mauser and caught her shoulder, sending the gun clattering down among the stones. McCann scrambled over to her and carried her to the shelter of the rocks where we had left the horses. In a few minutes he was back again.

"Fixed her up. She's got a nasty scratch—bleeding a lot at first. She insisted on coming back, but I told her to take it easy. Busy morning, huh?"

But his manner did not deceive me. He was terribly concerned about our position. It began to look now as if we should not hold this creeping band. We might account for ten of them with a dozen shots, but they came on just the same, their bullets rattling about the rocks like hailstones on a window. There was a sudden yell and one of our natives threw up his arms and went toppling over the boulder to lie still in the dust. He was followed almost immediately by another—then another.

"The only thing now is to get to the mounts and make a dash for it!" I gasped. "There's Zita! We shall be stuck like pigs in a minute!"

"Right! Say, listen, Barrington! You can hold 'em off a few minutes longer while I get Zita mounted and away. When you hear me give the whistle you'll know we are clear, and then you can follow. Get me?"

"Sure! Go ahead, Mac."

There was no time for more. The Arabs were rising up out of the sand, running in a crouching attitude for a few yards, firing, running again, firing. Some slithered into the dust as they came. They were easy targets, but we were only two marksmen and could not get them quickly enough to stem that final rush.

I HEARD McCann's piercing whistle and then the sound of thudding hoofs, but I continued to fire. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the two horses dashing across the plains, making a wide detour. In a few moments they were clear of the Arabs. A few shots had gone after them, but the band was now too concerned with us. It was all a matter of yards—and minutes. Three of our escort had gone. Two of us now against this crazy band scrambling up among the rocks. Something bit deeply into my forearm with a hot stinging sensation, but I went on mechanically pressing the clips, firing, pressing the clips, firing—

"*It-baa-hoo, sahib, it-baa-hoo!*"

The last of Zita's men had paid for his loyalty. With his dying breath he urged me to follow my friend. But I was incapable of doing anything by that time. I had collapsed. I could feel the blood streaming under my shirt.

"This is the end," I thought.

I lay there and stared through half-closed eyes at the white-robed forms creeping up over the boulders. Well, they wouldn't find much. Let them creep. They came up and over so damned slowly, as if they expected to get a shot in the neck any minute. I huddled up close to the dead body beside me, trying to get under it and make a pretense of being dead too. God! How tired I was! I kept my face to the cold stone. It was some relief. If I could only persuade these devils that I was dead. Perhaps they would go away then, when they saw the still bodies.

I lay like one dead as those creeping feet drew nearer. The body of one of my native comrades was kicked up. It rolled among the stones until it came to rest almost on top of me. How it sickened me! But it was a godsend

nevertheless. The frightful thing might yet save my life. I could scarcely see anything now. I was almost covered by the burnoose of the dead native. His powerful chest lay heavily on my shoulder. From under his sprawling arm I chanced half an eye.

God in heaven! There were women in the party! Their figures were flitting about, knife in hand. I saw one of them stoop over a motionless form—and slash. I heard one laugh at the obscene remark of another.

I became too tired to keep up the strain of watching any more. . . .

How long those brown men and women wandered around my dead companion and me I never knew. I can recollect periods of consciousness, periods of semiconsciousness. Sometimes I knew they moved about my body. Other times I dreamed of their nauseating nearness. But I knew when they tugged at my cartridge belt. I knew then that they were collecting the loot—the pistols, knives, the horses, our *gamelles* of food and *bidons* of water. They took clothing, too, as I discovered later, though they touched neither mine nor that of the dead body that lay athwart me.

I dread to think even now what would have happened had they stripped me of my clothes—and found a *roumi!* A white body is always fair game for such Arab women. But, in Arabic *burnoose* and *chaffiyeh,* with my naturally dark coloring and beard, my race apparently was never in question.

I lay throughout the sweltering heat of that day with the corpse's weight on a wounded shoulder and the stench of it in my nostrils, for I was too weak to heave it aside. I was conscious enough when night descended—conscious of the chill after the stifling heat, and of the darkness. And then a long night of dream-filled fitful sleep.

With the dawn of a new day came renewed strength. I lay still and watched the sun climb, and when I was assured that no one was at hand but the dead, I made a strong effort and heaved at the body of my comrade. Between heaving and squirming I got clear of the noisome thing. Slowly I sat up and gazed around. Not a soul anywhere. Only the dead men and myself—two of them stripped naked. I saw then why my comrade and I had not been stripped. His clothes were stiff with dried blood, and so were mine, which robbed them of value.

I took in the details of the situation. The horses were gone, likewise the guns and food and water. I felt in the pockets of my aba; found biscuits, matches, cigarettes, money. But my crying need was water! My tongue was swollen, the gums crusted. I was one solid ache for water. I thirsted as never in my life before. The shoulder was not troubling me a great deal then. Water! Would there be water anywhere in these rocks?

AT any rate I was alive. It was only a question of will power, I told myself. So I crawled painfully about among the rocks, for hours and hours it seemed, until at last I came upon a pool. I clawed at it, buried my face in it. It was warm and foul and probably full of enteric germs, but it was nectar to me. Then I lay back for an hour, my head half in and half out of the water, while strength gradually returned to me.

Afterward I got to my feet and set to work like a sane human being. I cleansed the wound in my shoulder and wrapped it up. When I was thoroughly refreshed I set out across the plains. Aulef could not be far away, and I had a fair idea of the direction. It was hardly likely that I should be recognized.

I plodded on steadily and doggedly. I was afraid I should not make Aulef before nightfall. But I did. I came up to the walls to find them all bathed in the gold of the sunset—also to find, as I drew nearer, that they were manned by hundreds of Arab soldiery.

I stopped and stared. The soldiers were heavily armed. Obviously they were expecting an attack. From whom? Whom but the French? Then Raisale had already opened his campaign? How long had I been among those stones?

I drew nearer and saw a great passing to and fro at the gates. Farmers from the outlying farmsteads and orchards were making for the town with all their worldly possessions. Bullock wagons rumbled through the dust. It must be that French troops were already in the neighborhood. This would be one of those taxgathering expeditions I had heard about, and plainly these people were not paying any taxes.

It was the simplest matter to mingle with the crowd and pass through the gates into the town. I found my way to the bazaar and stupidly walked into a café I had visited on my previous visit. It did not occur to me that I was running a great risk. I thought only of the food and drink. I sat and ate my fill, and as I listened to the chatter of the natives about me I soon found my surmise to be correct. A detachment of the French Foreign Legion had been visiting various towns and villages for the purpose of collecting taxes.

I rose at last, feeling a new man and quite ready for anything—and stumbled up against Turan Shah! He was about to thrust me aside when he stopped and gaped. His handsome face was covered with healing scratches. Zita had certainly made a mess of it. In a moment I was struggling in the grip of a man much stronger than I and in much better condition.

" So! The French spy comes within our very gates! " He laughed. His friends gathered round.

" But you shall not go out! There is no Zita to help you now. She became carrion, and so did that American friend of yours. Now it is your turn."

I WAS manhandled through the streets by the guards whom Turan Shah had called up. The news that I was a French spy spread like wildfire. I was thankful for the presence of that guard! By the time I was dragged into the courtyard of a large house and the door was locked and bolted against the mob, half my clothing had been ripped from my body. I was taken into a room before an aged and patriarchal Arabian. I guessed him to be the khan, the headman, the justice of the peace for the town of Aulef. He asked a good many questions and I told him the story from the time McCann and I had promised allegiance to the Sultan el-Raisale—still adhering to the pretense that we were free men merely seeking adventure. He was certainly interested. Then Turan Shah said his piece, and we began again to argue our respective cases.

Then I listened in amazement while the Khan gave me the freedom of the city—on condition that I would place myself at the disposal of his automatic-gun corps! His men knew all about the firing of machine guns, but when it came to dismantling and repairs they were lost. I accepted the office like a shot.

That night was spent in a filthy cell. The next morning I was fed and then hurried off to the south wall of the city. There I found most of the native gun corps assembled. They were like children with new toys, and mischievous children at that.

But the guns were good ones, and the whole question of defending the city, it seemed to me, was just the problem of keeping them at work. Is it any wonder that I felt on top of the world? I was fed, cleansed, fit as a fiddle after a night of sound sleep, and the shoulder wound had ceased to be of any serious account.

I picked up one of the machine guns from its tripod and proceeded to dismantle it while an admiring group looked on. It had been jammed. I purposely made the reassembling of the parts as complicated a job as I could. As long as there were guns to mend, my life was worth something to this mob.

Having assembled the gun, I suggested a target. The captain of the corps pointed to a small bunch of rocks some seven or eight hundred feet from the city walls. I sprayed those rocks, staring along the sights at the splinters of stone spitting into the sunlight. Frankly, I was enjoying myself!

As a one-time student on Salisbury Plain in England, I was very much irritated by the time wasted in putting through the fresh belts of cartridges. These delays gave me an idea. I must be general machine-gun instructor.

" Waiting for belts keeps your guns quiet," I explained to the captain. " Your men should be trained to do this more quickly. You need proper gun crews."

Treachery to the French? Very likely. But I had not joined the Legion to become an espionage agent. I am not built that way.

Besides, I had my own skin to save.

I spent the next two days in drilling that bunch into gun crews. Toward the evening of the second day I received the shock of my life. I was trying out some new guns, and was aware in a vague sort of fashion that a big lumbering native with an iron-gray beard had slumped down beside me.

He came nearer, inclined his head toward my ear, and whispered.

McCann!

I continued to swing the gun and said not a word—in English. But I registered a few good shots and remarked about them in halting Arabic. All I got from McCann was an occasional grunt of admiration. We had to keep up that farce until sundown. Then we retired to eat and drink. We found a corner of our own in the shelter of the wall.

"Your face is long and mahogany-colored and chunklike, with a tuft of iron-gray beard that completely mystifies me—but it's the prettiest sight I've seen in years!" quoth I.

"Yeah? And I thought you'd hit the skids—you gol-darned son of a so-and-so! When you didn't come up behind Zita and me I thought they'd gotcha. Well, whaddya know about this?"

"You got back to Fez with Zita?"

"Sure, boy! I introduced her to the Butcher. Gee! He was tickled to death. And he was more than that about Raisale's stronghold. There's a squadron of the Legion cavalry and two of the Spahis Moroccan with a battery of seventy-fives on the way there now. Me? I'm supposed to be gum-shoeing after Abd-el-Krim, but like the goof I am, I came to Aulef to look for you—you big sap! Gee! I'm singing out loud!"

"How did you find your way across the desert without being asked for your pass?"

"Easy. I'm a holy man making a pilgrimage to Mecca. And I'm flush. The major handed out the francs good and plenty."

"Where did you get the gray streaks in your whiskers?"

"Whaddya mean—get 'em? They grew there. Turned gray in a night because I couldn't find my wandering boy! Well, here we are in Aulef. And now what?"

"I thought we might make the get-away while the fighting was on," I said.

"Not a chance! The French have something more than collecting taxes on their minds just now. There's a big war breaking in this country, and they know it. I expect they'll leave Aulef alone. Why, boy, you wouldn't know Fez these days! They're sending troops up by the thousand. You can't move around for soldiers. This ain't any tribal business. It's a man-size war. So how are we going to slip out of here?"

"We want horses, rations, and water. Can you collect them while I carry on here?"

"I guess so. Give me a day. We can't do anything tonight. Tomorrow I'll report to you."

WE arranged it that if he succeeded on the morrow he would wait for me under the wall beyond the gates and I would make a dash for it an hour or so after my machine-gun corps had retired.

"It looks like a pretty good bet—" he began. "Huh? What's biting you?"

I cautiously motioned toward a well dressed gentleman who was crossing the square in our direction.

"Swedes in Jerusalem! If it ain't our old friend Turan Shah!"

Legionnaires fighting the Legion! Barrington and McCann, on the walls of Aulef, manning the machine guns that mow down a French squadron! That's the all but incredible real-life situation at the opening of next week's installment—and the close of it will find the two men taking revenge on Turan Shah after his marching them out to fight France in behalf of Raisale! And meanwhile Barrington will have gone through the heaven and hell of a tragic stolen love affair!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 14

1—New York, with 2,809 churches in the five boroughs.

2—The system by which Hindus are divided into hereditary classes by the Brahmanic laws.

3—A cask holding from 72 to 120 gallons.

4—Maine; by New Hampshire.

5—The Iroquois when they organized the Six Nations in 1722.

6—From the Anglo-Saxon *brydguma*, literally "brideman."

7—That principle in language by which words are formed in imitation of natural sounds—buzz, ticktack, etc.

8—From the Dutch word *kolf*, a club.

9—A room for eating, especially in religious houses and colleges.

10—Carbolic acid.

11—September 6, 1901, at Buffalo, New York.

12—From the Latin words *manus*, hand, and *facio*, make.

13—An ant.

14—Benjamin Franklin.

15—February 25, 1791, by act of Congress; its charter was for twenty years only.

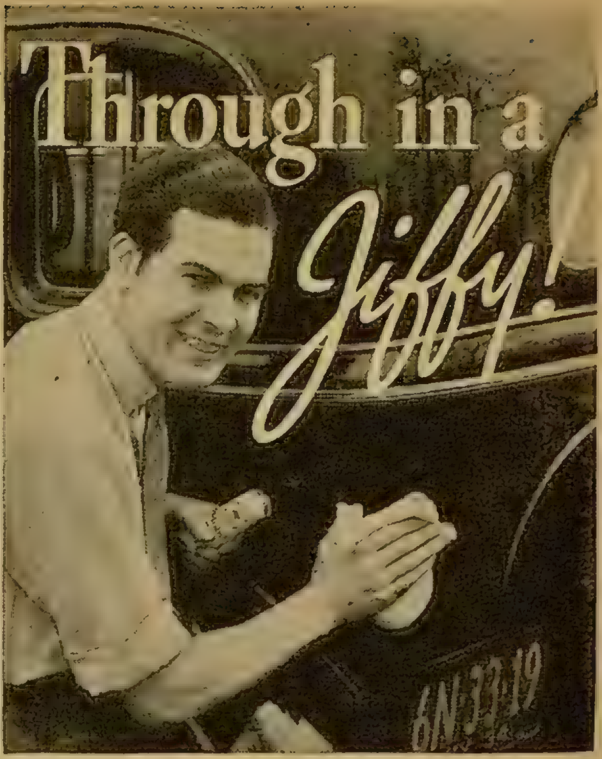
16—In central Italy.

17—The highest order of knighthood in Great Britain; limited to sovereigns, the Prince of Wales, and twenty-five knights.

18—Joseph Priestly, 1774.

19—St. Christopher.

20—In 1497 in the Martesana Canal in Italy; Leonardo da Vinci designed them.



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WOMEN GENIUSES? Where are they?

Can Women Create? Have They Ever Created? Here Is the Thoughtful Testimony of One Who Thinks the Answer Is NO

by ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT

JOSEPHINE, WIFE OF NAPOLEON

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: A reply to Dr. Wiggam by Kathleen Norris, the celebrated and widely beloved author, will appear in Liberty next week.]

THIRTY billion men and women have been born, have played their parts on the world stage and " shuffled off this mortal coil " since the dawn of recorded history, six or seven thousand years ago.

This was the estimate made by the Eugenics Department of the Carnegie Institution and exhibited at the Second International Congress on Eugenics held in 1921 in New York.

Out of these thirty billion human beings, only about five thousand ever amounted to much.

This means that only about one person out of every six millions has risen high enough above the centuries so that the average citizen today, looking back across the landscape of history, can even see his head.

An even more impressive fact is that, out of this group of five thousand super-mortals, less than two hundred have been women.

And a large percentage of these are included not because of any superlative genius or achievement, but because they inherited a throne, or were the wife or mistress of some noted male genius or scoundrel, or got themselves imprisoned or persecuted or beheaded.

In addition to these five thousand supreme names the Carnegie students discovered 125,000 of lesser grade—about the grade of those who figure in Who's Who. The exact number of women in this group is not given, but there is a sort of grand and solemn pathos in the fact that only 130,000 persons, both male and female, out of thirty billions have made achievements worthy to be recorded.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND

In 1869 Sir Francis Galton, founder of the science of eugenics, published his classic study, Hereditary Genius. He used the word " eminent " to designate the most distinguished person out of every 4,000 and the word " illustrious " to designate the most distinguished person out of each million. But he found very few " eminent " and scarcely any " illustrious " women.

In 1903 J. McKeen Cattell, inventor of the first practical intelligence tests, published an exhaustive study of the 1,000 most famous persons in history. He determined the fame of each one by measuring the amount of space given to their biographies in the leading biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias of France, England, Germany, and the United States.

By this method he found only thirty-two women who could qualify as being " famous."

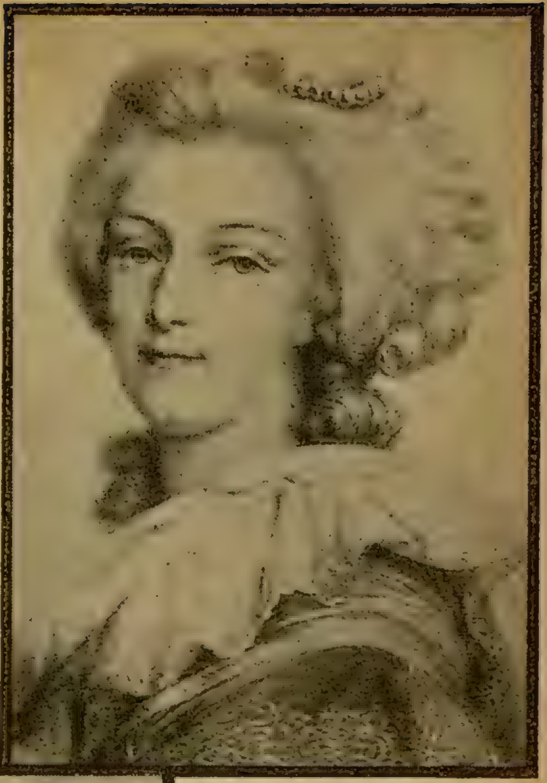
Another classic investigation was made by Havelock Ellis. Among the 1,030 geniuses studied he could find only fifty-five women in all British history worthy of inclusion. In fact, he states that his standards for designating a woman as a "genius" were much lower than those for men.

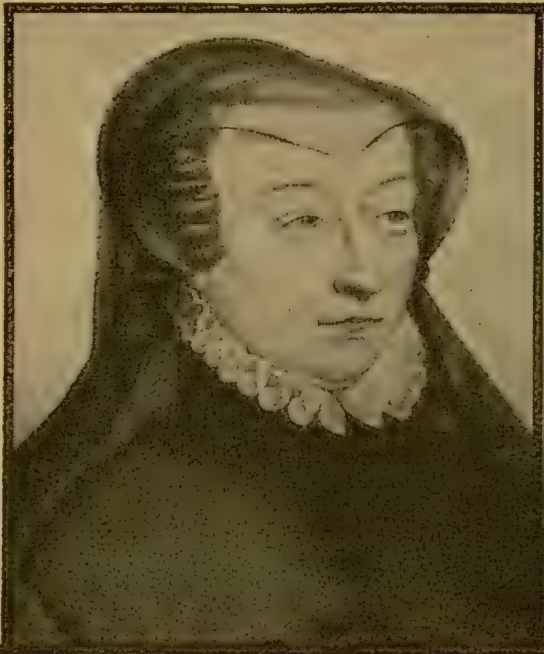
Let a woman do the counting? Very well. In 1913 Miss Cora Sutton Castle published in the Archives of Psychology her dissertation for a doctor's degree at Teachers College, Columbia, it being an exhaustive research entitled A Statistical Study of Eminent Women. She used Cattell's method of measuring their eminence by the number of lines in the leading biographical dictionaries and the encyclopedias of the United States and Western Europe. Unless a woman was written up in at least *three* of these she was not regarded as having been "eminent." By this standard, Mary Queen of Scots is the most "eminent" woman of all history, as she received 607.8 lines to describe her life, misdemeanors and misfortunes. Some woman, I do not really know who, named Constanze Bonaparte, squeezed in with 3.23 lines.

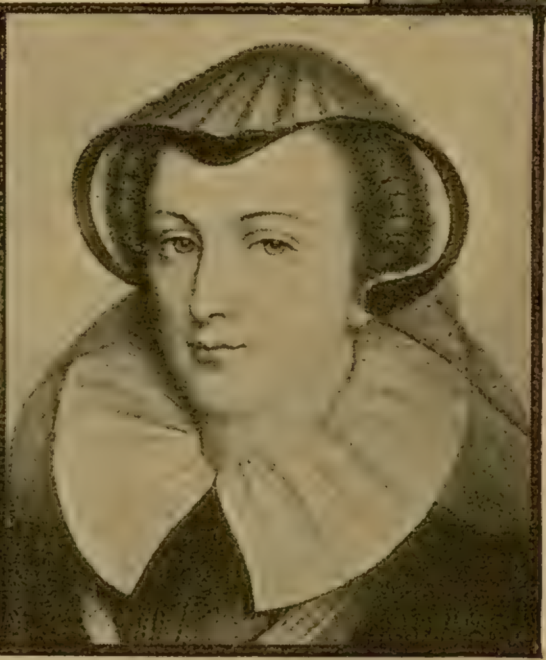
But even when Dr. Castle admitted women whose achievements were so meager that they required less than half a dozen lines for their description, she had to give up her original plan, which was to find the one thousand most eminent women of history. The reason was she simply could not find one thousand. When she got to No. 868 she stalled. She ran out of material.

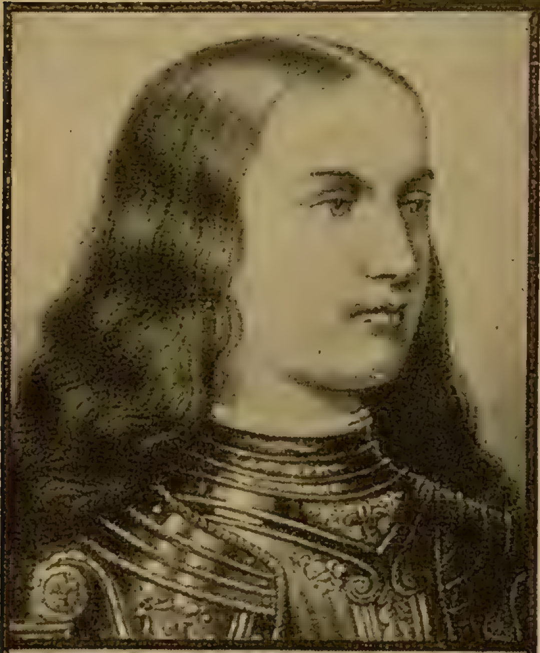
Let us for a moment confine our attention to the supreme dozen or so women of history. Were even they geniuses? Dr. Castle selected twenty women out of her 868 who were the most preëminent. Comparing these twenty with Dr. Cattell's thirty-two most famous women, I find there are fifteen women included in both lists. I believe we are justified in considering them—aside from women now living—as the greatest women who have ever lived. Their names:

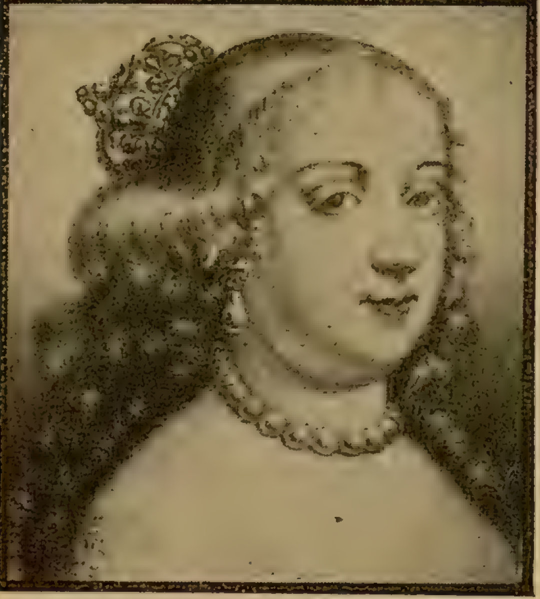
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots; Queen Elizabeth of England; Joan of Arc; Madame de Staël, French writer; George Sand, French writer; Catherine II of Russia; Madame de Sévigné, French letter writer; Madame de Maintenon, consort of Louis XIV of France; Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia; Josephine, wife of Napoleon; Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI of France; Christina of Sweden; Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt; Catherine de' Medici, Queen of Henry II of France; Queen Anne of England.


MARIE ANTOINETTE, WHO SAID "LET THEM EAT CAKE" AND WENT TO THE GUILLOTINE.


CATHERINE DE' MEDICI, THE FLORENTINE WHO RULED OVER FRANCE IN THE 16TH CENTURY.


Left: MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ROMANTIC AND ILL-FATED RIVAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.


Below: JOAN OF ARC, FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS THE NATIONAL HEROINE OF FRANCE.


MARIA THERESA, A STRONG AND ABLE RULER OVER HUNGARY AND BOHEMIA.

Now, as we survey this list, is there a single one that any feminist could honestly compare with the Aristotles, Shakespeares, Balzacs, Bachs, Angelos, Newtons and Darwins, or any of the two or three hundred supreme masculine minds that have guided and shaped the centuries?

SOME of these women were beyond question endowed with great powers of mind and spirit. But does any one of them rank with the truly great *creative* geniuses among the men? Can women *create?* Have they ever created? Will they ever create?

I do not know, but I do not think so; and I believe this is hardly a mere masculine or purely personal opinion.

As we read the lives of men of genius it seems doubtful that there has been a single great creative achievement of man in which woman has not played a part as the inspirer, the companion, the faith-builder, often the practical guide and helper. But in that vast and inextinguishable will to power, that restless and driving ambition, that towering contempt of obstacles, that inexhaustible energy, that sweep of imagination that goes out beyond the world's "utmost purple rim" and achieves new knowledge, creates new visions, new theories of life and the universe and destiny and God, and builds new empires of the mind and spirit—I think these always have been and always will be the gift of the gods to man.

How explain it all?

The first explanation that has always come to the masculine mind is that woman is naturally inferior mentally to man. But *is* she? No. We can make the welkin ring with the positiveness of this answer since the evidence in our psychological and biological laboratories is now massive and overwhelming.

It would be only bewildering to recite the barest portion of the hundreds of thousands of intelligence tests, character ratings, personality estimates, which show that women are not inferior to men in any mental or personality trait out of the scores that have been reduced to remarkably accurate measurement. In fact, all high school and college scholarship records show that women are somewhat *superior* to men. And a recent announcement by the psychologists is that even in mechanics women have just as good native ability as men.

And so woman is not inferior to man on the average in any mental ability yet tested. Indeed, on all mental tests many girls and young women score in the very highest ranges. Why, then, do they not become celebrated geniuses? Certainly the mystery as to where are the women geniuses deepens.

The second explanation is that women have lacked opportunity; that men have dominated them.

I think there is something to this—probably a good deal. We know that environment cannot create genius, but as Cattell has said, it can "veto genius." And Dr. Castle shows that as we come toward modern times, in which women have had more opportunity, there have been more and more women of splendid achievements. She points out, for example, that the singing voice of woman has surely not changed since ancient times; yet until women had opportunity they produced no Patti or Melba or Schumann-Heinck or Sembrich or Ponselle or Bori to match de Reszke and Caruso.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM *writes and lectures on eugenics, also on the scientific study of heredity in other branches. Among his best known books are The New Decalogue of Science, The Fruit of the Family Tree, and The Next Age of Man. He is a Hoosier by birth and has become a New Yorker by adoption.*

Likewise in acting—the one field in which women have equaled or even surpassed men. The moment they had opportunity they gave us Mrs. Siddons, Rachel, Bernhardt and Duse to match Booth, Salvini, Irving and others. And on the present-day stage and screen it would be a bold male who would maintain women are inferior to men.

We can say the same of music. The Seashore tests show that women have as great natural musical ability as men. They have produced great singers and a few notable pianists—Carreño, Novāes, Rive-King and others—though they have not succeeded with the violin.

But I think right there we come upon one central explanation of the failure of women to equal men in the fields of pure creative genius. That word *creative* seems to furnish a hurdle that the feminine mind can rarely negotiate. Acting requires technique; so does piano playing or singing or any human *performance*. But they do not require pure *creation*, pure discovery, pure originality of ideas. There were no rules or techniques for discovering gravitation or the theory of relativity, or evolution by natural selection, or for creating Hamlet or the Fifth Symphony.

WOMEN are great actresses, but fall down strangely as creative dramatists. They are notable musical performers, but all the great composers are men. They are excellent sculptors, but they have given us—even in modern times with abundant opportunity—no Rodins, St. Gaudens, or MacMonnies. They are fairly good architects, but have produced no Stanford Whites or McKims or Meads. They are doing splendid original work in psychology and biology, but have given us no Wundts, Jameses, Halls, Titcheners, Freuds, Thorndikes, Cattells, Binets or Termans in psychology; no Mendels, Morgans, or Mullers in biology. No great discoverer in chemistry, physics or mathematics, if we except Madame Curie—and vastly more competent authorities than I express grave doubt that without her husband she would have gone far, and even suspect that her originality in discovery has been overrated. But let her stand as a *great* woman chemist; the exception only proves the rule. In painting, Rosa Bonheur may rank with the Corots, Turners, and Innesses, but her case also is the exception to the rule.

Even in the field to which more women have devoted more thought than any other, namely dress, the greatest *creators* are men. Nearly all of the great chefs have been men, and nearly every household invention that requires real creative thinking must be credited to man.

In literature there are scores of women to whom we could and would apply the words "splendid," "lovely," and indeed, "glorious"; but again the words "mighty," "titanic," "universal" are hurdles they have not yet negotiated. In modern literature, when thousands of women have been achieving splendidly all over the world, have they given us any Tolstoys, Anatole Frances, Barries, Twains, Chekhovs, Gorkis? If so, where are they?

Even in current popular song writing and musical composition, the women have given us few if any to match the outstanding men.

Are women ever possessed with the divine frenzy that creates? Are they ever utterly consumed with this fire from heaven? Certainly "masculine domination" or "lack of opportunity" does not fully answer the question. We who believe achievement is due chiefly to heredity rather than environment must ask, Why have women not *created their own opportunity?* Men created theirs.

We come, then, to the third explanation of the absence of women from the higher ranges of genius. This is motherhood, child-bearing and rearing, cooking, homekeeping—fields in which Dr. Leta Hollingworth, that wise psychologist, says, "fame is not possible."

I think this, too, has been an important handicap. But even here F. A. Woods, biologist, has shown that the ablest women, especially the great women of royalty—of whom there were many—have reared the most children. The greater they were, the more children they had.

IN modern times, we hardly expect women who are not college graduates to achieve greatness. But during the last fifty years, within which time there have been hosts of women college graduates, only fifty per cent of them have ever married, while ninety per cent of women in general have married. Furthermore, an enormous percentage have had no children. Graduates of Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith, and other women's colleges have produced only about one half child apiece. Certainly motherhood has not been a serious handicap to these picked female intellects. Still further, a large percentage of the most eminent women living have goodly broods of children.

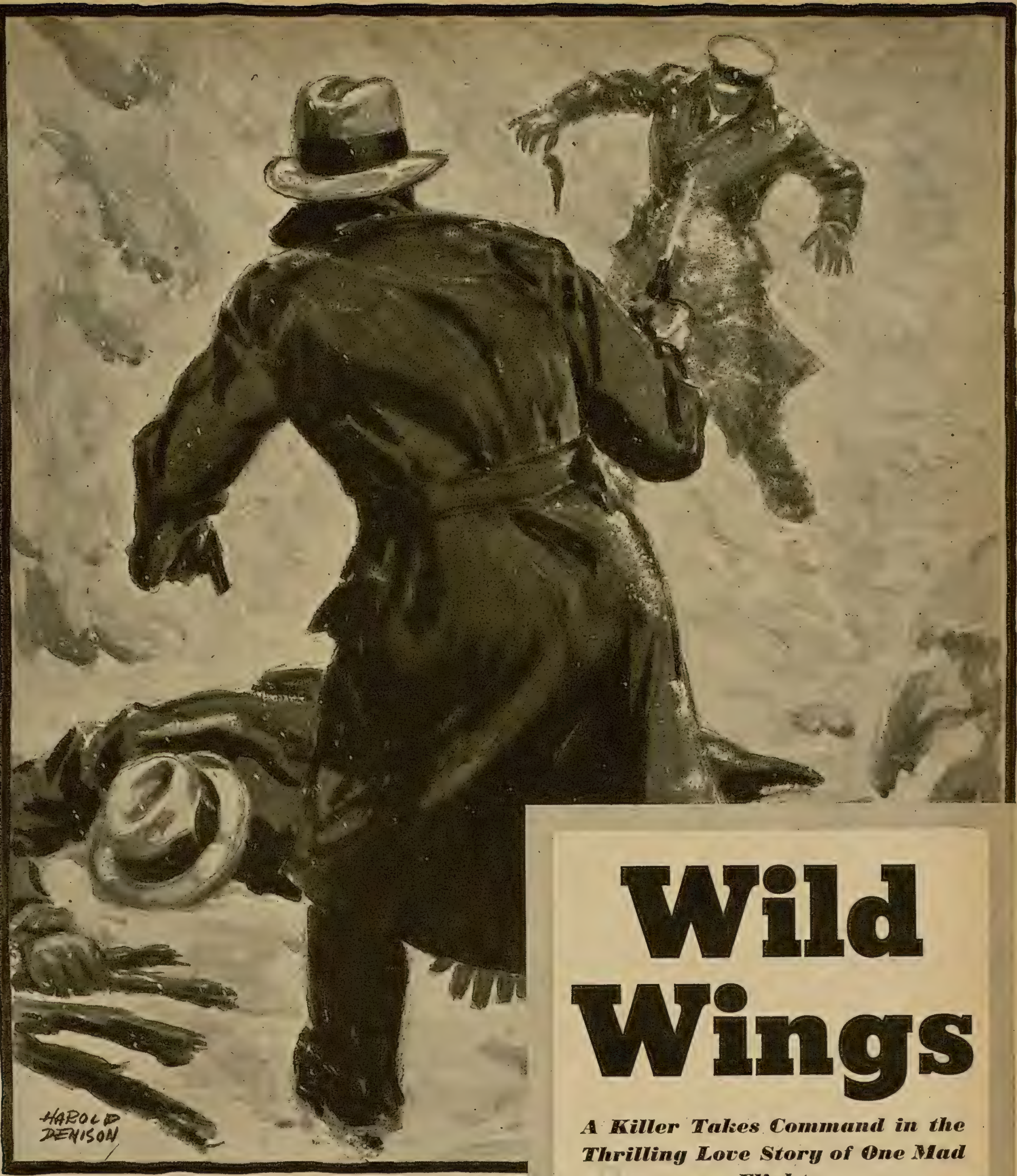
Another explanation has been advanced from the biological and sexual side of woman's nature, especially by the distinguished Russian physician A. Nemilov. It has been elaborated in his book The Biological Tragedy of Woman. He argues that the great, indeed brutal, aim of nature is that woman's chief function shall be the reproduction of the race, while it is left to man to make the great material and spiritual achievements. His argument in full sounds extremely plausible, but there is a large body of evidence on the opposite side.

There remain two scientific explanations of the phenomenon we are studying which, I think, give us genuine clues. One is that men and women have equal average ability but that men have greater *variability*. The second is that the masculine mind continues to grow longer than the feminine mind. Dr. Oscar Riddle of the Carnegie Institution has suggested a third explanation which supplements these two—namely, that sex itself is the outcome or end product of different rates of metabolism. He has produced some highly suggestive evidence, at least in pigeons and doves, that a low metabolic rate—that is, a low total production of energy—produces a female, and a high production of energy produces a male.

According to the theory of variability, there would be more males in the extreme groups both above and below the averages.

It will take further studies to give these theories a genuine demonstration, but the evidence is already very impressive. If it be true, as it certainly seems to be, that there are more men in the supreme ranges of ability, and if the women in these higher ranges are of the masculine type of interests and passions, and if the male mind does tend to continue its growth even for a few months longer than the feminine mind, it seems inevitable that it would be the masculine mind which, with extraordinarily rare exceptions, would soar on and up to achieve those mighty creations which are possible alone to genius.

THE END



Right then Freddie arrived. Palmer didn't give him a chance. One shot — right through the head.

Wild Wings

A Killer Takes Command in the Thrilling Love Story of One Mad Flight

[illegible]

by

Bogart Rogers

and

Frank M. Dazey

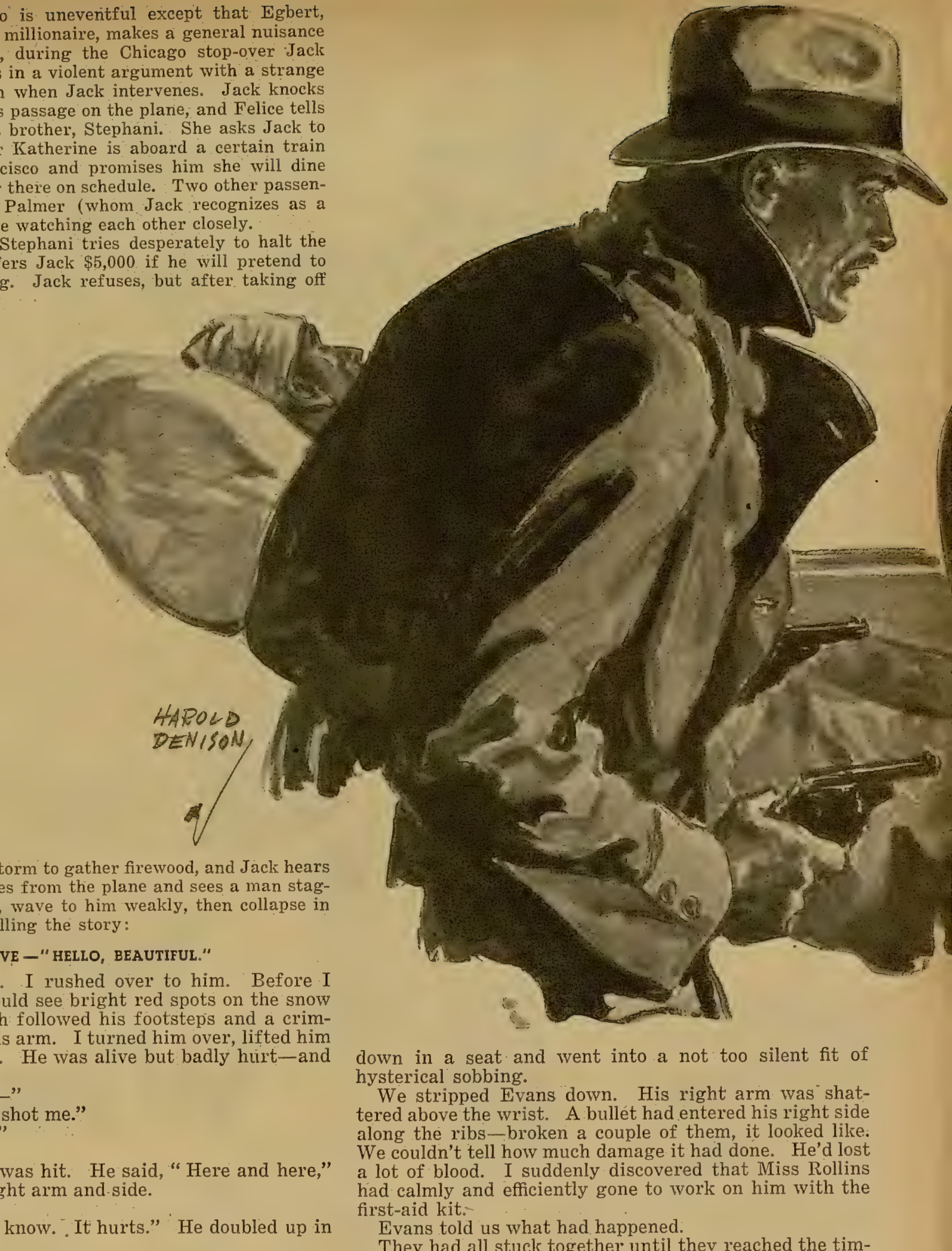
READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JACK VOLER flies out from Newark in a big Columbia airliner to take the controls at Salt Lake City and pilot the ship on to San Francisco. Before leaving New York he wires Trixie, a girl friend, inviting her to dine with him at the end of the journey, but he forgets that date when he sees Felice Rollins, one of the passengers. Despite reports that she had knocked a Count loose from his bridgework in Paris by way of breaking their engagement, Jack bets Vi Johnson, the stewardess, he will take the haughty beauty to dinner in San Francisco.

The hop to Chicago is uneventful except that Egbert, spoiled young son of a millionaire, makes a general nuisance of himself. However, during the Chicago stop-over Jack overhears Miss Rollins in a violent argument with a strange man who draws a gun when Jack intervenes. Jack knocks him down, but he takes passage on the plane, and Felice tells Jack he is the Count's brother, Stephani. She asks Jack to ascertain if her sister Katherine is aboard a certain train headed for San Francisco and promises him she will dine with him if he gets her there on schedule. Two other passengers, Dr. Evans and Palmer (whom Jack recognizes as a deadbeat) appear to be watching each other closely.

At Salt Lake City Stephani tries desperately to halt the flight and secretly offers Jack $5,000 if he will pretend to make a forced landing. Jack refuses, but after taking off becomes lost in a snowstorm and lands in a cañon. The ship's radio is mysteriously smashed. Young Mrs. Williams, who boarded the plane with her husband at Salt Lake City, announces she is about to have a baby, and while Anne Conlin, the division stewardess, is quieting her, Dr. Evans confides to Jack that he is a federal agent on the trail of Palmer, who, he says, is a bank robber and murderer.

Evans, Palmer, Baggerly, a gin-sotted scenario writer, and Freddie Miller, co-pilot, go out into the storm to gather firewood, and Jack hears three shots. He rushes from the plane and sees a man stagger out of the woods, wave to him weakly, then collapse in the snow. Jack is telling the story:



PART FIVE—"HELLO, BEAUTIFUL."

IT was Dr. Evans. I rushed over to him. Before I reached him I could see bright red spots on the snow—a little trail which followed his footsteps and a crimson smudge under his arm. I turned him over, lifted him to a sitting position. He was alive but badly hurt—and weak. I said:

"For God's sake—"

Evans said: "He shot me."

"Who shot you?"

"Palmer."

I asked where he was hit. He said, "Here and here," and indicated his right arm and side.

"Bad?" I asked.

He said: "I don't know. It hurts." He doubled up in pain.

I said: "Where's Freddie?"

"He's dead!"

"Dead?"

He nodded. "Palmer killed him."

"My God!" I couldn't believe my ears.

"Shot him in the head," Evans mumbled.

I pulled him up on my back, half dragged and half carried him back to the plane. Every one went completely jittery, of course—Anne worst of all. The first thing she asked was: "Where's Freddie?"

I would have stalled until I could break it to her easily, but Evans blurted out the bad news. Anne fell to pieces on the spot. She wanted to rush right out and find Freddie. Maybe he wasn't dead, after all—only wounded. Evans assured her he was dead as a doornail. She flopped down in a seat and went into a not too silent fit of hysterical sobbing.

We stripped Evans down. His right arm was shattered above the wrist. A bullet had entered his right side along the ribs—broken a couple of them, it looked like. We couldn't tell how much damage it had done. He'd lost a lot of blood. I suddenly discovered that Miss Rollins had calmly and efficiently gone to work on him with the first-aid kit.

Evans told us what had happened.

They had all stuck together until they reached the timber a couple of hundred yards away. There they picked out a sort of rallying point—by a big tree. They ranged around this point collecting wood—dead branches, whatever they could find. Evans never let Palmer out of his sight. After a time Baggerly began to congeal, and Freddie started him in the right direction for the plane, going with him part way. Palmer and Evans were together, apparently getting along like a couple of old pals. Suddenly Palmer tripped and fell—or pretended he tripped.

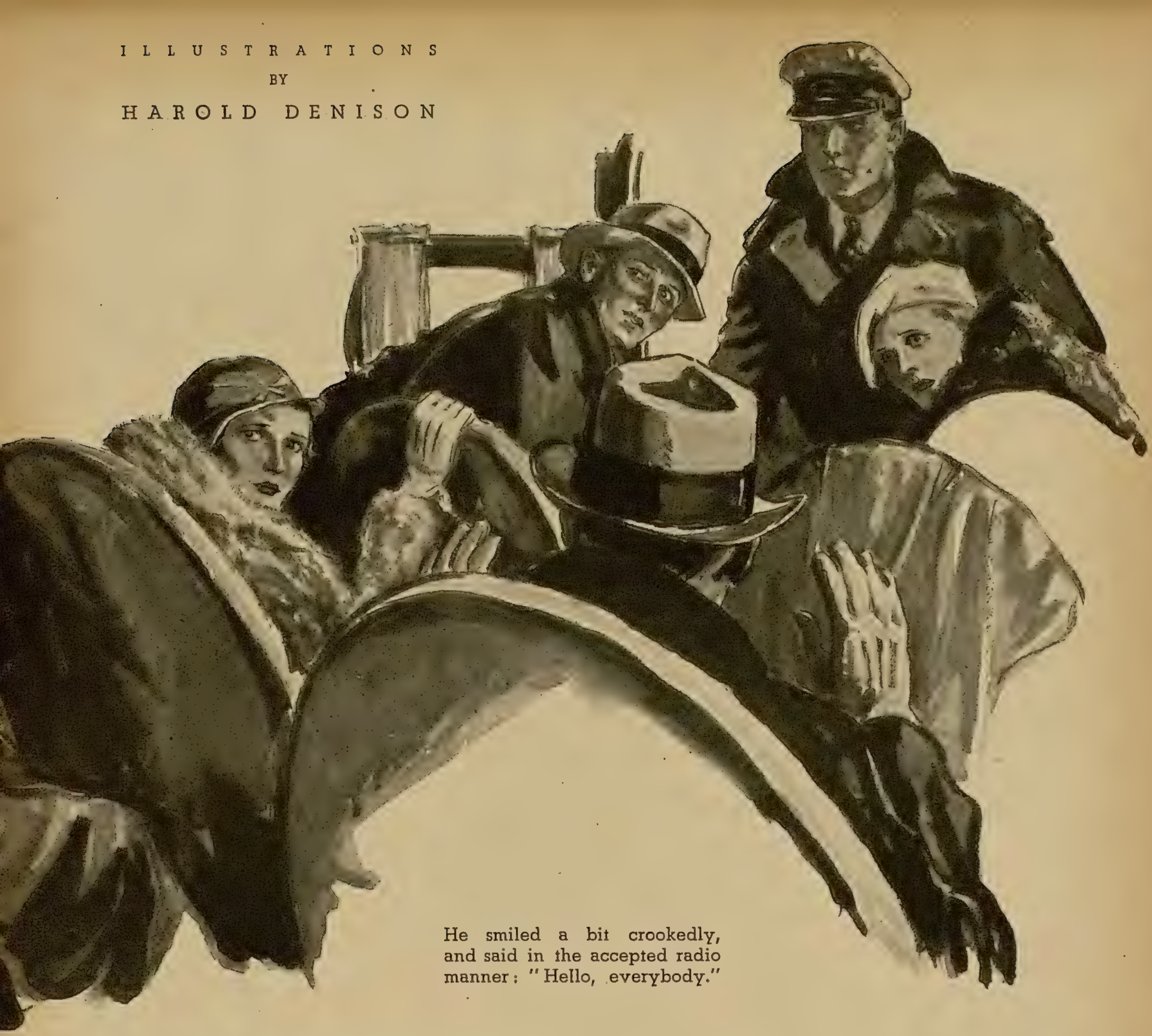
Anyway, he fell. He lay there for a minute, struggling to get up. Evans asked him: "You hurt?"

Palmer suddenly said:

"No, you so-and-such," and rose.

He had a gun in his hand and had caught Evans by

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HAROLD DENISON



He smiled a bit crookedly, and said in the accepted radio manner: "Hello, everybody."

complete surprise. Evans made a grab for his own gun. Palmer let him have it—twice: the first two shots I had heard. The first, in the arm, knocked Evans's pistol out of his hand. The second crumpled him. Palmer was on him like a flash—got the gun before Evans could reach it. Palmer paid no more attention to him then—maybe thought he was dead or dying.

Right then Freddie arrived on the scene. He must have sensed trouble, because he had my automatic out of the holster, ready to do things. Palmer didn't even give him a chance. One shot—right through the head. Palmer then took my gun off Freddie—and disappeared in the trees. Evans eventually managed to pull himself together and started back toward the plane.

TELLING that much took all the sap out of Evans. We had him neatly bandaged by that time and made him as comfortable as possible. Every one had bright ideas and suggestions on how best to handle the situation. Egbert's was typical. He said:

"Aren't you goin' out and get him? He killed one guy and shot another, didn't he? And he broke the radio, too. Why don't you go out and get him? You aren't afraid of him, are you?"

I didn't want any advice from any one and told them so. I climbed up into the cockpit, closed the door, and settled down for some serious thinking. My common sense told me Palmer would return—sooner or later. He wouldn't stay out and freeze himself stiff in that storm. He was smart enough to realize he couldn't make a get-away on foot—not through that country and weather. Therefore he'd come back to the plane. And why not? He was armed. We weren't—and he knew it.

Nothing could stop him from marching up and taking command of the situation. He could force me to fly him wherever he wished—and if I should refuse he was just desperate enough to try it himself—and maybe get away with it. He was certainly justified in taking desperate chances, because if he ever went back to New Jersey it would only be a brief stop-over on his way to the chair.

The compartment door opened and Felice Rollins slipped in. She closed the door behind her. I gave her probably the dirtiest look ever bestowed on woman, man, or vegetable. She was to blame for the whole crazy mess.

She thought so too, because she said: "I want you to know I feel terribly sorry—and entirely responsible for all of this." She meant every word of it.

My first impulse was to bawl hell out of her, to burn her up with the bitterest words I could speak. And while I was trying to think of venomous vitriolic phrases I couldn't help looking in her eyes—and I noticed a faint tremble around her lips, and I said:

"Aw, forget it. These things just happen sometimes."

She shook her head positively. "No; I kept egging you on—urging you to take chances."

I said: "You did no such thing. I'm free, white, and twenty-one. I could have gone back to Salt Lake if I'd wanted to."

"You didn't want to, then?"

"No—and not on your account, either."

"You tried it because I kept insisting."

I said: "Stop kidding yourself. I wanted to get to San Francisco tonight as badly as you did."

She said: "Oh, yes—that girl."

I said: "Sure—just like you wanted to be in time to meet this guy you're so crazy about."

She was genuinely surprised. "That *I'm* crazy about?"

I said: "Skip it. It's none of my business."

"Who told you that?" she demanded.

I said: "A little bird."

"I begin to understand," she said slowly.

I said: "Let's forget it."

She said: "No, we won't forget it. What did Stephani tell you?"

"Oh, he just made a couple of cracks."

"And you believed him!" she flared. "Well, now I'm going to make a couple of cracks."

"You don't have to."

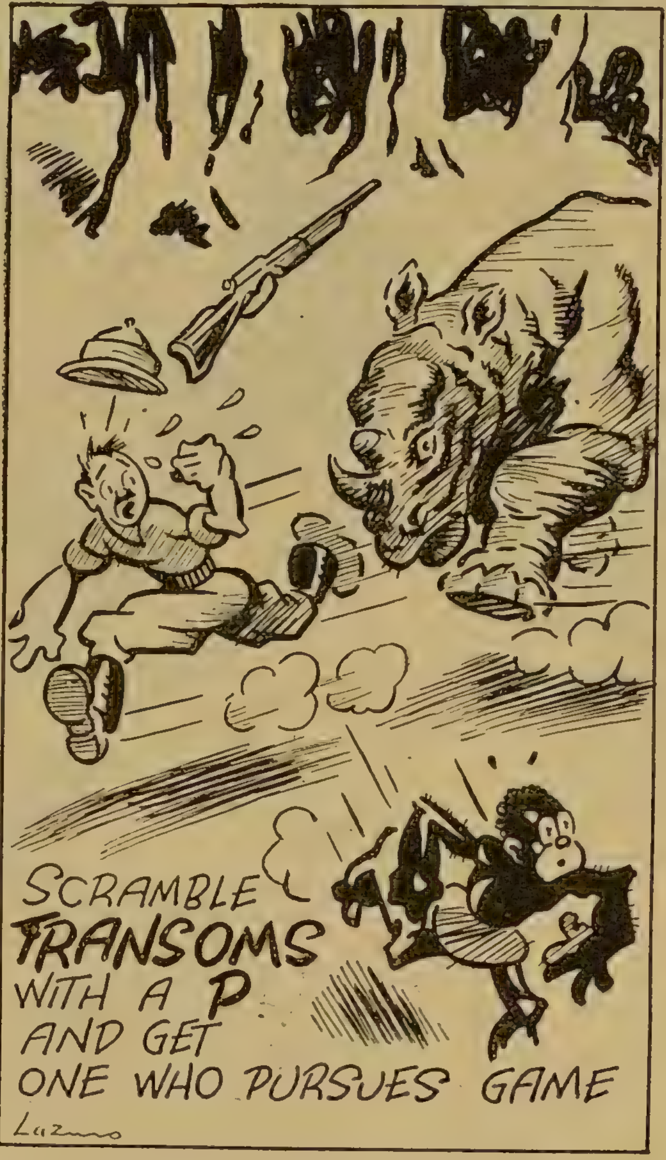
"I'm going to just the same." I started to interrupt her but she had the floor. "You know who I am—and what I went through in Paris. We discussed that. Well, shortly after I became engaged to Alix—he's this one's brother—I discovered he was a—well, a rat. He thought I had money—which I used to have, but I lost practically all of it. We had our fight at the Ambassadeurs—never mind what about—and the whole town was laughing at him. He was simply furious, of course."

I said: "Now wait a minute—"

She said: "Shut up!" and went right on.

She said this guy had come to New York and discovered that, while she didn't have any money, her kid sister had a large gob of it coming to her when she was twenty-one. He started making a play for the kid sister, who didn't have any sense and fell for him because he was a slick worker with women when he turned the heat on. The harder Felice tried to head him off the harder the sister went for him. Stephani finally left New York—bound for the Orient. For a few days Felice thought the romance had gone cold. Then, suddenly, the kid sister was on a train for San Francisco to marry the guy—or go to the Orient without marrying him.

SCRAMBLED WORDS



The given word plus the given letter, when rearranged properly, will form a new word suggested by the cartoon.

The answer will be found on page 43

"I DIDN'T find out until she had a two-days start," she explained. "Telegrams were no good. I sent a dozen, and she ignored them. My only chance is to get to her before she gets to the boat, which sails tomorrow at noon. If I can see her I can talk her out of it."

"And this scallion back here?" I jerked my head cabinward.

"He's the brother," she explained. "They'd both do anything to stop me—Katherine means a lot of money to them, and her safety and happiness means a great deal to me."

She stopped and looked at me sort of hopelessly.

I said, "Listen, Felice." It seemed quite natural I should be calling her Felice. "The outlook isn't what you'd call bright at the moment, but if there's one chance in a thousand of getting you to San Francisco before tomorrow noon, I'll get you there."

She said: "I've made an awful lot of trouble. You must hate me."

I looked her straight in the eyes. They were big and blue and appealing eyes, and they looked straight back into mine. It sounds very foolish to say they did funny and quite thrilling things to me—but they didn't do anything else! I said:

"No, that's the curious part of it. I don't hate you. On the contrary—" I stopped there.

"You say very nice things," she replied.

And that was the end of that. She changed the subject with:

"Do you think there really is a chance?"

I said: "Maybe so—maybe not. We'll have to wait till daylight. And I won't leave without—well, without Freddie."

"How about Palmer?"

"Don't worry about him. He'll be back."

SHE said: "Oh, yes—I see." She pondered that one a minute. "And he's armed and you aren't! You can't do anything."

I said: "That's right—I can't do a thing except what he tells me to."

"Isn't there another gun aboard?"

I said there wasn't—and cursed myself for throwing Stephani's artillery overboard. It would have come in very handy now. We discussed possible ways of luring Palmer into a spot where we might knock him over. None of them made sense. The most formidable weapons aboard were wrenches and hammers and such, which were in the emergency tool case. Trying to surprise Palmer with a socket wrench would be like trying to sink a dreadnought with a garbage scow.

We sat in silence for several minutes. Then it came to me in a flash. There *was* a weapon aboard. It might do. Risky, to be sure—but a chance. I considered all its possibilities before I popped it on Felice. If carefully planned and executed, it might work. I couldn't get away with it alone. I turned to Felice.

"How's your nerve, sister?"

She looked at me evenly. "I think it'll get by."

I said: "That's swell—'cause we're gonna give it a workout."

The weapon I planned to use against Palmer was the fire extinguisher which reposed in a rack against the front wall of the cabin. It was the small familiar hand type—a brass cylinder with a nozzle at one end and a plunger handle at the other. You turn the handle, pull it back, then pump it forward—and out squirts a stream of fluid under enough pressure to project it ten or fifteen feet. The fluid is temporarily blinding—I found out once in a friendly rough-house.

If we could catch Palmer off guard for a moment, squirt him in the face—momentarily blind and confuse him—that instant of chaos might enable me to disarm and overcome him. I'm pretty powerful—at least from the neck down—and felt sure I could handle him if we could only manage to separate him from his gun—or guns.

We spent a tough night. The cabin was freezing, even though we kept it almost airtight. Anne pulled herself together long enough to wrap every one up like Eskimos, which helped somewhat. She also served dinner, which was coffee and sandwiches and an apple. Evans was in rather bad shape—but not critical, as far as I could tell. I convinced him that no matter what happened he must lie perfectly still.

Every one slept a little, but not much. I didn't even droop an eyelid. I was watching the weather—and waiting for Palmer. I found myself praying he was stuck in a snowdrift—or lost and unable to find us.

It stopped snowing sometime after midnight. A few stars broke through the clouds, indicating clearing weather. I went outside and scouted around. The snow was about six inches deep. I was sure I could take off from that—and intended to try with the first streaks of dawn. I didn't know the ground or the country ahead. One minute I hoped Palmer wouldn't show up—the next minute I hoped he would, so I could deliver him myself and later wallow in the lurid details of his execution.

To make good and sure we would have plenty of trouble, Anne disappeared somewhere around 2 A. M. Nobody saw her go. She just slipped out quietly. She had gone to look for Freddie, of course. I went to the door and hollered; but if she heard, which she no doubt did, she refused to answer.

There was nothing to do about it but leave her out till it got light.

I figured dawn would break about five thirty. It did—but unfortunately Palmer broke about ten minutes before that. He was cagy about it.

His voice suddenly cracked out from behind the starboard engine nacelle, which would shield him in case anybody started shooting.

" Hey, Voler! " he called.

From the cockpit window I answered:

" Whadda you want? "

" Let's get this straight," he said. " I'm comin' aboard and I'm heeled. I don't think you have a gun—but if you have, forget about it."

I said: " I haven't got a gun—and let's not have any more shooting. You've raised enough hell already."

" I'll raise more if I have to. You stay right up there where you are."

I could hear him crunching through the snow toward the rear cabin door.

I said to Felice: " Quick now! Get set there. And keep the damn' thing hidden under your coat."

She stepped down into the cabin, slipped into one of the forward seats. I followed, reached for the extinguisher—got the most sickening shock of a lifetime. The pyrene gun was gone! I looked around frantically, snapped: " Who's got this fire extinguisher? "

Egbert was at the rear of the cabin. He looked up innocently, held up the missing cylinder, said:

" Do you mean this? "

I said: " For God's sake, Egbert, bring it up—"

The door opened. A gun appeared, followed by a hand—and an arm—and Palmer. He climbed aboard.

My gun was in his left hand, Evans's in his right. He closed the door behind him, leaned casually against the wall—a studied theatrical gesture—and surveyed every one. The two guns were leveled from his waist.

HE kicked the washroom door open with his foot, peered in to make sure no one was hiding there, smiled a bit crookedly, and said in the accepted radio manner:

" Hello, everybody! "

I guess he thought that was witty—and maybe it was. But nobody laughed. Nobody even snickered. The Williams pair were frankly afraid of the man. Egbert was more curious than frightened. Baggerly tried to appear pleased at the prodigal's return. Felice simply ignored him. Stephani was sullen. I broke the silence as calmly as I could with:

" Well, there you are and here we are—so what? "

A jittery reaction followed this rash and incendiary remark.

Palmer looked at me through narrowed eyelids. His voice was harsh and raspy when he said:

" This is what. I don't want any trouble. If any of *you* want trouble, you start it—and I'll finish it! "

His pale-blue eyes, faintly bloodshot, shifted icily from face to face. His whole attitude was characterized by a nervous hair-trigger tenseness. Every one nodded hastily, even enthusiastically, indicating the " no trouble " idea was just dandy all around.

Palmer's savage gaze settled for a moment on Baggerly. " I'm not sure I wouldn't like *you* to start something," he said. " That gin of yours is rotgut."

That was bad news. Palmer apparently had gotten the gin and was probably a trifle brewed up.

Baggerly gulped. Palmer's eye moved on to Egbert.

" And as for you, Rollo, I've got some plans for you. I think you might be worth kidnaping." He paused to let that soak in. Egbert absorbed it like a blotter. It reduced him to a single nervous twitch short of paralysis by fright. Palmer continued: " But we'll see about that later."

He shifted to Stephani, who was staring at him sullenly. All he said to Stephani was: " I'd just as soon kill *you* as not."

He abruptly dropped his left-hand gun into his overcoat pocket and, with impressive bravado, turned his back to the cabin and looked down at Evans, who was reclining in the rear seat pretty much in a coma of exhaustion. He studied the recumbent figure momentarily, said, " Hello, doctor," with a sardonic inflection.

Evans didn't seem to hear him. Palmer turned.

" How is the great American detective, anyway? "

Nobody answered. Palmer's forehead wrinkled into a frown.

" How is he, I asked you? " He almost shouted. " What's the matter? Have you all gone deaf and dumb? "

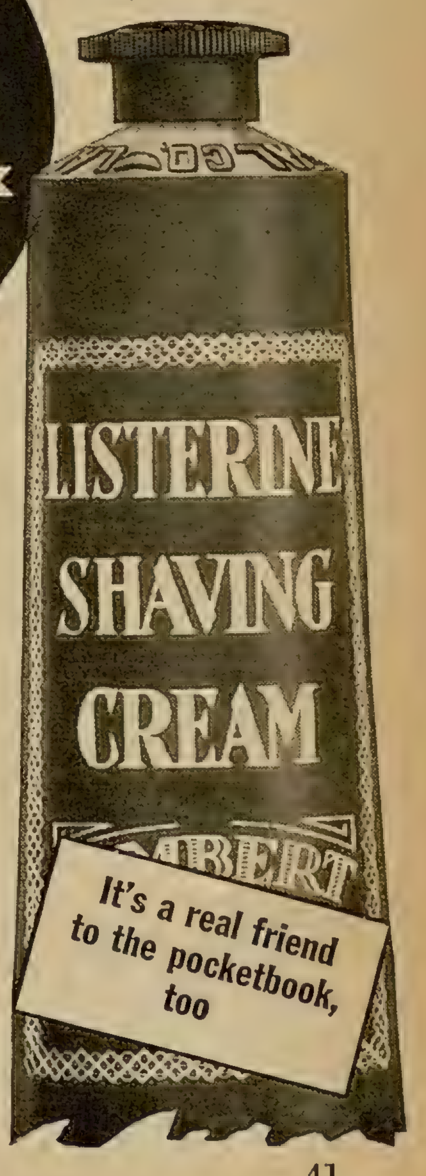
I said not good, not bad; he might pull through if we could get him to a hospital in reasonable time.

Palmer said: " That's one thing I'm not going to worry about."

He turned and walked forward along the cabin aisle. I was standing up front by the door to the cockpit. He paid no more attention to the members of our jolly little band than if they were in Manila, P. I. Any one of them could have crowned him from behind, if they'd had anything to crown him with, or the courage. But somehow

25¢

Especially
GOOD
for Tough, Thick
Beards



If you have an extra tough beard or an extra tender skin, or both—here's the shaving cream for you. Made by the makers of Listerine Antiseptic; you know it must be good.

We ask you to try it. Compare it with any cream you have ever used. See what a clean, quick, pleasant shave it gives you. Note how cool and refreshed your face feels afterward. No rawness. No burning. Not the slightest trace of discomfort even though your skin is as sensitive as a baby's.

Such results are due to inclusion in this cream of glycerine, for centuries regarded as the finest of soothing lubricants and balms. In addition, for even greater soothing effect, we include some of the wonderfully effective essential oils of Listerine itself.

or other, when a guy has just killed one man and wounded another and is admittedly dangerous and heavily armed, you don't feel much like crowning him, not even from behind.

When he reached Felice he stopped, looked down at her, and grinned an unpleasant nasty grin.

"Hello, Beautiful," he said.

Her expression never changed. Palmer said:

"You don't have to get on a high horse. Plenty of swell dolls have gone for me."

He turned and, with his gun, waved me into the cockpit. He followed. I sat down in one seat; he sat down in the other. We were at very close quarters. He kept tickling my side with the cannon. I had no thought whatever of trying to make a break and disarm him. His hand was too steady. I knew that one false twitch on my part and a couple of my right ribs would go flying out of my left ear. He kept half an eye back toward the cabin all the time. I hoped Felice would forget all about that pyrene. The idea of trying to subdue this lunatic with a fire extinguisher seemed fantastic now.

Palmer glanced familiarly around the compartment, looked at this and fingered that. He said:

"Makes me feel sort of back at home—up here with all the gadgets."

He thoughtfully studied the maze of instruments and switches for a moment. He asked a lot of questions. His comments revealed the fact that he was thoroughly familiar with the instrument board.

"I guess I could figure this all out if I had to," he observed.

I said: "Don't kid yourself."

He said: "Oh, you're gonna try to make me believe it takes a genius to fly one of these things!"

"It isn't easy."

"And not so hard, either. Let's see your map."

I pulled it out of the map case. We both looked at it. With his free hand he pointed to a spot, said:

"We're just about here, eh?"

His finger was on exactly our approximate location as I had it figured. I tried to mislead him with:

"I don't know. I was pretty badly lost in the storm."

He said: "Phooey! You're too good a pilot not to know within a few miles of where you are. And I know where we are, too. I was watching the ground every mile of the way." He pointed to the map again. "We're right here."

For no reason at all, Freddie oozed into my mind—Freddie, a real nice little kid lying dead out there in the snow. The situation seemed intolerable. I had to force back an almost overwhelming impulse to take a chance, make a break at this guy—but I knew it would be utter suicide. I said:

"Let's cut the palsy-walsy stuff, Palmer. You're a skunk and we both know it."

I could feel his hand tighten around the gun butt. He flushed and his nostrils dilated a little.

"So you think I'm a skunk, do you? Well, maybe I am and maybe I'm not. But you try putting yourself in my shoes. They've got an air-tight case against me back in Jersey. Six eyewitnesses will testify I killed a man. If you were me you'd do the same thing I'm doing."

I SAID: "You didn't have to kill Freddie—"

"Th' hell I didn't! He pulled a gun on me, didn't he? I didn't want to—"

He ceased abruptly and shrugged his shoulders. Then he looked out the window. I looked, too. Dawn was breaking faintly but clearly.

"Can you get out of here?" Palmer inquired.

I said: "I don't know."

He said: "Then we'll go and find out."

He nudged me out of the seat with the gun, herded me down the cabin aisle. He followed behind. Nobody said anything to him. We stepped outside. He said:

"Let's go this way."

We walked down to the lower end of the meadow. I paced the distance off. About six inches of snow covered the ground, with no bad drifts. The ground was hard enough and the field large enough for a safe take-off. As we walked Palmer kept me covered all the time. We doubled back to the upper end of the meadow. He said:

"You'c'n get out of this O. K."

I tried stalling again. "I don't know—it's a pretty small field, and with this snow and the load—"

He stopped short—gave me the cold and accusing eye.

"Quit the funny stuff! It's hard and smooth and downhill. If you can't take off from it, maybe I can."

I said: "You'd break your damn-fool neck—and everybody else's."

He said: "We won't have to worry about anybody else."

"Whadda you mean?"

"I mean, if you think you're the only one who can fly this crate, you're crazy. I can fly it—and I will if I have to."

"Fly where?"

"Mexico."

I said, "Oh!" I hadn't thought of Mexico.

Palmer said: "It's about three hours from here. All you have to do is fly me straight down there. I'll get out, and you can go where you damn' please."

"HOW about the others?" I asked.

"They can stay here, and you can come back for 'em later."

"Wait a minute, Palmer," I protested. "You can't do that."

"Why can't I?"

I said: "Oh, I realize your situation and all that. You've got one idea. That's to escape. But, for God's sake, give these people a chance!"

"Why should I?" he asked defiantly.

"Because if we leave them here we can't get help to them for eight or ten hours. There's no food and no shelter. Evans'll snuff out sure as hell. That Williams kid is apt to have a baby any minute. You *can't* do that!"

He looked at me cynically. "What'm I supposed to do—burst into tears?"

I said: "No; you're supposed to give 'em a break."

"Like I've been getting all my life!"

"What difference does it make to you, as long as you get to Mexico?" I argued.

For several seconds we looked at each other. I kept saying to myself, "Come on, you louse, be a sport." It must have worked, because he finally said:

"You win. I'll be a sucker. We'll pile 'em all aboard and you'll take me straight to Mexico. But get this. If you try any funny business I'll fly the rest of the way myself."

I said: "I get it."

"O. K. That's an agreement—"

"Providing we wait till it's light enough to pick up Anne and—and Freddie."

He said: "I'll give you ten minutes to find 'em." He waved the gun toward the plane. "Come on—get up there and start those engines. It'll take ten minutes to get 'em warm."

I went aboard. Palmer followed. Egbert was still sitting in the rear seat. It never occurred to me to see if he was still fooling with the fire extinguisher. The scheme with Felice had vanished from my mind.

Felice was hunched up in the number one seat—the same place she had been when we left. She didn't look up as I passed her. I took the two steps up to the cockpit. Palmer, a couple of strides behind, was just lifting one foot over the bulkhead partition when he suddenly froze motionless, his foot in the air. I couldn't see him—my back was toward him—but Baggerly told me afterwards he was staring straight at the empty pyrene rack on the forward partition. It wasn't strange he noticed the rack was empty, because it had been right in front of his eyes during the entire trip.

His voice cracked out: "Wait a minute!"

I didn't know what had happened but I wasn't taking any chances. I stood like a statue, then slowly turned around. Felice was sitting in the same position—she hadn't moved. Palmer divined the situation almost instantly. He glared up at me, barked: "You stay there."

He turned slowly: "Who's got that fire extinguisher?" he demanded. Two rows of heads wagged vigorous denials. Palmer wheeled suddenly, leaned over Felice, stuck the gun in her back. For one terrible instant I thought he was going to let her have it—and that I was going to jump him—which would have been my last living jump.

"Gimme that!" he snarled.

She was scared cockeyed, and I don't blame her. I was too. Without a word or a turn of her head she pulled it out from under her coat and handed it to him.

He looked at it as he held it in his hand—then down at her—then up at me. A more thoroughly deadly expression I've never seen on a man's face. To me he said:

"So you thought you could squirt me out like a bonfire—with a silly tin fire extinguisher!"

He took a deep breath and used it up calling me every kind of a low, dirty, double-crossing rat—with profanity such as I never knew existed. The words that man knew! They were amazing.

I tried to cut in on him and explain what had happened. He wouldn't listen.

"If I didn't need you I'd blow your blankety-blank brains out!" he snarled. Only he didn't say blankety-blank.

Need I remark, friends, that the situation was a trifle embarrassing? In a way I didn't blame Palmer for his attitude. He and I had agreed to a proposition. I fully intended to keep my end of it—and I could understand his thinking I had deliberately tried to give him the double-cross.

He made his decision almost instantly—and announced.

"You stay there, Voler," he snapped. "You're gonna take me to Mexico—or at least part of the way." He looked down at Felice. "You stay here, too. I'll need somebody like you to keep me company."

He whipped around on the others.

"The rest of you get out—and get out quick."

Young Mr. Williams popped off with: "You can't leave my wife here like—" His tone was pleading.

Palmer took a menacing step toward him.

"Get out, I said!"

I had a bird's-eye view of the entire proceedings. Baggerly had already started for the door, willing—nay, eager!—to obey the Palmer dictum. The Williamses were following reluctantly. My mind was doing nip-ups. Something had to be done—just *had* to be done!

Palmer stood watching the procession file out. Egbert was behind Palmer, squeezed in between two seats. He was staring up at me—winking with both eyes, screwing his face around in frantic pantomime. At first I thought the kid had gone crazy. Then I realized he was trying to tell me something; but I couldn't translate his facial gymnastics.

Palmer turned and spied Egbert. Quite calmly Egbert looked back at him. "How about me?" he inquired.

Palmer stared at him indecisively—as if he couldn't quite make up his mind what to do. And as he stared, Egbert slowly raised his right hand toward his head, wriggling the fingers slowly, hypnotically. The whole gesture was ridiculous, fantastic, unexpected. Palmer's puzzled eyes followed the wriggling digits. Wham! I got the idea in a flash. I knew what was coming. My body tensed like a set steel spring. Palmer's left side was toward me. The gun was on the far side of his body, in his right hand.

I waited—waited—

What's Egbert up to now? He alone appears to have no fear of Palmer and his two guns. Yet what can a child do to thwart the desperado? Is he inviting a massacre of the marooned little band with his idiotic finger gyrations? Next week's installment will bring the answer, and inject fresh thrills into this spectacular story of love and danger.

WITWORK PUZZLE ANSWER

Pull the rope down and the pulley will pull ax up.

ANSWER TO BRIDE MURDER PROBLEM

The police found a return trip and a single ticket in the husband's wallet.

SCRAMBLED WORDS ANSWER

Correct transposition with the added letter gives the word: SPORTSMAN

INK
as Styled by CARTER
CARTER'S INK
Finest for Fountain Pens

★ Here are smooth-flowing Fountain Pen inks in deep, rich tones... packaged to add distinction to any desk or writing table. These practical bottles have wide mouths for easy filling, and ink-tight screw caps. Built low and flat, they are hard to tip over.

★ The famous 10¢ "Cubes" are now available in two additional sizes—15¢ and 25¢, making a complete "Cube family." Midnight Blue, Blue-Black and Black; Washable Blue and Black; Sunset Red, Green, Violet and Brown in all sizes. Carter's Adhesives, Carbons and Ribbons, too.

From Hollywood . . .

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

by PRINCESS

Linguist, Friend of the Famous in Europe,

THE nervous stiffness of face and movement that makes Charlie Ruggles so comic on the screen has been perfected for him by honeybees.

CHARLIE RUGGLES

A neighbor of his keeps thousands of bees. They like to hang around the Ruggles swimming pool. There they catch Mr. Ruggles in his bathing suit and swarm all over him. To save himself from getting stung he has to hold still—as rigid as a statue.

"It teaches me self-control," he declared.

Charlie Ruggles is one of the ten Hollywood stars whom small-town audiences throughout the country call their favorites. His timid, Caspar Milquetoast conduct has a human appeal that gives him nationwide popularity.

In private life he devotes a good deal of his time to rare trees and chickens. On his farm he cultivates almost every kind of unusual tree. At present he is anxiously endeavoring to obtain a kumquat tree from China. Can't find one anywhere over here.

Also he raises poultry. I believe he finds that hobby stimulating to his art as a comedian.

"Chickens," he told me, "must have been designed by Rube Goldberg. They belong in the funny section of a Sunday newspaper. They act like complete goofs, and their inside machinery is pure Goldberg invention."

His chickens hand Mr. Ruggles a constant laugh. I think he imitates them to a certain extent in his own antics. That would be sound theatrical tradition. Some of the highest of stage comedy has been based on animal or bird behavior.

ONE of Hollywood's smartest cocktail tricks is the tomato pin wheel. I discovered it at the home of Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. Adolphe Menjou—ever careful of his waistline—surrendered unconditionally to the lure of it. So did J. M. Cain, author of The Postman Always Rings Twice. Only Director Reuben Mamoulian was strong enough to withstand temptation. Mrs. Robinson told me how to make these clever canapés, and I hereby pass the secret on.

Cut the tops off three tomatoes. Scoop out the seeds without breaking the sections between. Fill the spaces of one tomato with crab meat. Fill another with tongue paste, and fill the third with a cream-cheese mixture. Get the tomatoes good and cold, then slice them across. The slices look like pin wheels.

THIS is the private story of a Hollywood hairdresser. All day his nimble figures work magic with the tresses of famous stars. He is an artist. The gorgeous queens of screendom flock to his place. When evening comes he is very tired.

At 7.30 P. M. he goes home to his wife. They eat their supper. It is a plain but graceful meal. They are French. After the dishes are done he says, "*Ma chérie,* the prettiest woman who came to me today was—" He mentions a name. "Tonight," he says, "I will fix your hair like hers."

Every evening, with infinite pains, he arranges his wife's coiffure exactly as he did that day for his most attractive customer.

"My wife enjoys that," he confided to me. Softly he added, "It is her only amusement."

His wife, you see, is desperately ill. She cannot leave her bed, and she will never be better. He brought her to California so that he might keep her with him as long as possible. And every night—with hidden heartbreak—he does up her hair to help her pretend for an hour that she is one of our gayest, liveliest.

ON the Fox lot I went aboard Hollywood's one and only ocean liner. This is the big boat you are looking at every time you see the movie heroine departing for Europe, or coming back.

The ship is a fake, of course, but a good one. In pictures you can't tell it from a real liner. The Fox people built it and own it. When they're not using it themselves they rent it to other companies. It has six decks, a real bridge, a complete set of genuine navigating instruments, real lifeboats, winches, cargo booms, etc. The ship doesn't budge, but a movable dock creates the effect of her putting to sea or arriving home. They can't rock her, either. So they rock the cameras instead.

SCREEN bachelors of Hollywood, if they are ambitious and wise, walk a path as straight and narrow as any modest maiden.

For the sake of their careers they have to be very, very careful. The danger of hurting their reputation is never absent from their minds. What they fear most of all is blackmail. One of them said to me, "We have to be on the lookout constantly. A flirtation with some cute little girl can bounce right back and knock a young actor off the screen for keeps. Or if we get tangled up with a girl who is also in picture work, we might be obliged to pull her along to success with us, and that is more likely than not to damage our own chances. A young actor on the way to stardom is better off single, sober, and girl-shy."

No wonder they take long vacations abroad!

SOMETHING to illustrate greed."

With this order an advertising man came rushing breathlessly to Margaret Bourke White. She ranks tip-top among industrial photographers—or should I call her a photographess?

Anyway, the man wanted the picture in an awful hurry, and Miss White was in a hurry too. She was sailing for Europe within a few hours.

"Greed!" She considered the problem. "Nowadays greed means money." To the advertising man she said, "Get me three thousand dollars in small change."

A messenger sped to a bank. Back came the cash—three grand in half dollars, quarters, dimes, and nickels. Miss White built the piles of coins into miniature skyscrapers—a toy metropolis made of money. It was feverish work; the dimes wouldn't stay put. But at last she balanced them long enough to take the picture. Her client was delighted.

Away she ran, catching her boat for Europe by the skin of her teeth.

That shows you how she works. Her life as a camera girl partakes of adventure as well as ingenuity. German police in the Ruhr district once arrested her as a French spy. She explored Russia from end to end for her Soviet

... to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

and Descendant of the First Czar of Russia

DRAWING BY
CARL LINK

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

picture book. Photographic murals are her latest specialty. The ones she did for Radio City are the largest in the world.

She also did some big ones for the Soviet Consulate in New York.

Photographic wall paper for private houses is another new line originated by Miss White. In the beginning she took up professional photography to help pay her way through college.

An interesting woman!

A READER has asked me if it is more polite to eat up everything on our plates, or should we leave a last forkful untouched. Bothersome question! There are two schools of thought concerning the etiquette of this problem.

One school maintains that eating everything up is the truest courtesy. The implication here is that your dinner tasted so good as to command your appetite. That is the English idea.

On the other hand, some Americans, along with some of the Latin peoples, contend that your plate should never be " licked clean." Leave a bit behind, they say, to indicate that you simply couldn't get through such a generous helping. I also know certain persons who make a policy of never quite finishing any dish put before them. They diet that way. Personally, I am inclined to prefer the English notion of eating things all up.

FRIENDS of mine practice a family custom that might be adopted with benefit, I think, by all of us who live in towns and cities. These friends of mine make private holidays to celebrate the changing seasons of the year.

On the first fine autumn Sunday they take a family hike through the woods. Together they enjoy the coloring foliage, the tang and spice of autumn's very special atmosphere.

They believe there is great happiness and family unity to be derived from contemplation of Nature's eternal, effortless changes of beauty.

A YOUNG man I know has fallen in love with a girl who—to be charitable—is not a world-beater for looks. As a matter of fact she's a homely girl. But he loves her and she loves him. Somehow they are blessedly attuned.

Why shouldn't they get married?

His family objects. Not openly, for they have no definite reason to protest.

I don't suppose they realize that their antagonism toward the unattractive girl is instinctive and barbaric. Even though their son has chosen her, is satisfied with her, they cannot welcome a homely bride into their clan.

I have seen this happen more than once. It goes back, I think, to the deepest of protective instincts. Girls of any race are generally good-looking in their way if the race is healthy and sound. In most cases the parents of a marriageable young man would prefer, in their hearts, to see him marry a good-looking dumbbell rather than an ugly Minerva.

ALL the talk of the past year about the gold standard has affected the textile manufacturers. " If the girls can't hoard gold, " they said to themselves, " then let 'em wear it."

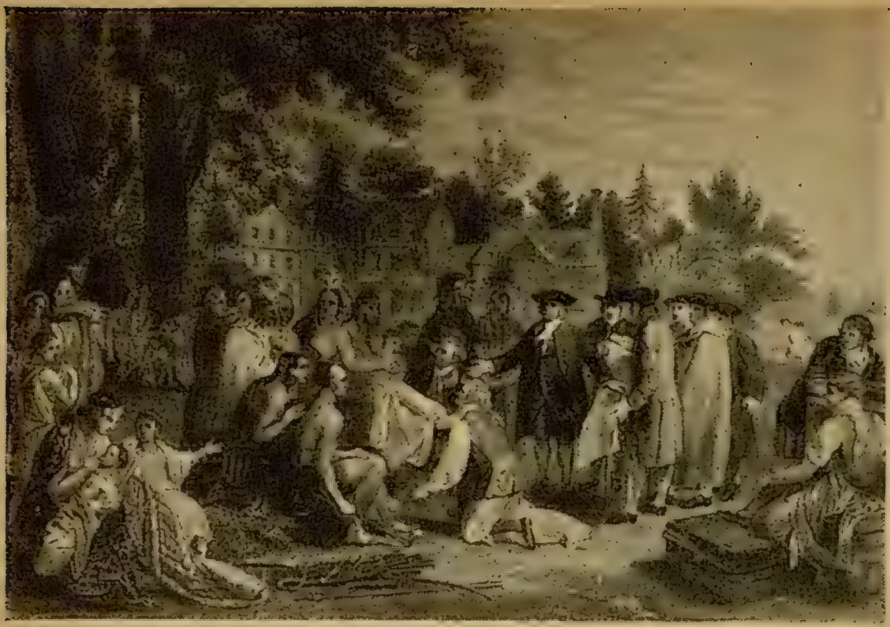
Now we have the results of their ruminations. Every piece of woolen material I see for fall wear has golden threads galloping all over it. There are jerseyish woolens shot through with gold threads; there are bold zigzag or check patterns of gold on dark grounds. Smartest of all is the new blue, *carbon*, with a blurred geometrical pattern of metal.

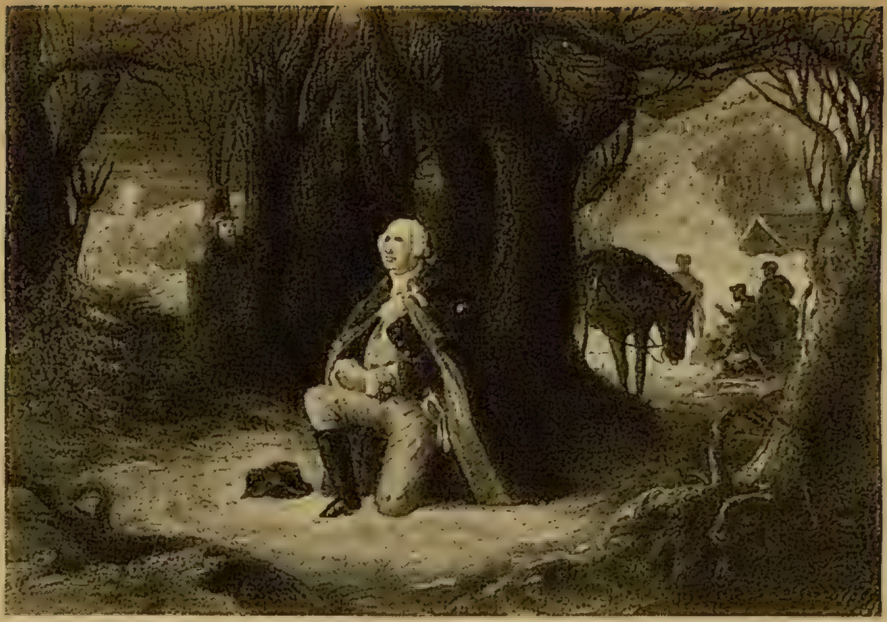
I HAVE arrived at the conclusion that any woman can attract the attention of any man by wearing—gadgets! Trick bracelets, umbrella handles with lipsticks hidden in them, strange snaps on pocketbooks, unusual systems of lacing shoes or gloves—these stunts delight the boys.

One shabby old pocketbook of mine conceals two sliding trays in its base. Into the trays go cigarettes, keys, stamps, etc. I have seen very solemn business executives break off important conversations when they catch sight of me fiddling with my trick pocketbook. They can't take their eyes off it. Wanna play with it, too! Just like kids!

Try wearing some gadget and you'll be sure to see that *Ooo, lemme look* expression come over the men's faces.

BEST novel I've read this week is The Balliols, by Alec Waugh. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)





The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of $500. A second prize of $200 will be paid; a third prize of $100; $10 each for the twenty next best; and $5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

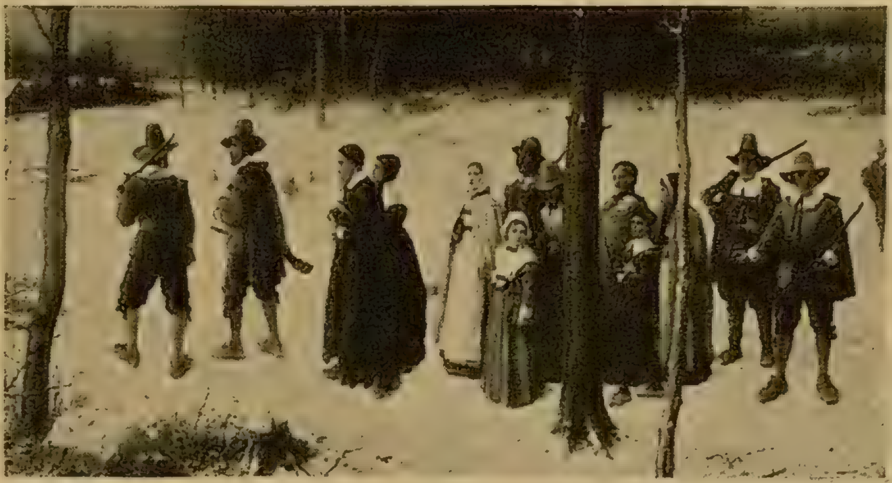
5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.

HELPFUL CLUES

Perhaps this list of titles will help you this week. Fulton's Folly, Evacuation of Boston, Battle of Lexington, Washington at Valley Forge, Purchase of Manhattan, Penn's Indian Treaty, Fort Ticonderoga, General Lafayette, First Thanksgiving, Lewis and Clark's Expedition, A Massachusetts Sunday.



© Art Education Press

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$500

SECOND PRIZE
$200

THIRD PRIZE
$100

TWENTY PRIZES
Each, $10

200 PRIZES
Each, $5

YOU STILL CAN ENTER THE

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

HISTORICAL PICTURE GAME

START NOW!

On this page we reach the halfway mark in the Historical Pictures Contest. When you have identified the above three pictures, if you have played the game faithfully for the past four weeks, your set of pictures will include fifteen identifications. It might be a good idea to check them over carefully at this time to make sure that your identifications are as accurate as you can make them. In the event that you have missed your regular copy of Liberty recently and have not entered this game, you still have time. Here is how:

IF YOU NEED SETS 1 TO 4

First identify the three pictures above. Then mail a request, either note or card, to the contest address in Rule 5. Ask for free reprints of the first four sets of pictures. They will be forwarded gratis without delay. When they are received, identify them, add them to this week's pictures, and your entry will be up to date.

SET NO. 6 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth

Erratic

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by

WALTER R. SCHMIDT

and

LON MURRAY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

DAN was Joe Gilson's manager. He handled Joe and the finances. Handled the latter fine. When Joe won, it always turned out Dan had bet on his boy, and when Joe lost—well, Dan collected then, too.

No one ever accused Joe out loud of throwing a fight. Dan would always say, with a grin the bookies didn't care for, " That pug of mine is awful erratic, ain't he? " Erratic. . . .

A patter of handclaps started near the entrance. It got louder as a snake-eyed welter swung down the aisle toward the ring. K. O. Kettrell, the card had it, and fresh out of the Middle West with a rep for big doings.

Joe was waiting in his corner, and he looked like he'd jumped off a cliff into the lap of his grandmother's ghost.

Dan asked, " What's wrong? "

Joe shook his head. " Nothin'." Dan knew he crossed the truth. He too had taken a squint at this K. O. Kettrell.

Then Joe and K. O. were being paged in ring center to get their instructions.

As their gloves touched, Kettrell muttered, " You! "

" Yeah, it's me all right. I got a ring name now, too."

Back in his corner, Joe skated his shoes in the resin. Dan whispered, " We've got our jingles on Kettrell tonight. Savvy? " Joe acted like he didn't hear.

Yet he mumbled to himself, answering the bell.

" Great stuff, kid! " Dan commended aloud as he sponged Joe's face at the end of the first. Then, dropping his voice, " But you're going too strong. You're making it look like a regular— "

" Uh-huh. This *is* regular," said Joe. " You're losin' your bet tonight. We're collectin' the winner's end."

Dan blanched. " Always knew you were punch-goofy, and now you're talking like a filbert! What call you got to go glory-bound? "

" I'm knockin' this slob palooka bow-legged," Joe muttered. " I'm— "

The gong cut him short, and Joe went in like a fire horse.

" This is gonna cost plenty," said Dan to himself with a sob gagging his throat. " Unless—unless I can switch bets. I'll have to donate odds. The punch-drunk sap—what's he talking to Kettrell about? " Unfortunately, Dan didn't have the answer to that one.

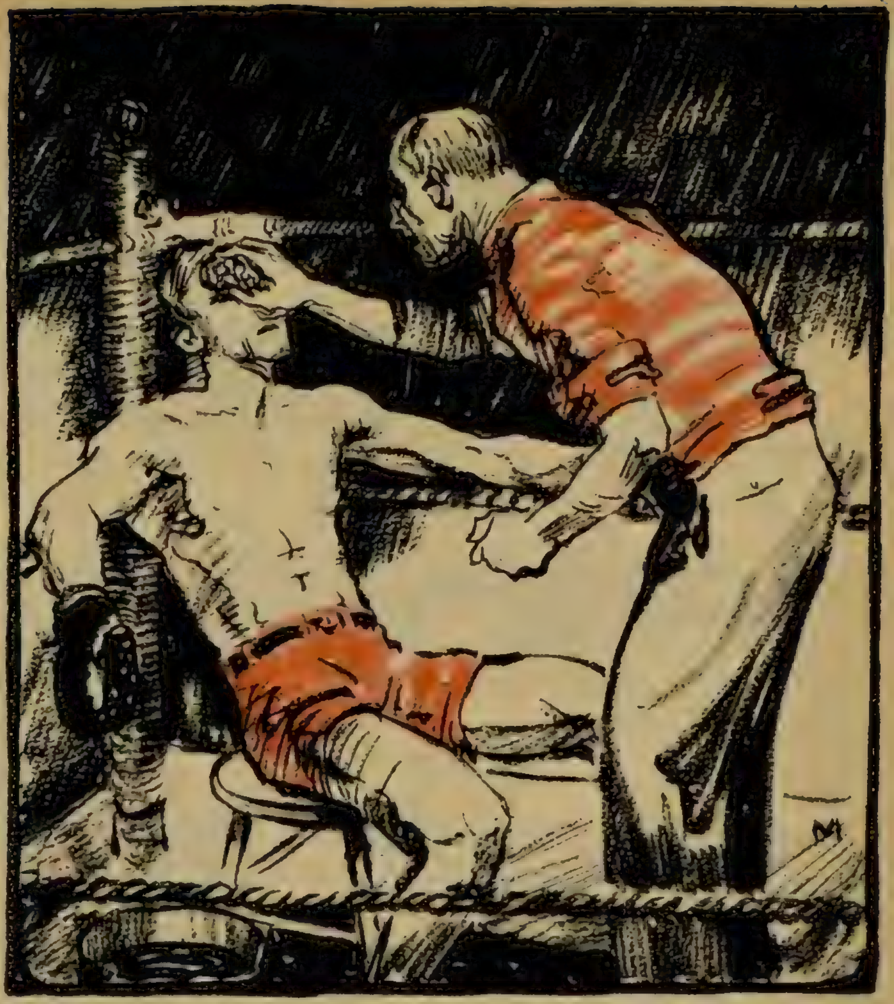
The second round was a leather-bound reprint of the first. By then K. O. was very sure that Joe Gilson meant nothing but business, and not Code business. They jabbed and parried and socked like a jungle quorum with the smell of meat in their nostrils. The crowd roared its approval from bell to bell.

For half a minute Dan worked over his boy silently. Then, when the fighter's breathing eased up, the manager spoke:

" Our plasters are on you now, Joe. Got a front to talk Big Harvey into it. Had to give him two of ours to one of his; even the smart money figures you're hot. For cripes' sake now, don't you run into anything! As I remember, that kid's got a wicked right."

" I'll knock the tramp stiff! I'll— "

During the next three rounds Joe sliced Kettrell into cafeteria butter pats, bouncing him to the canvas twice.



The gang was yelling from all poles for Joe to put K. O. on ice.

It wasn't that easy. Kettrell was tough venison, and strong. Once in the sixth his Repeal right bashed against Joe's ear. Joe had to shake his head to make the carillon stop playing.

During the seventh and eighth Gilson went to work harder than ever. Kettrell took up huddling again. His eyes were glazed; he looked out on his stems. " Cut the gab and get going! " crooned the customers, catching the movement of K. O.'s pulpy lips.

Only a little later it happened. Just what a little voice inside Dan had promised right along. They'd been sparring fast and frenziedly in the core of the ring, and K. O. had snapped out of his trance.

Joe was hooking his left for Kettrell's face when a fist seemed to hurtle from nowhere. There was a swish and a dull thud as the blow clipped Joe's jaw. K. O. had dealt that one from Dixie. Joe Gilson folded like a sack suddenly emptied.

The ref, dumfounded like the rest, belatedly took up the count from the timekeeper's hammer. " That guy always was erratic," figured the crowd.

IN the dressing room Dan told Joe what was burning him up. Joe just grinned, silly like. " What makes me laugh is I really didn't lose. I didn't get kayoed. I took a dive."

" You which? "

" Yeah, Dan, in the tank. That smack missed the button. It tickled, but I didn't hear no birdies.

" It was this way, Dan. We was talkin' all the time in the clinches. Kettrell tells me about the gal he stole from me, along about when you picked me out of the prelims. He says he marries her, and now she's terrible sick in the hospital. Kettrell's busted. He bet his end on himself, figurin' all was lovely. Was he surprised!

" Don't you see, Dan, if I was to win—well, it'd be just like me murderin' Alice? "

Then Dan went native. *"Alice!* Listen, punk, you don't mean Alice *Daly!* Don't say— "

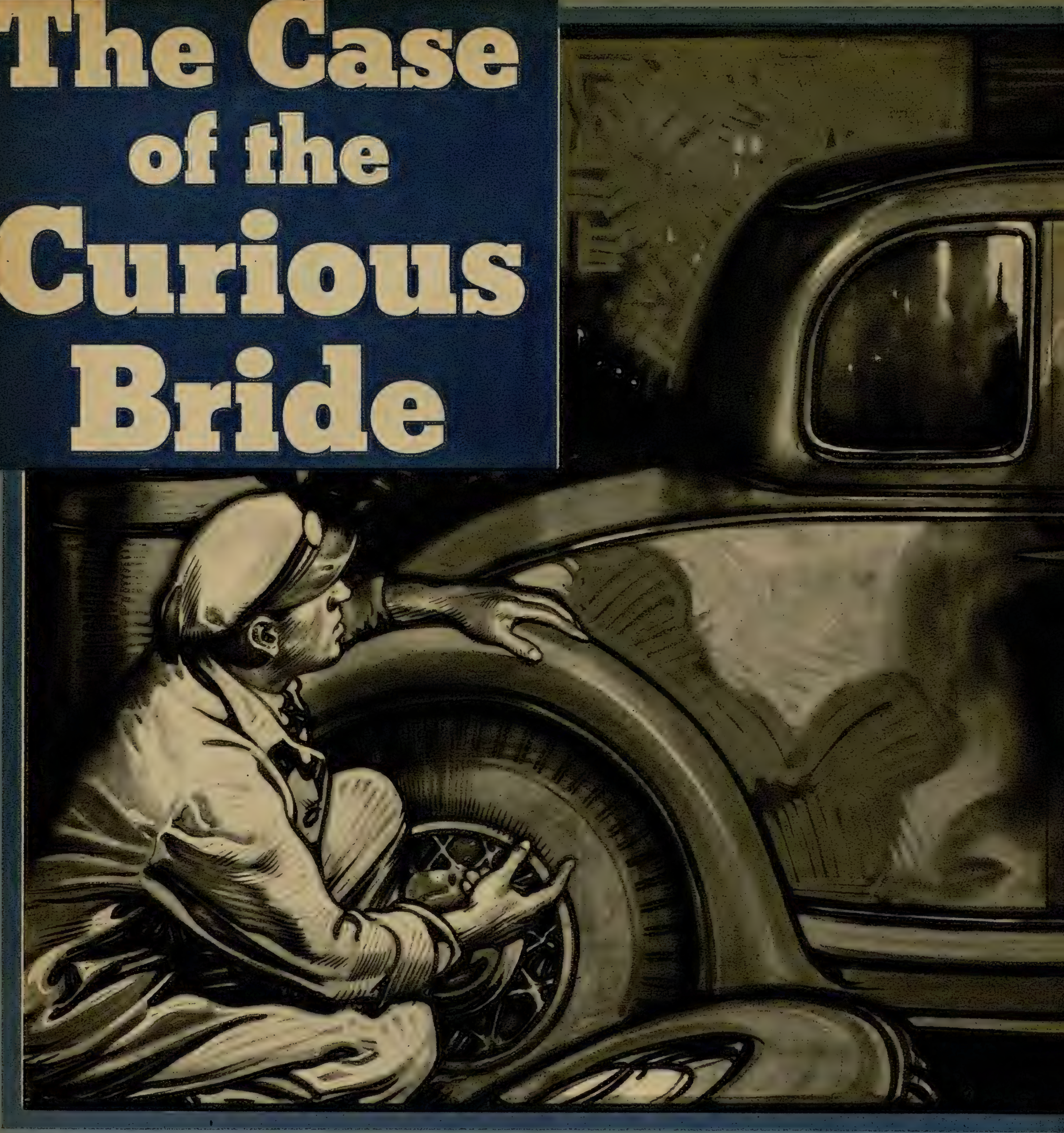
" Yeah, her. Did you meet up with her? "

" Alice Daly, the original come-see-me gal! " Dan's face was purple. " You musta stole her from the Forgotten Man, Kettrell stole her from you, I stole her from him, and then—hospital, my eye! She heard the fleet was in, and she steamed outta town.

" Why, Joey, you weak-brained clown, that gal was downright erratic! "

THE END

The Case of the Curious Bride



READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

PERRY MASON, famous criminal lawyer, is defending Rhoda Montaine, wife of a millionaire's weakling son, who is charged with the murder of Gregory Moxley. The victim, an arch swindler of women, was found in his apartment one night with his skull crushed in with an iron poker, and Rhoda confidentially admits to Mason that she killed him.

She says she married Moxley seven years before and he swindled her of her savings as a trained nurse and disappeared. When she believed him dead, and married Carl Montaine, she says, Moxley reappeared to blackmail her, and in an argument she struck him with the poker and fled. Investigation by Mason and Paul Drake, a private detective, seems to corroborate her story. A garage key found beside the body is identified by Montaine as his wife's, and he says Rhoda tried to drug him and slipped away from their home the night of the murder.

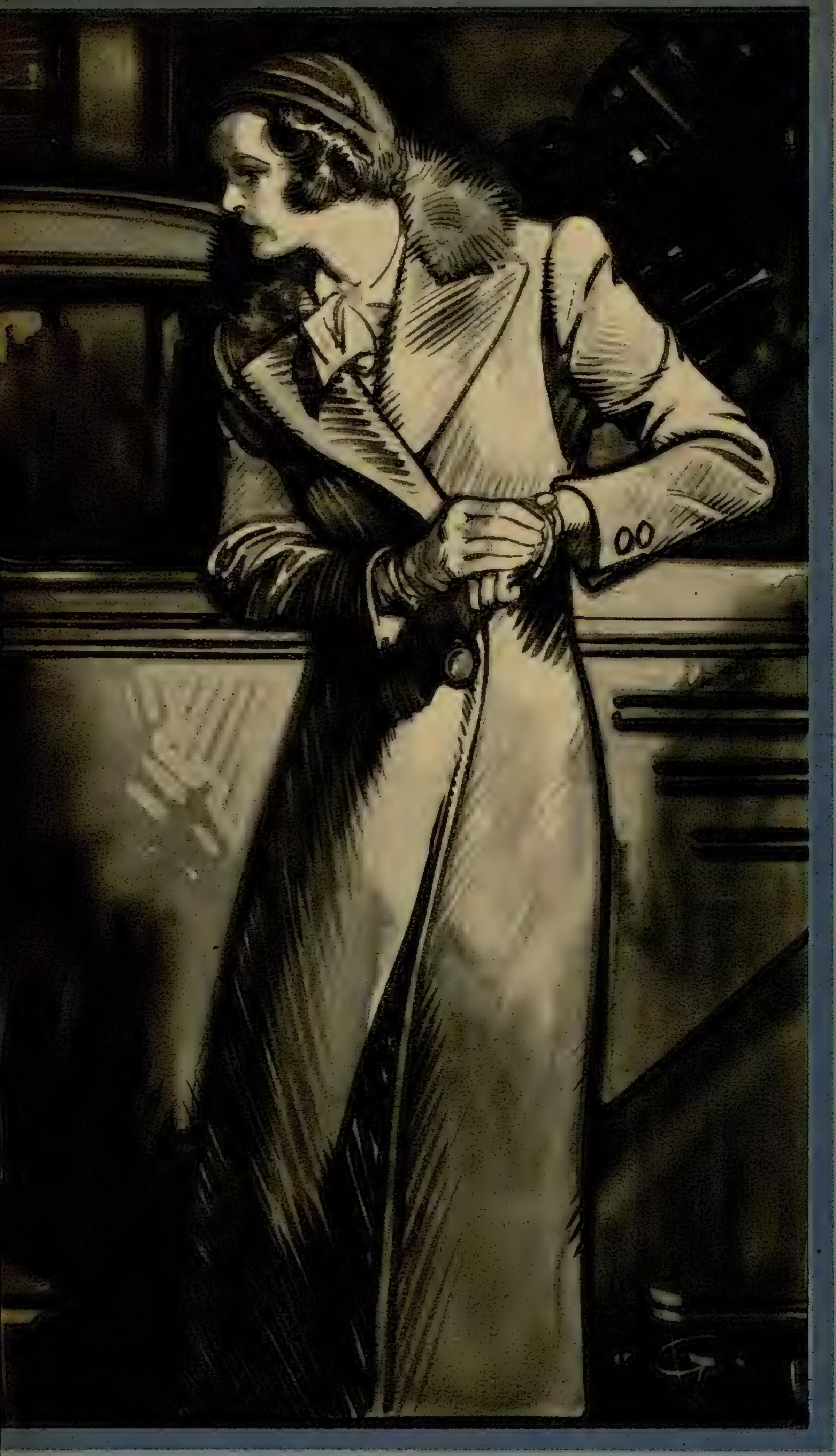
Despite this evidence, Perry Mason believes Rhoda is innocent and trying to shield the actual slayer. He is more convinced of that when her husband's rich father, C. Philip Montaine, virtually tries to bribe him not to contest a suit to annul his son's marriage. This would enable the younger Montaine to testify against his wife and practically clinch a murder

A Ruthless Prosecutor Marshals His Damning Evidence—and Perry Mason Prepares Another Surprise

by

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN



"She said that she was late for an appointment and that she couldn't wait."

verdict against her. Perry Mason scorns the millionaire's offer.

Rhoda, in a statement to the district attorney, declares she was ringing Moxley's doorbell down in the street when he was being murdered. Dr. Claude Millsap, her friend, tells Mason it was he who was ringing the bell. Then one of Drake's operatives overhears Oscar Pender tell his sister, Doris Freeman, another of Moxley's swindle victims, that he was the person at the bell. Mason engineers it so that Pender and his sister flee the city, and Dr. Millsap also disappears. Meantime, Mason secretly switches Moxley's bell to a buzzer and installs Sid Otis in the apartment with instructions to replace the buzzer with another bell.

The lawyer defeats the annulment suit and files an action for divorce in Rhoda's behalf. Then he enters the murder trial and creates a sensation by accepting the jury without examination. John Lucas, the prosecutor, protests at this unprecedented action, but the Court overrules him.

PART NINE—THE MYSTERY OF THE DOORBELL

JOHN LUCAS took a deep breath, swung his chair around, and said, " Very well."

" You may examine the jurors," said Judge Markham.

And John Lucas proceeded to examine the jurors in detail. Very apparently he thought that Perry Mason had " planted " some favorable person on that jury and was afraid that a detailed examination would expose him.

Slowly the conviction was built up in the courtroom that Perry Mason, for the defense, had been satisfied to take the jurors' words for the fact that they were fair and impartial, but that the district attorney's office must heckle and browbeat them in an attempt to prove that they were liars.

Before the afternoon had finished, there was a distinct attitude of snarling hostility creeping into the manner of John Lucas.

Slowly Judge Markham's face relaxed. Once or twice it almost twisted into a smile, and at the time of the evening adjournment he looked at Perry Mason with a respect that was undisguised.

John Lucas was still nagging at the jurors the next morning. By eleven o'clock he finished and passed for cause. Moreover, Lucas showed a recognition of the losing battle he had been waging by excusing four of the jurors under peremptory challenges; whereas Perry Mason not only waived his peremptory challenges, but in doing so commented that he had " been satisfied with the jury all along."

Court attachés who knew the dazzling technique of Perry Mason realized that when he seemed the most innocent was the time he would bear the closest scrutiny. But to members of the jury it seemed that Mason's strong point was a serene confidence in his case and his client while the prosecution felt that only a " hand-picked jury " could be trusted with his case.

The afternoon session opened with the taking of testimony. Harry Exter was called to the stand.

He testified with the belligerent emphasis of a police officer who defies counsel for the defense to try and rattle *him.* He was, he said, a member of the police force of the city; was one of the officers who were assigned to a radio car beat in Car 62; that at 2:28 A. M. on the morning of June 16 he had picked up a call over the radio. That in response to that call he had made a quick run to the Colemont Apartments at 316 Norwalk Avenue; that he had found there a man in an unconscious condition; that he had summoned an ambulance and that the man had been removed; that thereafter the witness had remained in the apartment until a photographer had arrived and taken a photograph—until after fingerprint men had gone over the apartment looking for fingerprints; that no one save the police had entered the apartment from the time he arrived. That he had noticed a leather key container in which were several keys on the floor; that they lay slightly under the bed on the carpet.

Lucas produced a leather key container. The witness took it and identified the keys as the ones he had discovered in the apartment. The keys were introduced as People's Exhibit A. The witness identified photographs of the room in which the body had been found, indicated the position of the body, and, when he had testified to various details, was turned over to Perry Mason for cross-examination.

Perry Mason sat slumped in his chair, his eyes lowered.

" There was an alarm clock in the room? " he asked quietly.

" Yes."

" What became of it? "

" It was taken as evidence."

" Would you know that alarm clock if you saw it again? "

" Yes."

PERRY MASON turned to John Lucas.

" You have that alarm clock? " he asked.

" We have it," said Lucas, puzzled.

" Will you produce it? " asked Perry Mason.

" When we are ready," John Lucas said.

Perry Mason shrugged his shoulders.

" Did you notice anything about this alarm clock? " he asked the witness.

" Yes."

" What was it? "

" The alarm had been set for two o'clock in the morning, or perhaps a minute or two before two o'clock."

" The clock was running? "

" It was."

" Look at the photograph," said Perry Mason, " and see if the photograph, People's Exhibit B, shows the alarm clock."

" It does," said the witness.

" Would you mind pointing it out to the jury? "

There was a craning of necks as the jurors leaned forward and the witness, holding the photograph in his hand, pointed out the alarm clock.

Perry Mason looked at Judge Markham.

" I would like," he said, " to cross-examine this witness upon the alarm clock."

" The alarm clock has not been definitely brought into the case by the prosecution as yet," Judge Markham said. " I think I will not force the prosecution to put on its case out of order. If, after the alarm clock is produced, you desire to examine this witness further, he may be recalled for further cross-examination."

" Very well," said Perry Mason listlessly. " I have no more questions."

John Lucas forged rapidly ahead. He called members of the homicide squad, members of the ambulance crew. He established the death of the man who had been taken from the apartment; introduced the poker which had been found in the apartment, with stains of blood and bits of hair adhering to the red incrustations.

Perry Mason, with Rhoda beside him, sat motionless, like some huge bear lying asleep in the sunlight, taking no notice of the circling approach of hunters. He asked no questions upon a cross-examination.

BIT by bit John Lucas built up his case, and then he called Frank Lane to the witness stand.

Frank Lane was a bright, alert, young man of some twenty-five years of age. He gave his occupation as an employee in a service station, giving its location with reference to the residence of Rhoda Montaine. He was then asked if he had seen Rhoda Montaine on the morning of the 16th of June of the present year, and answered crisply in the affirmative.

" When? " asked John Lucas.

" At one forty-five in the morning."

" What was she doing? "

" She was driving a coupé. The right rear tire was flat."

" What did she do, if anything? "

" She asked me to change the tire."

" What did you do? "

" I jacked up the car, unscrewed the lugs, took off the tire, unscrewed the spare-tire lugs and put it back on the right rear. Then, when I let the car down off the jack, I saw that the spare tire was nearly flat. I listened and heard air escaping from a small leak in the spare tire."

" So then what did you do? "

" I jacked the car up again, took off the spare tire, and put in a new tube."

" Did you have any conversation with the defendant? "

" Yes. I asked her if she wanted me to repair the other tire, and she said that she was late for an appointment and that she couldn't wait. She told me to put in a new tube and repair the old one—that she'd call for it later."

" You gave her a ticket to serve as a claim check? "

" Yes, sir."

John Lucas produced a bit of numbered pasteboard.

" Is this it? " he asked.

" That is it."

" What time did the defendant leave your service station? "

" At exactly ten minutes past two o'clock in the morning."

" Did you check the time in any manner? "

" I did; yes, sir. The time was checked on a book that I keep for entering repair work."

" And the defendant told you that she had an appointment to keep? "

" Yes."

" Did she say what time the appointment was for? "

" Two o'clock in the morning."

" Did she say where? "

" No."

John Lucas turned to Mason with a sarcastic gesture.

" Have you any questions of *this* witness? " he asked.

Perry Mason looked up at the witness, did not so much as move his body, but filled the courtroom with the booming resonance of his voice as he said, " The defendant drove into your station at one forty-five? "

" Yes."

" She left at two ten? "

" On the dot."

" During that interval between one forty-five and two ten she was in your service station? "

" Yes."

" Was she ever out of your sight? "

" No; she was there all the time."

" That's all," said Perry Mason.

John Lucas called Ben Crandall to the stand.

"Where do you reside, Mr. Crandall?" Lucas began.

"At the Bellaire Apartments, 308 Norwalk Avenue."

"Were you in your apartment from midnight until two thirty on June 16 last?"

"Yes."

"Are you familiar with the apartment known as Apartment B in the Colemont Apartments at 316 Norwalk Avenue?"

"Yes."

"I'll show you a diagram purporting to show the Colemont Apartments and also the Bellaire Apartments, and will ask you to designate your apartment on this diagram and also the position of Apartment B in the Colemont Apartments with reference to your apartment."

Lucas glanced up at the Court.

"I will state, your Honor, that later I will connect up this map as far as its accuracy is concerned."

"Proceed," said Judge Markham.

The witness pointed out the location of the two apartments.

John Lucas produced a scale from his pocket.

"There is, therefore," he said, making an elaborate show of extreme accuracy in applying the scale to the map, "a distance of less than twenty feet between your apartment and Apartment B in the Colemont Apartments, measuring in an air line."

Perry Mason shifted slightly in his chair.

"That, your Honor," he said, "is acting, first, upon the assumption that the map is correct and, secondly, upon the assumption that there is no difference in elevation between the two apartments. In other words, this map shows only a projected distance. It measures an air line between the two apartments so far as the lateral distance is concerned, but does not take into account any slope or elevation between the windows of the two apartments."

Judge Markham looked across at John Lucas.

"You have some side-elevation map or sketch, counselor?" Judge Markham asked.

Lucas bit his lip.

"I'm afraid, your Honor," he said, "that I do not have such a map."

"The objection is sustained," said Judge Markham.

"Can you tell how far it is, of your own knowledge?" asked John Lucas of the witness.

THERE was a moment of silence.

"It is *about* twenty feet?" asked John Lucas.

"Objected to as leading and suggestive," said Perry Mason.

"Sustained," Judge Markham snapped.

John Lucas paused for a thoughtful moment.

"Your Honor," he said, "I will withdraw that question. I will ask at this time that the jury be taken to view the premises, so that they may see for themselves."

"There will be no objections on the part of the defense," said Perry Mason.

"Very well," said Judge Markham. "You may examine this witness as to any other matters, and at three thirty o'clock the jurors will be taken to view the premises."

John Lucas smiled triumphantly.

"Mr. Crandall," he said, "could you hear anything which took place in Apartment B in the Colemont Apartments early in the morning of the sixteenth day of June of the present year?"

"Yes. I heard a telephone ring."

"Then what did you hear?"

"I heard a telephone conversation."

"Do you know who was talking?"

"No; I only know that there was the sound of a voice—a man's voice."

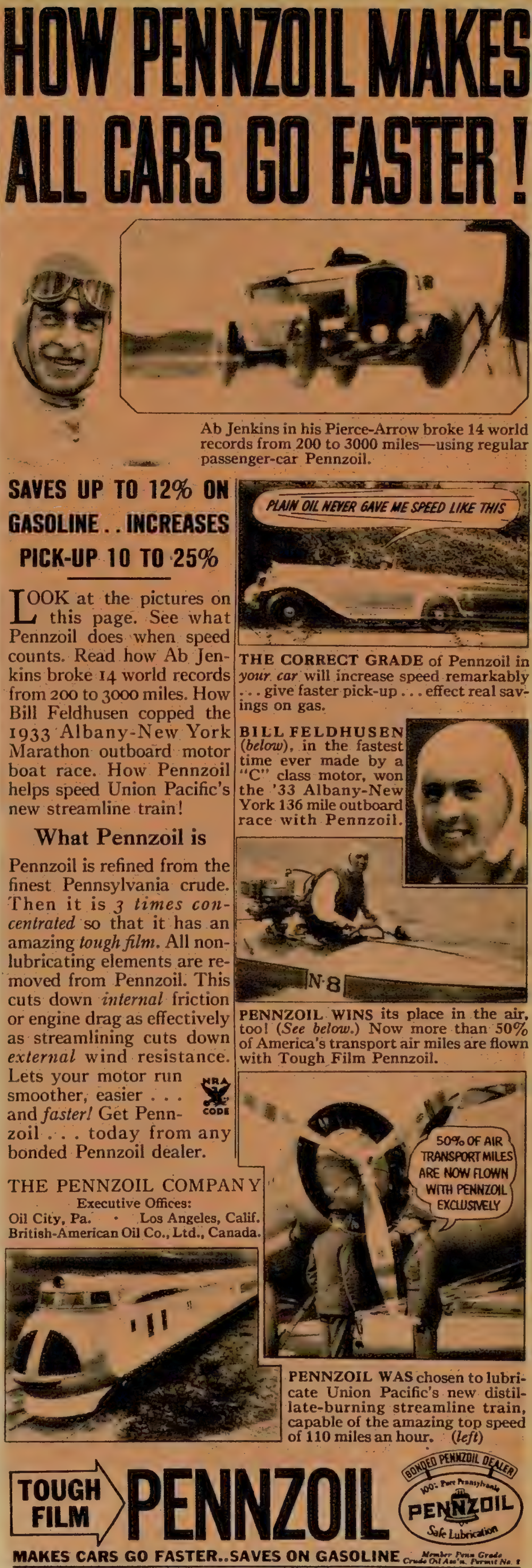
"What was said in the telephone conversation?"

"He mentioned the name of a woman—Rhoda, I'm pretty sure the name was. He pronounced the last name so that I couldn't get it, but it had a foreign sound, ending with 'ayne' or something like that. He said that this woman was to call on him at two o'clock and give him some money."

"What did you hear after that?"

"I dozed off, and then I heard peculiar sounds."

"What sort of sounds?"



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" A scraping, banging, the sound of a thudding blow, and then silence. After that I thought I heard whispers."

" Did you hear anything else at that time? " asked Lucas.

" Yes, sir."

" What was it? "

" The steady, persistent ringing of a doorbell."

" Was it repeated? "

" Yes, it was repeated."

" Can you tell how many times? "

" No; it was repeated several times."

" When did that ringing take place with reference to the struggle? "

" During the time of the struggle—during the time the blow was being struck."

John Lucas turned to Perry Mason.

" Cross-examine," he snapped.

Perry Mason straightened slightly in his chair.

" Now, let's get this straight," he said. " You first heard the ringing of the telephone bell? "

" Yes."

" How did you know it was a telephone bell? "

" Because of the manner in which it rang."

" Just how was that? "

" It rang mechanically. You know how a telephone rings—a ring for a second or two, then two or three seconds of silence, then another ring."

" That woke you up? "

" I guess so. It was a warm night. The windows were open. At first I thought it was my telephone ringing."

" What did you *do* and what did you *see* and what did you *hear?* "

" I heard the ringing of a telephone bell," said the witness belligerently. " Then I heard the sound of a voice talking over the telephone."

" Then later on," said Perry Mason, " you heard the struggle? "

" That is right."

" And during the struggle you heard the doorbell? "

" That is correct."

" Wasn't it the telephone bell that you heard? "

" No, sir; absolutely not," said Crandall emphatically.

" Why are you so certain that it was not? "

" Because it was not the sound of a telephone bell—it was an entirely different type of bell. In the first place, there was more of a whirring sound to it. In the second place, it rang at longer intervals than a telephone bell rings."

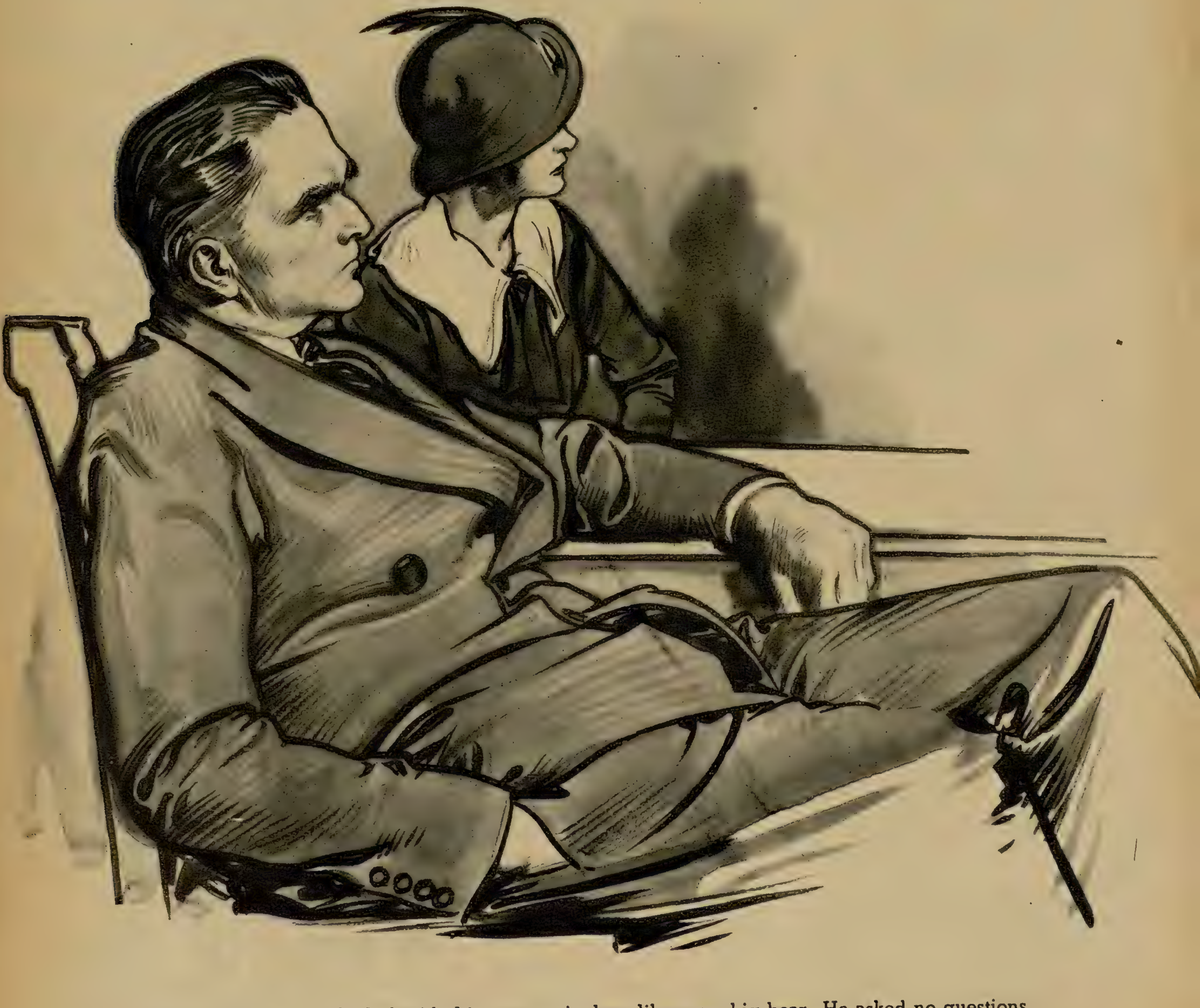
Perry Mason seemed much disappointed by the answer.

" You are as positive," he said, " that it was not the telephone as you are of any other testimony you have given in this case? "

" Absolutely."

" Do you know what time this was? " asked Perry Mason.

" It was somewhere in the vicinity of two o'clock in the morning—I do not know exactly when. Subsequently, when I thought the matter over and became more wide



Perry Mason, with Rhoda beside him, sat motionless, like some big bear. He asked no questions.

awake, I notified the police. It was then 2:27 A. M. There had been an interval of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes—I don't know exactly how long. I had been dozing."

Perry Mason slowly got to his feet.

"Don't you know," he said, "that it is a physical impossibility for one who is in Apartment 269 of the Bellaire Apartments to hear the doorbell ringing in Apartment B in the Colemont Apartments?"

"It isn't an impossibility. I heard it," said the witness truculently.

"You mean you heard *a* bell ringing. You don't know that it was the doorbell."

"I know it was the doorbell."

"How do you know it?"

"Because I recognized the sound of the ring."

"But you don't remember ever having heard the doorbell ringing in that apartment before?"

"No."

"And you haven't listened to the doorbell since, to tell whether it was the doorbell that you heard or not?"

"No, I didn't have to. I know a doorbell when I hear one."

Perry Mason dropped back in his chair.

"That," he said, "is all."

John Lucas's voice was cold and sarcastic.

"If counsel desires," he said, "we can ring the doorbell while we are inspecting the premises."

Perry Mason jumped to his feet and faced the prosecutor.

"I challenge you to make such a test," he roared. "Not only does the defense accept this offer but the defense dares you to make it!"

Judge Markham's gavel pounded the desk.

"MR. MASON," he said, "there is no need for such a display of vigor. The record will show that the deputy district attorney has offered to conduct a test on the premises. The record will show also that that offer was accepted. It now appears that it is approximately three thirty o'clock in the afternoon. We will proceed to the premises, where the jury will make a physical inspection of the premises themselves. During such time no testimony will be offered or taken. We will then return to court for further testimony. Cars are in readiness to transport the jury and the court officials to the premises."

Judge Markham turned to the jurors.

"During the trip which we are about to make," he said, "you gentlemen will remember the previous admonition of the Court and not discuss the case or allow any one to discuss it with you. Neither will you form or express any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant."

The Court banged its gavel.

Officials from the sheriff's office had paved the way for the examination of the premises by the jurors.

The jurors stood in a body on the sidewalk, looked at the space between the two apartment houses. Upon stipulation of counsel, a deputy sheriff pointed out the windows of the Crandall apartment and also the windows of Apartment B in the Colemont Apartment. The jurors were taken up to the apartment where the murder had been committed. Deputies had previously arranged with Sid Otis to have the apartment open for inspection.

John Lucas motioned to Judge Markham, drew him off to one side, and beckoned to Perry Mason.

"May we point out the doorbell and press the button?"

"No objection," said Perry Mason.

A DEPUTY sheriff pointed out the bell button. He pressed the button. The ringing of the bell could be heard in the upper apartment.

"And," said Perry Mason, "we have no objection to the jurors, in company with Ben Crandall, being taken to the apartment occupied by Ben Crandall and listening while a sheriff rings the bell in Apartment B."

John Lucas looked at Perry Mason with quick suspicion. But Mason's face was utterly without guile.

"Very well," John Lucas said, "we will make *that* test."

"And," Perry Mason said, "I think that if tests are to be made with that doorbell, it should thereafter be removed, properly identified, and introduced in evidence."

John Lucas sneered.

"We will do that," he said, "when we return to court."

He turned to the deputy sheriff.

"What's the name of the present tenant of the apartment?" he asked.

"Sidney Otis."

"Slap a subpœna on him," said John Lucas. "Bring him into court. And bring that doorbell into court."

The inspection of the premises was completed. The jurors returned to court.

"We still have approximately thirty minutes," said Judge Markham.

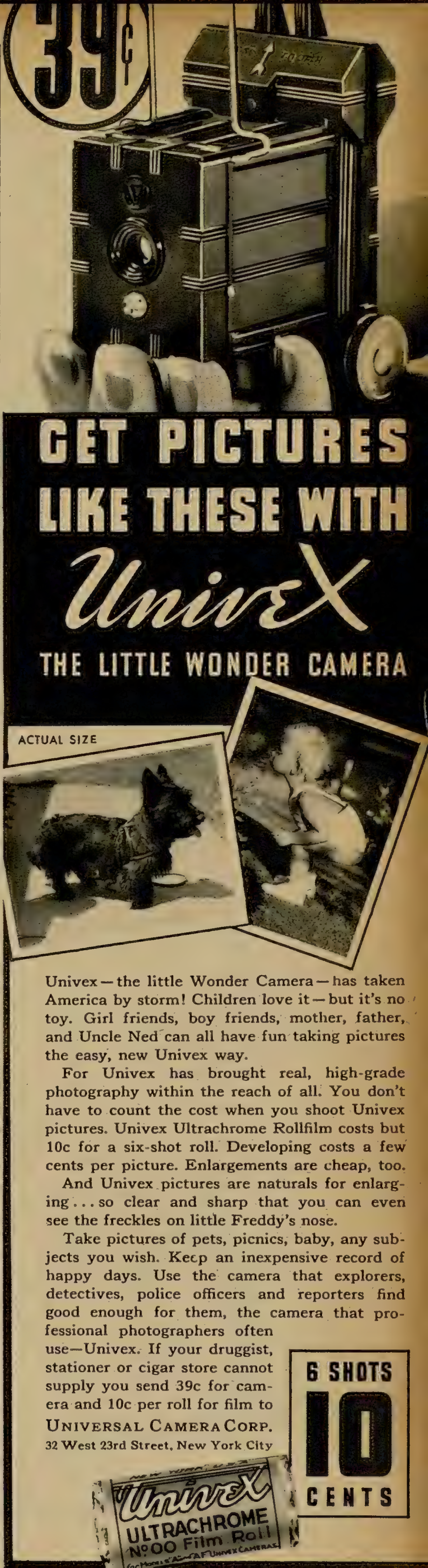
"I will," said John Lucas, "call Ellen Crandall."

Ellen Crandall had dressed with care for the occasion. She moved forward, conscious of the eyes of the crowded courtroom. Her face held a fixed expression, an expression which evidently had been carefully practiced for the occasion. It was as though she wished the crowded courtroom to understand her appreciation of the gravity of the situation as well as the importance of the testimony she was about to give.

Under the questioning of John Lucas, she testified to exactly the same set of facts that her husband had testified to, except that she had perhaps been more awake during the time of the struggle. She had heard the sound of the blow more distinctly, and she was distinctly conscious that she had, following the sound of the blow, heard surreptitious whispers.

The hour for the evening adjournment found John Lucas just completing his direct examination.

Perry Mason got quickly to his feet.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Here's a recipe for keeping kittens and your companions purring: Scrape the debris out of your briar, run a cleaner through it, get rid of tobacco too strong and odorous for this fragile world—and replace it with mild, fragrant, considerate Sir Walter Raleigh. It's a gentle blend of the choicest Kentucky Burley leaf. It's well-aged, burns slowly, emits a mild and delightful aroma. Thus you and your pets will live happily together. Sir Walter Raleigh (strange as it may seem) costs only 15¢ a tin, wrapped fresh in heavy gold foil to keep it fresh.

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How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

"After Your Honor admonishes the jurors," he said, "I have a matter to take up with Court and counsel that concerns another phase of the case and should properly be discussed in the absence of the jurors."

"Very well," said Judge Markham.

When the jury had gone, Perry Mason rose and faced Judge Markham.

"Your Honor," he said, "Rhoda Montaine has filed suit for divorce against Carl Montaine. In connection with the proper preparation of that case for trial, it has become necessary for me to take the deposition of Carl Montaine. That deposition has been noticed for tomorrow. In order to facilitate matters, I have arranged that the deposition may be taken during the noon recess tomorrow."

John Lucas made an impatient gesture.

"Counsel well knows," he said, "that the only object of that deposition is to go on a fishing expedition with one of prosecution's witnesses before that witness is put on the stand."

Perry Mason sneered.

"A witness," he said, "who has been wet-nursed by the prosecution ever since the death of Gregory Moxley."

"Gentlemen," said Judge Markham, "that will do. Counsel is entitled to take the deposition of the witness if he wishes. That is the law. If the deposition is noticed for tomorrow, it will be taken tomorrow."

"Under the stipulation with the counsel who is representing Carl Montaine," said Perry Mason, "the deposition will be somewhat informal. It will be taken before Miss Della Street, my secretary, who is a notary public as well as an efficient shorthand reporter. Counsel for Carl Montaine and myself will be present. The deposition is a purely civil matter. I do not understand that Counselor Lucas will seek to be present. If—"

"I've got a right to be present!" thundered Lucas.

"YOU have not," said Perry Mason. "This is purely a civil matter. You do not appear as civil counsel for Montaine; therefore it has been necessary for him to retain other counsel."

Judge Markham's gavel banged on the desk.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this discussion is entirely out of order. Court will suit your convenience tomorrow in the taking of the deposition, Mr. Mason."

A peremptory banging of the judicial gavel announced the adjournment of court.

John Lucas, gloating in the triumph of a day during which he had built up a case against the defendant which Perry Mason had been unable to shake, smiled sneeringly at Mason and said in a voice loud enough to be heard over much of the courtroom: "Well, Mason, you seemed to lack much of your usual fire today. You didn't get very far cross-examining the Crandalls about the doorbell, did you?"

Mason smiled serenely at him.

"You forget," he said, "that I am not finished with my cross-examination."

The answering laugh of John Lucas was taunting.

Perry Mason stopped at a telephone booth and telephoned the hotel where C. Philip Montaine, the Chicago millionaire, was registered.

"Is Mr. Montaine in his room?" he asked.

AFTER a moment he was assured that Mr. Montaine had not as yet returned to his room.

"When he returns," said Perry Mason, "please give him a message from Perry Mason. Tell him that if he will be at my office at seven thirty tomorrow evening I think I can arrange matters with him in regard to a property settlement in his son's divorce case. Will you see that he gets that message?"

"Yes," said the telephone clerk.

Perry then rang Della Street.

"Della," he said, "I left a message for C. Philip Montaine at his hotel saying that if he would meet me at my office at seven thirty tomorrow night I would arrange a complete property settlement between Rhoda and Carl. I don't know whether he will get the message or not. Will you ring him this evening and make sure that he gets it?"

"Yes, chief," she said. "You won't be coming to the office?"

"No."

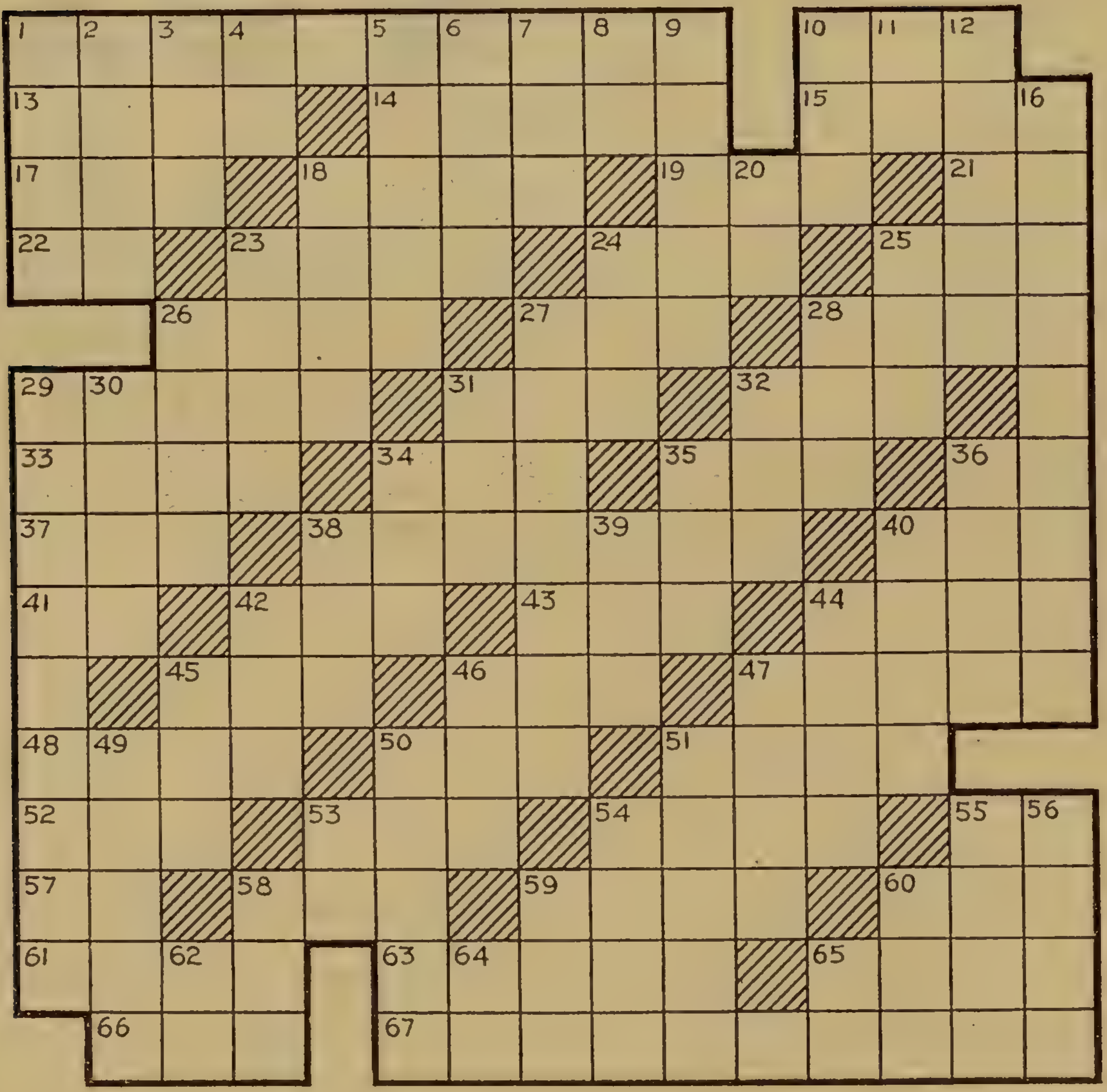
That night the city editor of the Chronicle, examining the transcript of proceedings for the day with the eagle eye of a newspaper man who had seen Perry Mason in action, and who knew that lawyer's masterly technique of placing bombs in the prosecution's case timed to explode with deadly effect at the most inopportune moments, was impressed by the peculiar phraseology of Perry Mason's questions concerning the doorbell. He sent two of his best reporters out with instructions to corner the attorney and get an interview from him in regard to the significance of that particular phase of the case. The reporters, however, scoured the city unsuccessfully.

Not until court convened the next morning did Perry Mason put in a public appearance. Then, freshly shaven, with a certain jauntiness in his manner, he stepped through the swinging door of the courtroom precisely five seconds before court was called to order.

What part will the dead Moxley's doorbell play in Perry Mason's battle to save Rhoda Montaine from the chair? Remember, the bell the jurors heard in the murder apartment was another one installed by Sid Otis at Mason's secret order. Is Lucas, the snarling, brow-beating prosecutor, aware of this? Next's week's installment brings the famous trial closer to its sensational climax.

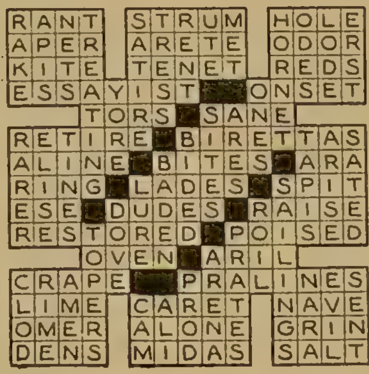
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 If a man could bite one of these what a story that would be!
10 A war cellar where men used to take refuge
13 Please do this to flowers on my birthday; send money instead
14 Home of God's frozen people
15 He swore he never used this
17 To spark.
18 A seat warmer
19 The little devil!
21 This is to laugh
22 A measure a printer resorts to
23 When a glazier's son swallowed some glass he had this in his stomach
24 Last name of Walter Winchell's favorite hero. His first name is Paul
25 The Scotchman's wife wanted some new slippers, so he gave her this
26 This means home for the weary ballplayer
27 The trimming on a piece of meat
28 Where good Souse Sea Islanders go to
29 The girls wave at the boys while doing this dance
31 Stewed
32 The weak end
33 The kind of seaman who gets around the girls
34 What women drink before a good roast
35 Artichoke Eating Society (abbr.)
36 What any kind of driver can do on the green
37 Down at bridge
38 A new line on the old woman
40 Mother's son's female pest
41 The Georgia Peach of baseball
42 A locker at the club
43 Nut shell
44 Against
45 Railroads run over this
46 The first thing all great lovers of history did
47 What a hoity-toity Englishman calls a mirror



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D	E	N	S		M	I	D	A	S		S	A	L	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

48 What the communist was at the meeting
50 What a doctor gets for his mistakes
51 A nut cracker
52 They license poets to write this
53 What to do to cut down Timothy
54 They push these in England
55 This the poor Indian
57 A pair of black eyes
58 A piggish mama
59 Married
60 Food for a goat
61 Oafish boy friend
63 Something a landlord doesn't break
65 A dry who's all wet
66 Quaker pronoun
67 These are full of holes and sound cheesy

VERTICAL

1 Quiet brood
2 What a sign collector looks fer
3 Old men sometimes do this and think, and sometimes they just do this
4 Two sly-sounding letters
5 What some people think these puzzles are
6 This makes Franchot high-sounding
7 Where good teeth come from originally
8 A little connection in old Rome
9 A pinholder (when it's new)
10 Mom's boy friend
11 Old Egyptian heat producer
12 Girl's name
16 The smell of loneliness
18 Omar's preference
20 Possessive pronoun
23 If you can't keep this up you'll never be a fast stepper
24 A light sock
25 What girls who look good enough to eat usually do
26 This goes around with a nut
27 This girl has slipped on the ice
28 The colossus of roads
29 The old oil from Mussolini
30 What children cheerfully do!
31 What Hawaiian girls use to neck visitors
32 Born, as they say in France
34 Attempt
35 This comes high in Europe
36 Them ez haz duz this
38 What little pigs say
39 A krazy rat trap
40 A fellow who looks down his nose and we don't mean Jimmy Durante
42 This bags your troubles
44 This is full of bitterness
45 This gets socked every morning
46 Cat call
47 How a cat feels when it meets a canary
49 An irrational nut
50 Egg containers
51 How eleven-month-old princes get around
53 A curious state (abbr.)
54 There's very little weight to this
55 Mother's hangout
56 Two of these make eleven
58 Where three little pigs live
59 What some rich men can pay and don't, and most poor men can't pay and do
60 A measure of love for young ladies in boarding school
62 What grampaw said when he heard about the Einstein theory
64 The insides of meat
65 A by-product of goats (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Vox

A DEFENSE OF LAWYERS

A Philadelphia Attorney Answers Mr. Mencken on Crime

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,—What to Do with Criminals, by H. L. Mencken, in July 28 Liberty, excoriates the administration of criminal justice in the United States and says that the police arrested 9,000 out of 11,000 murderers in 1932, and only 130 of them went to the gallows or the chair. Mr. Mencken demands the blood of our murderers and "professional brigands," and complains of the length of time consumed in reaching the trial and punishment of all offenders, as well as their premature release from imprisonment.

Mr. Mencken makes these two vulnerable assertions:

"In forty of the forty-eight states the punishment for deliberate murder is death." Then, "The blame for all this rests squarely upon the bench and bar of the country."

Mr. Mencken does not know his law. Only eight of the states retain the death penalty absolutely, eight states have abolished it, and thirty-two states have laws which enable a court or jury to give either a life sentence or one of death. This alternative judgment has grown up because many a jury was loathe to convict if death were certain to follow their decision. The choice of punishments has greatly increased the number of murder verdicts. Mr. Mencken makes no reference whatsoever to the pardon boards of the various states, composed of neither judges nor lawyers, who reverse the best efforts of the bench and bar to sentence killers to death or life imprisonment. It is the law, not legal procedure, as Mr. Mencken terms the progress of a criminal case, which has created the appellate courts, the pardon boards, and even the governors of states, and has provided ample time for criminals to carry their appeals to each of these last resorts.

Take a look at the following table of statistics and make up your mind whether the police or the lawyers are more efficient in handling criminals:

Comparison by Cities for 1933

	Philadelphia Per Cent	Baltimore Per Cent
Murder cases solved by arrest	96	94
Burglary cases solved by arrest	43	34
Robbery cases solved by arrest	50	44
Dismissed by magistrates	25	9
Dismissed by Grand Jury	1.4	6.5
Convictions of cases tried	83	87.5
Sentenced of those convicted	73	90.3

Why did Mr. Mencken take the 1932 statistics? The penalties for homicides for 1932 could not possibly be complete at this date, in view of the length of time it takes to get a final disposition in capital cases. There is no doubt that English justice is swifter and more certain, but considerable headway has been made in the United States recently. In Philadelphia in the year 1933, 99 per cent of robbery cases were disposed of within two months from the date of arrest and 98 per cent of the murder cases were tried within the same period.

I think Mr. Mencken, like the ordinary man in the street, reads the newspapers and is overcome by the publicity given to a few spectacular crimes. To get at the truth, you must make a broad survey and strike an average. You will find that it is only in murder cases that the police have the edge on the lawyers, but the edge is not enough to write home about.—*Horace R. Hayday, Attorney.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*

Mr. Hayday's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and he has been sent $25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

HER HAT'S OFF

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—My hat's off to Liberty. A thoroughly good magazine from cover to cover, for young and old. Good literature, a good laugh, knowledge gained, Limericks and Vox Pop for all, and last but not least, at a popular price. —*Dorita Copps.*

WHY WAS NOT FOREIGN GOLD SEIZED?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Collect Our Foreign Debts—Here's How! in August 4 Liberty was sure-fire without a question; but has it occurred to him that when the government broke faith with all its bondholders and without any more thought as to the rights of the holders or respect for its obligations than a tomcat on a back fence, the nations of the world had on deposit in this country millions of dollars in gold and at the same time owed us billions? Why was this gold not seized at that time and applied on their debts?

Would it have been any greater breach of faith than the abrogation of the gold clause? I think not?—*C. Wickliffe Throckmorton.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Bernarr Macfadden's very fine editorial, Enforce the Laws or Get Out in July 21 Liberty leads me to believe he may be interested in the Minnesota Law and Order League.

We who are seeking to reëstablish respect for the law and the maintenance of order are much encouraged by editorials such as this. We realize that the question can only be determined through education, and to that end publications such as Liberty can be of invaluable importance.—*Edwin L. Lindell, Executive Secretary, Minnesota Law and Order League.*

WILD COWBOY

CALGARY, ALTA.—I wonder if there would be any chance of your printing a real wild cowboy story. Recently all we've read in Liberty have been stories of pirates, gangsters, and a lot of romantic "bushwah."

You know the old saying, "You can't please all of the people all of the time," but please give the Westerners a break. —*M. S.*

BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL

SAVANNAH, GA.—I notice you have not had any four-star letters lately. I'm telling you for your own good you better not start filling up our page with that mush any longer or you will find yourself slipping right behind the eight ball. Us folks in Dixie hear enough about the economic situation as it is.—*A Savannahian.*

CORKING LITTLE CORKY

KENORA, ONT.—Adela Rogers St. Johns wasted a lot of time and paper writing The Private Lives, etc., of screen and radio stars. But when she uncorked that corking little story about Corky, The Roúe's Daughter, in July 14 Liberty, I enjoyed every bit of the 19 minutes, 32 seconds it required to read it.—*"Du."*

SHALL WE HANG TED SHANE?

MIAMI, FLA.—William B. Penick in July 28 Vox Pop contrasts his unusual intelligence with the dumbness of the rest of the world by saying he's good at Liberty's new Cross Word Puzzles. I'd bet he didn't work the one in the

Pop

July 21 issue, the goofy one by Ted Shane.—*Paul Andrews.*

Champaign, Ill. — These Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles are the first I've ever been able to work completely. You needed a dictionary and lots of time for the others.—*Evert Conder.*

San Francisco, Calif.—Say, who is this mug Ted Shane that he thinks he can design Cross Word Puzzles? Give him the gate and let an intelligent man do the job.—*Whitie Bedros.*

Dallas, Tex.—The Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles are great. The harder the nuts, the better I like to crack them. I am certainly glad you have employed some one that can think up new things. —*Henry Hymes.*

New York, N. Y.—Many people had lost interest in the old time Cross Word Puzzles, but Liberty's new Cockeyed Puzzles certainly revive that interest.—*M. Villmer.*

Toronto, Ont. — Previously Cross Word Puzzles provided educational entertainment. However, Ted Shane's efforts have changed all this. Slang has already reached an appalling condition, and I believe Liberty would do well to revert to its former type of puzzle without encouraging a now all too prevalent slang vocabulary.—*Kenneth J. Cox.*

BEST SHORT SHORT

New Orleans, La.—One of Liberty's most interesting features is that of including with your stories a picture and brief biography of the author.

Donald Charles's Three Thousand Words in July 28 issue was probably the best short short story Liberty has ever published. James Hopper's Across Time in the same issue was also worthy of commendation. —*J. Walter Le Bon.*

BLOODSHED, CHAOS, MISERY

Detroit, Mich.—I wish to compliment Liberty for its publication of Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? by Matthew Woll, in July 21 issue. The article's astounding exposé of the tactics and working methods of Moscow-trained Communistic agitators in American industries is a laudable step toward averting in this country the bloodshed, chaos, and misery which invariably lies in the wake of Communist theories put into practice.—*Frank X. Braun, Wayne University.*

Inwood, N. Y.—Raising vital issues at this time such as those presented in Matthew Woll's Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? can have only one effect on a poorly informed and dissatisfied public, and that is to quicken the desire to have things changed. I am not altogether sure that the article was not Communistic propaganda itself. Oughtn't we to be just a little careful? —*Neil Howard.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—Truer words were never written than those by Matthew Woll in July 21 Liberty. The San Francisco strike was agitated by Reds. They are fomenting many strikes and appear to have the sanction of constituted authority. Nothing radical is done except by the Reds, and they hide behind this authority, which remains to be brought to light.—*George W. Lawrence, Patent Attorney.*

El Paso, Tex.—Matthew Woll's article in July 21 Liberty was typical of the scare propaganda. I say that if Stalin can run out our Mellons, Morgans, Insulls, et al., send for him quick because it seems to be a job too big for any American.—*Jone Howlind.*

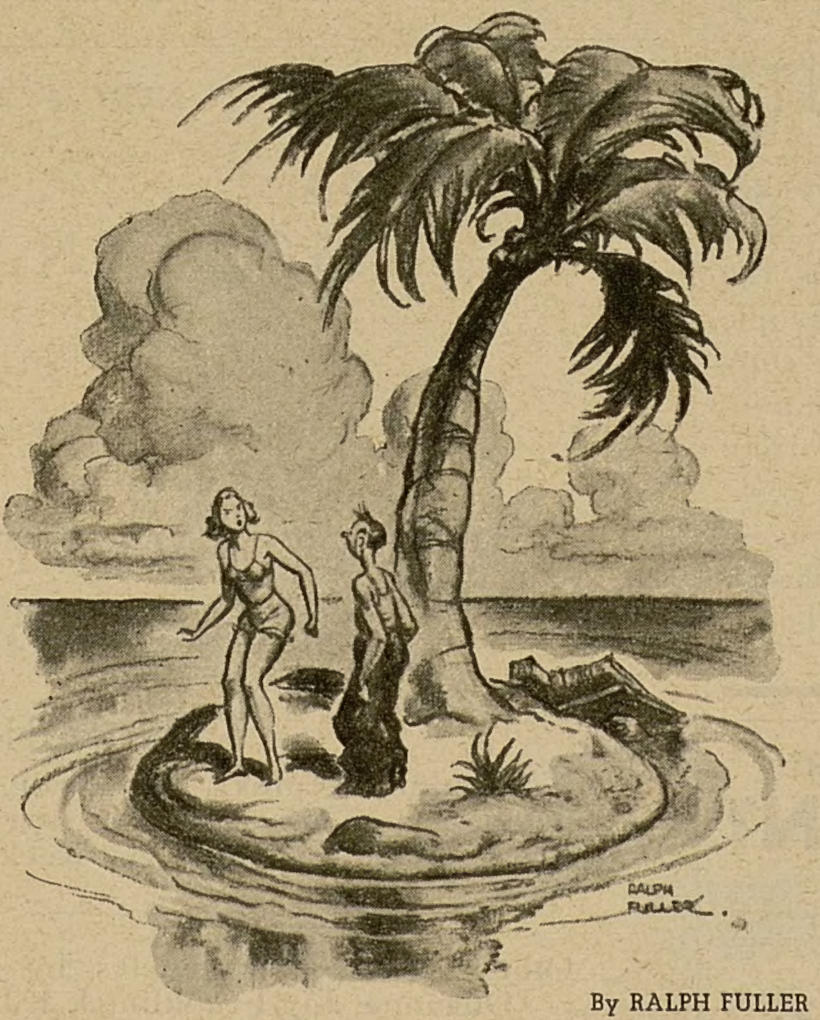
NO PRESS AGENT BALLYHOO

Toronto, Ont.—Liberty is the only magazine my husband and I use for a movie guide. You are just about the only publication that refuses to take all the fancy " blurbs " that appear in the producers' press-agent ballyhoo. — *A. Libertyite.*

SEARCHING RAYS

Forest City, N. C.—Being a student of world affairs, I read with intense interest Frazier Hunt's Are the Philippines a Military Weakness? and Upton Close's Why Roosevelt Goes to Hawaii both in August 4 Liberty? They cast searching rays on vital problems that importantly involve this nation.

Repudiation of the obnoxious Platt Amendment gave Cuba a new-born confidence in this country. The exchange of cordial visits between President Roosevelt and President Herrera of Colombia, and the evolvement of a reciprocal trade agreement between the two countries, mark an unprecedented epoch in the relations of America and Colombia. Belief that selfish and imperialistic designs motivated the United States when recognizing Panamanian independence, in constructing the Panama Canal, and in stressing the inviolability of the Monroe Doctrine has been virtually dispelled through the good offices of President Roosevelt. — *Hoyt McAfee.*



By RALPH FULLER

She: "Stop following me."

IN MID-AIR

St. Joseph, Mo.—It was an exciting delight for me to read Across Time, by James Hopper, in July 28 Liberty. It was the kind of rare story that leaves you with your eyes wide and the words, " Well, how! " on your tongue. You're not irritated at the author for leaving you in mid-air—you wouldn't have it any other way. I don't think there is a solution, but if there is I don't want to know it. The entire style of the story is perfect.

It's the choice of such well written stories that places Liberty high in the literary minds of America. — *Hannoli Saruo.*

NO CONCEALED WEAPONS FOR NUDISTS

Azusa, Calif. — " Even cave men wore skins of animals," says I. L. Dixon in July 14 Vox Pop. We can't remember back that far, but we can remember when women wore corsets, several petticoats, a curved spine, and wasp waist or they were considered indecent; and their five-piece bathing suit made them bow-legged and knock-kneed.

We know that the sun has wonderful detergent qualities and is death to all filth diseases of both body and mind. We might remind Hoosier Dixon that nudists do not carry concealed weapons. — *Newton Trenham.*

THOUGHT PROCESSES

Harrisburg, Pa.—Permit me to write that Vox Pop is a most interesting and seemingly inexhaustible repository of " source " material for a study of thought processes in a certain type of individual.—*John M. Mahon, Jr.*

Shelbyville, Ind. — If you don't cut out the bunk you waste on two good pages of Vox Pop, I'm going to quit buying your durn' magazine.— *L. F. Abel, D.D.S.*

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Beginning

MODERN LADY

By

Grace Perkins

A revealing novel of romance and business

WHAT EVERY WOMAN ALMOST KNOWS

By

Kathleen Norris

No feminine genius? How can there be in a world that belongs to men? Here's a stirringly frank reply to an article in last week's Liberty

Other stories and articles by Paul Annixter, Phyllis Duganne, Jay Franklin, J. I. Lawrence, and others

The School That Builds Boys Into Fine, Able, Upstanding Men

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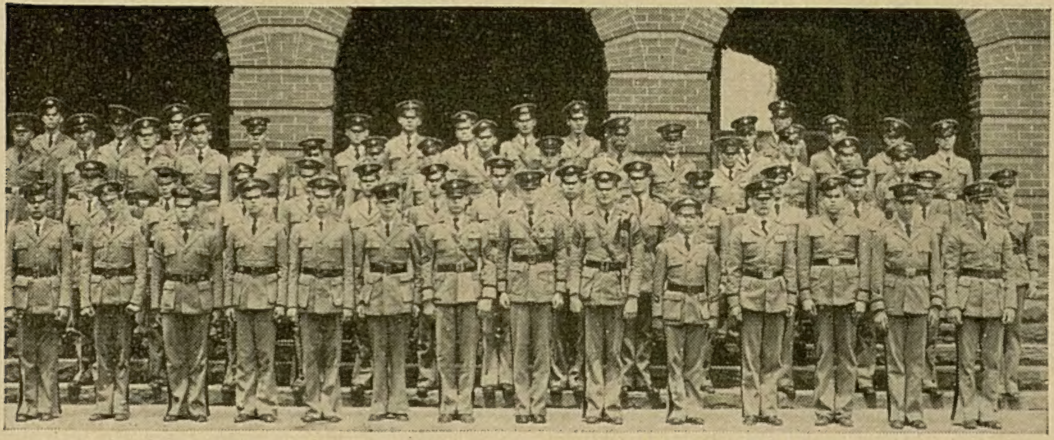
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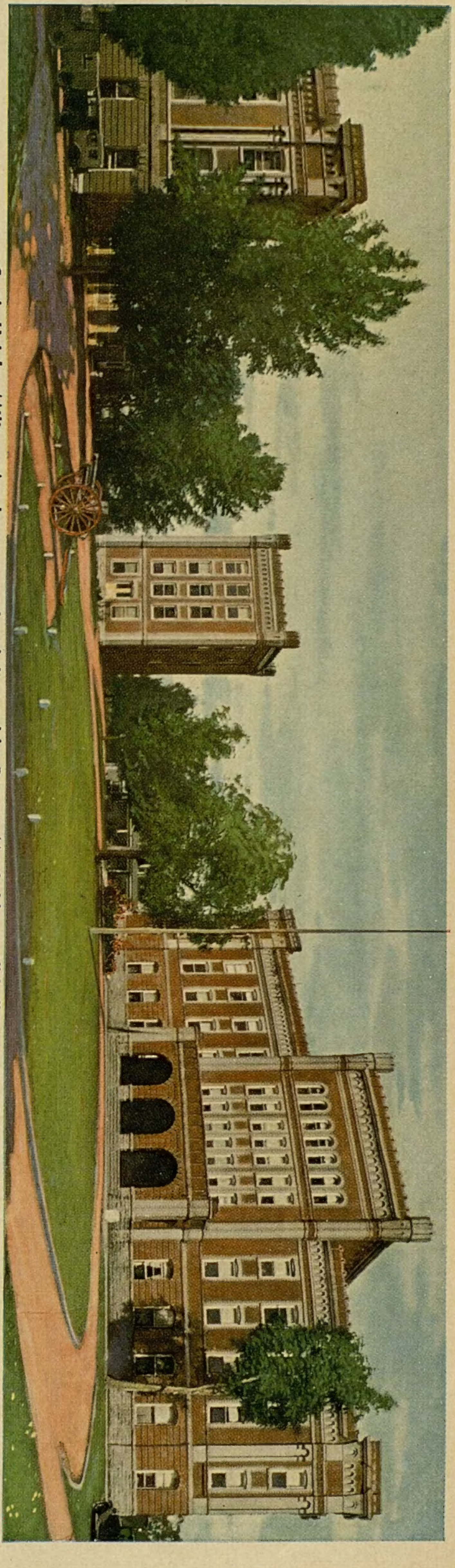
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Col. H. L. Armstrong, President L 91
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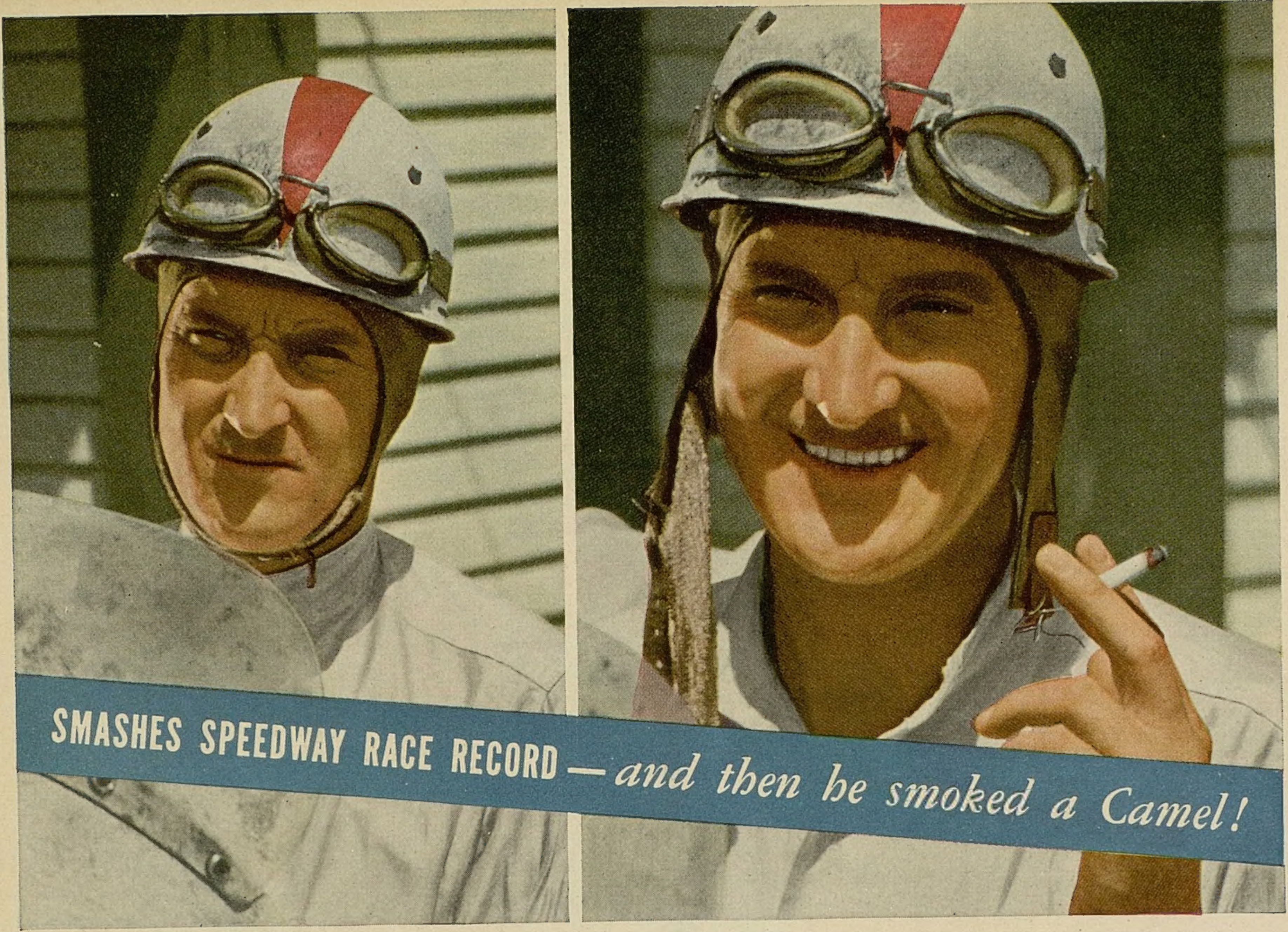

SMASHES SPEEDWAY RACE RECORD—*and then he smoked a Camel!*

BILL CUMMINGS, who took the 500-mile classic at the Indianapolis Speedway! Press wires flashed: "Cummings... first requested a cigarette." It was a Camel! For Bill knows that smoking a Camel gives you a quick "snap-back" in energy!

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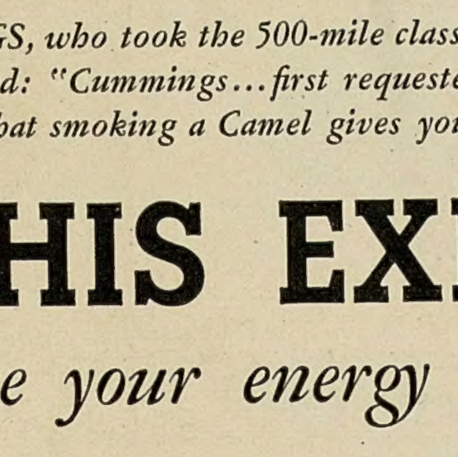
You can increase your energy quickly when worn out

You can imagine the terrific output of energy a racing driver crowds into "the 500" at Indianapolis!

As Bill Cummings said himself after the race: "I had to average 104.863 miles an hour, the new world's record for 'the 500'...to win. You can bet that I felt pretty well played out at the end of the race. My mechanic and I turned to Camels for the first luxurious smoke that always chases that tired feeling away. Any time I'm 'all in' I know that Camels will give me a 'lift' in energy. I smoke them steadily, too, because I know that Camels will *never* jangle healthy nerves."

This "energizing effect" in Camels, long recognized by Camel smokers, has recently been studied and confirmed by a famous research laboratory in New York. It is harmless, refreshing. You'll *like* Camels — a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. You can "get a *lift* with a Camel" as often as you wish. Camels never get on your nerves.

CAMEL'S Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves



Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

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